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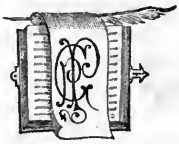
MAGA

EXCURSION PAPERS.



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CONTENTS.

MAGA EXCURSION PAPERS.

I.

NEWPORT IN WINTER.

I WAS lately bold enough to visit Newport in winter.

It does not require much heroism to go there in summer. If you can patiently endure an Italian climate, gorgeous sunsets, and the sweet stillness of the sea, you will find Newport tolerable in August. If you do not chafe at pleasant society, and the most various afforded by the country; if you can resign yourself to the sparkling northern, and languid tropical manners; if you like to dance with belles fairer than Bayaderes, and to the most siren music; or if you prefer solitary rambling upon ocean cliffs, hearing the music far away over bare fields; if you are a fisher, or a poet, or a preux-chevalier, you will submit to Newport in summer.

But when, in the most dogged of the dog-days, some friend, generously hospitable, cries "Come in the winter," you smile incredulous assent. *Is* there any Newport in winter? Do roses blow in January, or is St. Valentine honored like May-day? No, I will go see Miss Cushman

playing Romeo at fifty; I will suck my thumb at thirty, and con the primer; I will believe in Santa Claus; I will renew the eager vows of my youth to Jemima, who is now an elderly widow, with seven pledges of connubial affection; I will laugh at Fred's jokes; I will keep awake under Dr. Drowsy. Yes, I will listen to my aunt's gossip of bonnets and ladies. I will do all impossible things; but I won't go to Newport out of season.

If "the season" fell in winter, I could understand going when it was past; when it would be pleasant to loiter away long days in sweet summer idleness. Then the air would whisper with ghostly robes, and eyes, brighter than the season saw, would look kindly upon the pilgrim, out of season; then, through the pensive silence, great thoughts would arise out of the sea, full of light and heat, like imperial summer days; or haply, fair images, and fleeting—like Venus, brighter than the foam. Then the musing pilgrim might sit, without fear of freezing, upon the steps of the hotels, and extort their secrets from the long piazzas. Hark! how they echo; for it is winter now, and the winds blow sharp and sadly, and wail turbulently about the building. If summer were out of season, he might recline upon the wooden bench over the beach, and watch the curving sweep of the surf. Then, gliding over the sea, his imagination would receive once more, like a conqueror, the freedom of foreign cities. He would be again a Roman, a Venetian, a Parisian. The roar of invisible towns would hush the sea, bellowing at his feet; memory would lay her chastening finger upon him; thought would be purified, vows renewed. Or pacing the solitary marge, something of the grandeur of the sea would pass into his mind, and mould his life in more majestic proportions.

But winter blots out this influence; it is an enemy. It stands ready at the door to buffet you as you step out; it

springs upon you with a rush from behind corners; it is a stealthy savage, and stings you as you vainly hurry; it makes unpleasantly evident the processes of life, and the imperious wants of the body; it exalts that gross portion of us inordinately. I wish, for instance, to breathe invisibly and unconsciously; but winter taunts me, and beclouds me with my own breath. It says, impertinently, "Foolish child, that is what keeps you going." I wish to exchange thoughts with my friend, but as I walk home with him in the polar moonlight, winter strikes me with palsy and I shake, or I chatter like an idiot. He is the only foe I cannot fight. Buried in blankets, he creeps in close to me, or he tweaks my poor exposed nose relentlessly. Encased in coats and furs, he scoffs at me, and comes in at the button-holes and the sleeves. In the house, he catches me as I fly shrinking from parlor to chamber; or he forces me to seek the horrid help of a furnace, an inverted misery. He beats me and insults me, and judicious thin friends call it bracing; he pinches my cheeks blue and red, and hot-blooded satirists call it the rosy hue of health; he clogs me with snow or trips me up with ice, and men who never swerve from rectitude (my only consolation for aberration being the escape from their society) chuckle, that it makes one spry. Why should one be spry? Why not have an arrangement of things that dispensed with spryness? I was lately hurrying along, wrapped in my cloak, to meet Agrippina, to whom I am tenderly attached. Already the dawn of smiles had broken out upon my face, when I fearfully collapsed; I fell, heels upward, before my adored Agrippina. I lay ignominiously sprawling upon the pavement, and Agrippina, to whom I am tenderly attached, gave way to immoderate laughter. I pardoned her, and limped away without a single word. I pardoned her, but I have discontinued my visits to the adored Agrippina.

This immortal foe, this mocking winter, has made me ridiculous to her; and is it Bruyère or Confucius who says that love is extinguished by laughter?

Yet I will not deny the genius of my enemy, nor forget the Alps, upon whose peaks he sits. I know that he has done what Xerxes and Canute could never do. I know that the kings of Central Africa hear of his exploits, as we read fairy tales. I have seen the cunning with which, under cover of a dreary storm of sleet or bitter rain, he cases the great trees to their most delicate twigs in crystal, and holds them until the sun comes, and is dazzled by his own reflection. I know into what intense silence he hushes the various murmur of the landscape, which you knew not you heard until you heard it no longer. He "freezes sound," as a poet told me. I know how quaintly he wreathes devices upon the window, so that the opening eye, as it falls upon them, dreams that it beholds its dreams. Then, more awakening, I lie awaiting the sun, who will melt that diamond filagree, and I needs must think it will drop away in music. Do I not know what an architect he is? Have I not seen the edifices of his rearing: so squarely quarried, so softly laid? Is Aladdin's palace any longer a mystery? Is not that romance of torrid deserts made real to me here, in bleak New England? Yes, I melt; I cherish a warmer feeling toward mine enemy. Is it not he who, in midsummer, makes my glass to overflow, as with a melting glacier of champagne?

It was therefore not strange that, after the first shock of surprise had passed, I was willing to contemplate his work in Newport. I will go see winter sitting in the very throne of summer, I said; I will see those green trees, rifled and sere; those cliffs overclipped with ice; those stones upon the beach, like *débris* of the Arctic zone; I will see those wide summer fields sowed with snow; I will

behold that which was Sorrento in August, a strip of Greenland in December; I will dream that I follow Sir John Franklin; as I turn from the inhospitable doors of "The Ocean," and "The Bellevue," I will fancy that our provisions are failing; as the Maine Law annoys me, I will imagine our spirits have long since given out; as I watch the sea between snow-sheeted cliffs, they shall be icebergs, and the blue water, Baffin's Bay. If far away upon the ocean horizon I descry the single mast of a fishing-smack, it shall be the North Pole; as I creep toward my cell in the town-tavern, it shall settle the question of Symmes' hole.

Seriously, I was sure of grandeur in the winter coast of New England. Despite its barrenness, despite the rough shores and the abortive foliage, I said again to myself, those shores were southern in July, why not boreal in December?

It was in October that I finally resolved. One golden day nothing seemed impossible. Its persuading warmth melted me as Solomon was melted by the Queen of Sheba. The benign hand of grave old Autumn laid upon me, like the hands of a King upon a subject, and I rose a Knight, confirmed in heroism.

I met young Arthur, and told him I was going to Newport. His eyes blazed with enthusiasm. "Ah!" he said, "if only I could go! I have just been reading Parry's Voyages. Who makes your snow-shoes?"

I met elderly Adoniram, father of young Arthur, and told him of my intention. The severity of his glance relaxed into paternal concern. "Well, my son," he said, "youth is the time for adventure. I have read of those regions; keep up a stout heart. What remedy do you take for the scurvy?"

It became known; I was pointed out as the man who

was going to Newport in winter. In August hundreds of people went daily, and whoever could not go envied those who did. In December, Newport was a myth; to go thither was to be pitied, or derided as eccentric. Yet it was known that Newport has its winter denizens. Panting in August noons, one hears with delight from his friend, that he will "pass the winter in Newport;" of course he will; who wouldn't? It sounds, as I said, like a fable, but the mere mention of the intention is refreshing; it so ices the sherbet of the summer! But when there is no sherbet to your ice, the case is so different!

I made my preparations, and the day of departure was finally appointed. I fancied a greater kindliness in the manner of my friends as the day drew nigh, as gentle Lady Jane Grey must have been more than ever gentle to her young Lord Dudley on the fatal morning. They pressed my hand with silent sympathy; in the evening, at the club, they urged me to "one more punch;" and after the fourth glass, little Lagrima threw his arms around my neck and burst into a quite uncontrollable weeping. Recovering, he fixed his eyes at intervals with a languid sorrow upon mine. He fitfully embraced me, and called all the room to witness his protestations of eternal fidelity. He declared in the most solemn manner, that he always had been my friend and had liked me from the first, "yes, Isaac, *loved* you," and then fell off into another violent fit of weeping. "By Heavens!" cried I, "to go to Newport in winter is a serious business," and Lagrima responded with fresh tears and interjaculatory observations, somewhat thick and incoherent from grief. Carissimo had been silent with sympathy and a cigar, in the corner of the room. "Well, Isaac," he commenced, and I adjusted my attention for a brief farewell,—"let's have one more." We had it; we joined hands around the table and sang *Auld*

Lang Syne, Lagrima burst in during the chorus with two or three profuse gushes of tears; he went through a rapid pantomime of affection and despair, threw up his arms, and,—fell under the table.

It was upon a quiet December afternoon that two wheels might have been seen paddling the waters of Narraganset Bay. Upon the deck of the steamer stood two youths gazing at the shore. "By my halidome," quoth the younger of the twain, "it is a town of a goodly aspect." "Yes, truly," returned the elder, "I would fain tarry there awhile, and test the brew of mine host of 'The Bellevue.'"

Even so, upon a still winter day, the steamer Perry glided gently into the harbor of Newport. The world was apparently emptied of atmosphere, so distinctly drawn upon the air were the remotest objects, and the horizon line of the sea was as sharply cut as if it had been a rim of lapis-lazuli. The bold breakwater, whose nervous young arm holds the sea at bay from the dozing old town; the long low lines of the embankments at the fort, the slim flag-staff, with the swelled top, suggesting that a flag was clinging around the pole, although too far to be distinctly visible; the brown shore of Conanicut feebly undulating against the cold rosy green of the horizon; the few old vessels, mostly schooners, in the harbor, all facing the same way, and all as regularly placed as if they had been toys arranged by a child; one or two comfortable old hulks, whose masts ending at the cross-trees, leaned, like stumps, against some ancient store on the very edge of the dock, as if in the forlorn extremity of age the two denizens of sea and shore had clubbed their neglect, and gossiped, as they quietly decayed, of the stately days departed; the unnaturally white buildings of the town, with an occasional estray from vanished centuries, in the

shape of a tumble-down old gable-roofed house, trying to see its withered image in the water; the pediment of "The Atlantic," the towers of "The Bellevue," just seen above the boughs of trees, the flaunting front of "The Ocean," impending over the town like the huge palace of a German duke over his poor, little, frightened *residenz*, or capital; the modest spire of Bishop Berkeley's Trinity Church, that points to heaven, whither he has led the way; and on the outskirts, the frequent houses of those who love summer, silence, and the sea. These were what I saw that December day, and had so often seen when the dog-star raged.

The sky was cloudless. It seemed burnished by the clear, colorless cold of the day. I suppose Newport was no stiller than it always is; but a preternatural tranquillity embosomed the town. It was because I knew that the guests were all out of those houses on shore, and the cushions out of those sail-boats in the harbor, that my feelings were changed. I had arrived in some distant land. I should meet Peter Wilkins, perhaps, or better than he, Youwarkee, skimming along Thames street, or poising for a flight upon Long Wharf. Or, would it be General Washington who came to Newport, and danced a minuet,—fair precedent for the polka,—or the gay group of Frenchmen, Rochambeau and L'Estaing, who taught these island maidens Parisian measures, and wrote with diamond rings upon the windows the names of the fairest belles? Would the good Bishop come to greet us, from his favorite seat upon the hanging rocks, proffer us tar-water for our better health, and insist that we were not material existences, but apparitions merely? If I had remembered, good Bishop, that I retreated to the cabin, upon the way down the bay, perceiving that, if a ghost, the wind did not blow through me without a chill, I would have made you con-

fess that, apparitions as we might be, heat was a very material element of comfort. But, looking at dear old Newport, evidently as much surprised to see me as I was to see it, I was willing to give in to any ghostly theory and believe in dreams.

There was no bustle at the wharf. It was absurdly easy to get a carriage. There was no outlay of oaths,—not even an expletive was necessary. There was no frenzied darting up the plank, pulling an appalled woman after you, and dashing through crowds of vociferous hackmen; no insane telegraphing men, whose appearance you could not recall a moment afterward, and who answered by scores, "Yes," to your inquiry, "Are you my man?" There was no hot pursuit of erring umbrellas, and self-willed trunks, during which you dropped bags and crushed babies; none of the prodigious excitement of a summer arrival; but the event was as eventless as the sunrise of a cloudy day. I stepped into the street, without fear of a belated coach from "The Ocean" thundering around the corners, and betook myself to visions of the snowy fields and icy cliffs I anticipated in winter-bound Newport.

I passed the ruin, the old mill, among whose arches the sunset was fading. "The Atlantic" stood opposite, wrecked upon the winter. There were no window-blinds, and many panes were broken, slats were torn from the railings, fences half overthrown, windows and doors sternly closed, and a gloomy dreariness reigned over all. The paint was dirty; the glass and the grounds were the same. I looked at the lofty columns, and whispered to myself for comfort, "Greece." The lofty columns answered, "Foul, ugly, old, humbugging wooden shanty." I whispered, "Summer palace of pleasure," and a bitter gust rattled the loose casements and died away. I sighed, "Ah! gay beat of happy feet, high holiday of youth,

and love, and beauty!" and in the windless sunset of the winter day I heard the muffled moan of the ocean.

The last time I had stood upon that piazza there was a ball within. The great white pile was bursting with light and music. Every window and door was open. There were incessant flights of ladies across the hall. Carriages drove to the door, and dainty dames stepped out, rolled cloud-like up the broad steps, and disappeared in the house. Couples stepped through the windows upon the piazza. Dancers too tired to dance, and ladies whose mourning inhibited their feet, and not their eyes, from pleasure, sat in large arm-chairs and looked in upon the merry-making; knots of elderly men, arrived by the evening boat from Boston, stood talking idly of State street, and stocks,—wasting precious time in such aimless dreaming. Enormous dowagers lined the great entry, a wonderful living tapestry, and before them fluttered the brilliant groups, idly chatting, idly listening, idly drifting down the summer. Even as poor Yorick's skull in the hand of Hamlet, was that huge, blank, hopeless pile in my eye, as we passed it.

But winter had torn aside other tapestries than those wonderful living ones of the entry. The leaves were stripped from the trees. You remember that dense grove opposite "The Atlantic," fenced off from the main road. You have often speculated whether there were a house there, and if a house, whether any one lived in it; and if any one lived in it, why then——. Any summer morning you have murmured as you sauntered by:

> "But who hath seen her wave her hand?
> Or at the casement seen her stand?
> Or is she known in all the land,
> The Lady of Shalott?"

Winter has solved the mystery. Now that there is no

one to look, everything can be seen. Between the trees, standing close to each other, the pilgrim out of season can distinguish the outline of a spacious house. The windows are closed, the dead leaves drift along the piazza, —the family has left Newport.

Proceeding down the road, which, in summer, is so crowded at this time of day with countless carriages and equestrians, nothing disputes the way. The rows of low wooden shops are silent and deserted. The merchants of a day have packed up the red flannel bathing-dresses, the fancy canes, the cravats, gloves, and thin coats, and have flown away with the swallows. The "Daguerrian artist," had he remained, would have been obliged to content himself with catching the features of the landscape. Shutters are up at all the windows. But, presently, I see that the doors and windows of one of the shops are open. I hurry across to scan the contents, to deplore, with the shopman, the total stagnation of business. I reach the door, and look in. The stock in trade is a broken counter, and a few empty drawers irregularly open. There is a painful neatness in the aspect of the spot. No scrap of wrapping-paper, no comfortable coil of cheese-paring, no broken crockery, not a single apple past its prime, remains as memorials of the busy summer days. All shows the melancholy precision of acknowledged death, and I find myself involuntarily whistling the Dead March in Saul.

At the corner where new books were sold, I could not find a single old one; but barred doors and blank shutters made it dismal. I turned across the street to the corner opposite for consolation. Here, erewhile, was soda-water dispensed, at sixpence the glass. "I will seek comfort in comfits," said I, faintly. Alas! the demon of desolation was there before me! The fount had run dry

in Rider and Sisson's "confectionery and refreshment saloon." "Where be your tarts now?—your cheese-cakes?—your pies?—your pounds of assorted candies, wont to set children by the ears? Not a glass of soda now, to foam at your own mouth?—quite done up?" cried I, bitterly, as I turned disappointed away.

But mark one figure, one solitary figure upon the walk over which momently flitted knots of laughing girls, when last I saw it. It is an old man, slowly promenading, with one hand under his coat-flaps, and the other buried in his bosom. There is an air of preternatural respectability in his dress. It is past seed-time with that black coat, as with the fields upon the island. It has a burnished complexion, as if with remorseless brushing. It is closely buttoned, and hangs broad, in generous flaps, behind. The ample black trowsers fall over boots unnaturally polished. Such blackened boots accord with morning, but at sunset they perplex the mind. That hat, like all things earthly, was once new. There was once, possibly, that fashion in hats. Now it is a bell-crowned mystery. Did it once have nap?

The old gentleman walked slowly up and down, and glanced at me vaguely as I passed. I returned his gaze with reverence, for I could not suppose him walking there for his private pleasure, but as a kind of official mourner for the pleasant and beautiful things passed away. Nature had furnished him for that place and moment, as London undertakers furnish mutes for state funerals. He wore that coat, and those trowsers and boots—yes, and—possibly—that hat, *ex-officio.* I was struck anew by the wisdom of Nature, which—is it Paley or Father Prout who says it?—always puts the right thing in the right place. Yet I was surprised as I walked away, for I thought Old Grimes was dead.

There were the bowling-alleys that thundered all summer long, now as still as Rip Van Winkle's. Two or three boys played listlessly about the doors. There was no report from the pistol-galleries. The piping times of peace had come, and in the field under the Ocean Hall a few children were pulling turnips.

The Ocean Hall! There's your text for Newport in winter; "whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead," etc.

There was Edwards' Archery Ground, where one happy day of midsummer we shot dull care straight through the heart, and savagely assaulted *ennui.* Poor Edwards' Archery Ground!

Farther down, upon Narraganset avenue, we met wagon-loads of laborers returning from the houses which were rising rapidly upon the cliffs. The wagons were crowded and rolled rapidly by us, while the men sang and their dinner-kettles rattled. Except these, there were only occasional solitary wayfarers. Some few families remain through the winter in Newport, and even in the height of the summer solstice they anticipate with pleasure their snowy seclusion from the world. They may well do so, for summer does not leave them with the swarms of visitors it brings, but abides in those homes throughout the year.

I had come to Newport for its wintry grandeurs. The air was very sharp, the sky was clear,—it was December,—all the material of winter was apparently ready. But I awoke to a fresh May morning. Never had I seen Newport more beautiful than on that day. The neighboring sea softens the air. Snow rarely lingers long. The land which, with us, seems always to recoil in horror as it approaches the sea, finds, upon touching it as in Newport, that the shock is not so dreadful after all, and that the seaside is more kindly than the inland. The little frost upon

my window-pane trickled away before I was fairly up,—and my large expectations of unspeakable wintry desolation melted likewise, and ran off, at the touch of the same sun. My hostess was already out in her grounds; Meddowes arrived from the South, as if the season had come round again, and Magnus stepped over to ask us to a stroll. We sauntered about upon the rocks, heedless of "the inverted year." The ground was oozy and plashy under our feet as in spring. Cows strolled idly by, snatching contemplative mouthfuls from the grassy sides of the road. The factories in the town shot their white columns of vapor high into the blue air. A distant bell rang over the fields between us and the town, and choice glimpses of the sea, each framed in picturesque rocks,—a cabinet picture,—pleased the eye, that swept the whole horizon. White sails illuminated the harbor, and flashed in the sunshine far out at sea. Was this my dream of Newport in winter?

I looked earnestly up the road to descry Mot's old hat,—that brave old hat which had clearly been out in all storms that ever blew, and had returned limp with chronic palsy and yellow with hopeless jaundice. What an abominable hat it was! How it flapped like the ragged, dusky ears of an elephant, or the helpless leaf of a diseased tropical plant! How it seemed to belong to no age nor nation, but would have been as surprising at Timbuctoo as Nova Zembla! I have no idea what it was made of, nor where. I suppose nobody knows. Mot preserves with reverence a tradition of having bought it somewhere, at some time. But there is a wandering in his eye when he tells you so, that but feebly images the wandering of his mind after any precise hat-statistics. That hat put the Newport ruin to shame. After Mot appeared with it upon his head, the old mill was hushed up, and sold off at auc-

tion. He kept it in a huge solitary white house upon the cliff, as powder and other dangerous matters are preserved in lonely places. But he was perfectly generous in showing it. Mot wasn't proud of it, but wore it in the most open manner upon the public highways, and sometimes took it in to receive private audiences from beautiful ladies. If you ask me its shape, I must refer you to clouds. If you demand the material, I must refer you to substances of every kind and color. It was an eclectic hat, catholic, cosmopolitan. It was surrounded with what was familiarly called a ribbon. I should have said rainbow, had I not detected many more than the seven primal colors. It might have been a large straw village in Lilliput; in Brobdignag it could have been Glumdalclitch's bonnet.

I knew it had been removed from Newport. I knew that I might as well look to see June coming over the fields; but I would rather have seen that amorphous old hat flapping along the road, than a bird-of-paradise.

But I did see *the chaise!*

Do you ask whether, among the multitude of fine equipages that ornament the Newport you know, there can be any one specified as "the chaise," as Wellington among scores of Dukes was "the Duke"? Yes. You know how fiercely the fever of land-speculation rages in Newport: how fathers dreaded to be drawn thither by their families, lest they should be forced to buy a place,—how bleak rocks suddenly became precious stones,—how everybody had a secret about the land he was going to buy, and a romance about that everybody else had bought. You know what engineering there was, what staking, what surveying, what loads of brick and stones, and lumber passing in endless procession. Well, among all this, suddenly appeared a chaise. It was not peculiar in any way. It

had none of the fascinating inscrutability of Mot's hat. It was a simple chaise, driven by Jones. Once your eye fell upon it, you never saw any other carriage. In all the by-ways upon the island, at all times of day,—at the point by the Spouting Horn beach—over toward the fort—in Narraganset avenue,—in Bellevue street,—toward the beaches—upon every possible spot of land above water was the chaise seen. It was of highly-polished leather, with open framework at the sides, and green curtains,—altogether an attractive carriage. Its two wheels turned very nimbly around corners. It was perpetually driving in at gates and through bars, and mysterious Jones always carried a roll, like a field-marshal's baton, in his hand.

Perhaps, thought I, Wellington's honors have fallen upon Jones.

He wore a short cloak pendant from his shoulders to his waist. The face of F. M. Mr. Jones was cheerful; it had a steady composure, as of a man uninterruptedly satisfied. People bowed to him gravely. He had evidently an extensive acquaintance. General Ricetierce, from Georgia, and the Hon. Pyne Knott, from Maine, knew him equally well.

"Some diplomat," I said, "whom they knew at Washington."

I observed one remarkable fact. F. M. Mr. Jones was never alone in the chaise. I observed another fact. The face of his companion, whoever he might be, had not his own uninterruptedly satisfied expression. Conversation took a very serious turn in respect of this carriage. Later in the season I heard men defy that chaise. I even heard one exasperated man *swear* at the F. M. and his chaise. The next day *I saw him in it*, cutting round corners, driving in at gates, returned punctually to dinner by his companion, who flourished, at intervals, his official baton. I began to suspect it to be a magic wand.

Every morning that chaise drew up before "The Bellevue." F. M. calmly scanned the groups upon the piazza, and singled out his man. Vainly General Ricetierce pretended not to see, and puffed his cigar more industriously, or more obstreperously laughed. He felt that eye upon him as a snow-flake, a sunbeam, and he melted into most docile obedience.

"Ah! Jones, is that you; glad to see you; I'm quite ready," said the poor victim, with great rapidity.

"I shall be gone only a short time," said the General to his companions, as he left them. They smiled mournfully, and looked wistfully after him.

Jones stepped out of the chaise, handed Ricetierce in, and closely followed him. They started.

"By-the-bye!" cried the General, in a loud voice, and leaning forward to his friends upon the piazza.

It was too late. The chaise was cutting round the corner.

Or it was Pyne Knott, who was in indifferent health, and would as soon buy a lot in Newfoundland as Newport—who wondered at the wild prices men paid for land, and especially how they could consent to pay an immense percentage to an agent. It was Pyne Knott who pshawed and pished, and wished people wouldn't make fools of themselves. The next day I saw him whisking along in the chaise, while F. M. waved his baton over him, in sign of subjugation.

You could as easily resist a fog as that chaise. It would surely encompass you. If you stayed at "The Bellevue," you were no better than a miserable prisoner of the Conciergerie, before whose door, with fatal regularity, the charette daily appeared, and the headsman cried, "The next batch!"

The chaise was like the guillotine. Men tremblingly

ate their breakfasts, momently expecting the summons; and after breakfast, it was always waiting—that horrible mockery of polished leather and green curtains!

Presently the mystery was explained. *No one was ever let out of the chaise until he had bought land!* F. M. Mr. Jones was an L. A. He was a land agent, and his baton was a map of the island. Mot sickened at the thought. He was sure that his name was written against some lot, in which case, Chaise, Jones, and map, would be brought to bear upon him, until he succumbed and purchased.

"Blast the chaise!" cried Mot, energetically.

Within a week I saw Jones putting him into it, hat and all. He waved his hand at me, feebly. The old hat had evidently suffered from a fresh jaundice, and hung heavily, like weepers, around his head. They drove rapidly away. Sad stories were told of Mot that day. He had been seen eating sponge-cake an hour before dinner—he had been posing to the "Daguerrian artist," half-nude, as the Dying Gladiator—he had professed willingness to buy a new hat!

"It's very strange," said I.

"Not at all," said J.; "he's had an attack of the chaise."

When, therefore, I saw the chaise, all the summer came driving back to me in it.

Why spin out my story? I went to Newport to find the winter, and surprised May lingering upon the island.

The afternoon I left, I wandered along the cliffs, and met an old fisherman, a friend of the past summer, sitting solitary upon the bass-rocks, and looking idly over the sea. After a surprised greeting upon his part, I told him that he was looking as if he expected to see the opposite shore of the ocean.

"No," said the old fisher; "I was only thinking of a

story I read long ago—for I, too, have read books, though I've given it up for many years—of an island lying far to the north, and inhabited only by seals and white bears. Once every year, said the tradition, swarms of peacocks, buzzards, and birds-of-paradise, find their way thither, and monopolize the island, so that for a month no seal nor bear is visible—nothing but a great fluttering and buzzing of these winged strangers. Suddenly they fly as mysteriously as they came, and totally disappear, leaving the quiet island to the contemplative bears and seals, who inhabit it throughout the year, who are adapted to its life by their organization, and whose history is the history of the island.

"It is a very remarkable fact in natural history, concludes the tradition, that the peacocks, buzzards, and birds-of-paradise, conceive that their fluttering month gives the chief interest to the island."

"It is very singular," said I, to the old fisher.

"It is very true," said the old fisher to me, as I walked away.

II.

FROM VENICE TO VIENNA.

"It is time to get up," shouted Bison, my western friend, shaking me vigorously by the shoulders, as I snored under the sheets of the *Albergo Reale* at Venice. "But why get up?" muttered I, rubbing my eyes, which had only an hour or two before closed upon the brilliant promenades of the *piazza* of St. Mark. But I sprang out of bed and made the matutinal ablutions by lamp-light, without waiting for his reply.

Bison was in full rig, with a mackintosh and Kossuth hat, and an immense pair of boots. "The Archie duco Frederico," said he, "sails at four o'clock, and it now wants five minutes."

We were soon in the gondola pushing towards the steamer, which stood champing its bits and pawing the water, half-way over towards the Lido.

It was a raw drizzly morning,—though there had been nothing but sunshine in Venice for more than a month. As the passengers came on board, they looked blue and dismal, and a steam of unsavory vapors curled out of their overcoats.

"Ugh! what shocking nasty weather!" exclaimed an Englishman, addressing no one in particular, and shaking

his bearskin like a poodle who had just emerged from a duck-pond.

"Very," remarked Bison, disposed to scrape an acquaintance, at the same time taking out a cigar, nine inches long, and black as a stick of liquorice, which he had purchased in the Estates of the Church, with no probable prospect of smoking it, but as a kind of distant memento of the native American weed.

As for myself, I spread my paletot in the cabin, and slept profoundly—one, two, three hours, when the waiters removed me for breakfast.

In the meantime the clouds had cleared away, and a day like the first dawn in Paradise shimmered far and wide over the blue waters of the Adriatic. Venice, with its islands and palaces, was still in sight. It rose dreamily out of the waters, in green, and golden, and red, like a wavering many-colored exhalation of the morning.

"Heavens!" I ejaculated, emerging from the cabin, and joining Bison and the Englishman, who seemed to be in conversation—"how beautiful is this!"

"A fairy scene, sir," remarked John, with a positive emphasis, as if somebody was going to dispute his opinion, and he was ready to defend it—"a fairy scene, the nicest in the world."

"Then you have seen the Bay of Naples," I modestly interposed.

"Or," continued Bison, "the Bay of New York, which I hold to be the most glorious ever invented."

"The towering cone of Vesuvius may lend a single superiority to Naples," the Englishman replied in a milder tone, perhaps discovering that we, too, had travelled; "but for my part, these broad lagunes, with their thousand islands, bristling with forts, or laughing in the midst of rich luxuriant gardens—imposing structures rising on

every side, and the bright blue skies bending down to the embrace of waters as blue and bright as themselves, have an indescribable enchantment."

"Yes," rejoined I, chiming in, much to the discomfort of Bison, who looked at me with an ill-concealed sneer, as though I were turning traitor to the first duties of patriotism, "New York or Naples may be grander or fairer than this, but here surely is the very home and cradle of romance. Does it not seem, now, as the slant sun comes up out of the waves, and we wind about among these sparkling islands, each a gem on the bosom of the sea, as if we were leaving some ideal world, and hurrying back to stern and cold realities?"

Bison turned away disgusted; and yet, I had a deeper reason than he saw for that last remark. I was leaving Italy, never perhaps to look upon it again, and my soul, not unmoved by the immediate scene, was yet more completely possessed by the sadly glorious memories of that sweet land. The fresh day was falling in floods across the waves; gay villas and massive fortifications crowned the islands; stately war-ships, with the pennants of all navies streaming from their mast-heads, rode at anchor; innumerable gondolas, filled with contadini, hastened inward with their morning supplies of country cheer; and far off shone the majestic turrets and domes of the still sleeping city. Ah, no! I could not be insensible; but as these faded away, one after another, a feeling of melancholy, like some deep undertone of sorrowful music, crept into my heart.

It was then that I appreciated in their full force the mournful lines of Filicaja:

> "Italia, oh Italia, hapless thou,
> Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain,
> A dowry fraught with never-ending pain,—
> A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow;

Oh, were thy bravery more, or less thy charms,
Then should thy foes, they whom thy loveliness
Now lures afar to conquer and possess,
Adore thy beauty less, or dread thy arms.
No longer then should hostile torrents pour
Adown the Alps: and Gallic troops be laved
In the red waters of the Po no more;
Nor longer then, by foreign courage saved,
Barbarian succor should thy sons implore.—
Vanquished or victors, still by Goths enslaved."

"Well, while you have been dreaming," interrupted Bison, his face quite black with coal-smoke—"Bête!" I screamed, not allowing him to proceed; "don't you see that we are leaving Italy for ever? Italy, dear alike to our imaginations, our intellects, and our hearts; the land of Dante, Michael Angelo, and Mazzini; the cradle and the grave of religion and art; the pilgrim-shrine to which the earth's weary wanderers turn for consolation and balm, and strength, and peace!—how can we quit her beautiful shores without dropping a tear at the recollection of her glories, her vices, and her woes?"

"But, as I was saying," pursued the imperturbable Bison, "while you were in your dreams, I have been examining this steamship. It is a tolerably fair specimen, well-built, well-appointed, and well-managed, made of iron, and belongs to Mr. Austrian Lloyd. But do you know why it does so well?"

"No," said I; "nor do I care."

"I'll tell you, then: it was built in England, and is managed by a Scotchman!"

Seeing that I made no note of his observation, the indefatigable tormentor continued: "It is one of the blasting effects of these despotic governments, that they not only prevent the development of enterprise, but that they absolutely wither the talents of the people. All over the

Continent, the management of the great industrial undertakings is committed to the hands of foreigners. The Mediterranean steamboats, you will remember, had English or Yankee engineers, and the Russian and Austrian locomotives, I am told, are mostly American, or at any rate were made by American mechanics."

"It would seem, then, Bison," said I, submissively, "that men unaccustomed to the exercise of their political rights, have few or no motives to the exertion of their skill and enterprise."

"Just so; the infernal knaves who usurp the rule here, take everything to themselves, and will no more allow a man to build a steamboat or a railroad, than they will allow him to vote. Isn't it a shame?"

We had a delightful sail, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon were landed at Trieste.

A capital dinner awaited our hunger at one of the principal hotels on the wharf; but we had scarcely entered the saloon, before we knew that we were approaching Germany, for the smell of decayed tobacco-smoke was horrible. Nor was the soup more than off the table when half the company had their stinking meerschaums in full whiff. Clouds of smoke soon rose above the popping of corks, while the piles of exhausted bottles and platters put *hors du combat*, conveyed an image of some miniature battle-field.

I deserted the ground early, to get a passing peep at the town.

Trieste, like many other European places, has an old part and a new—the former dating back to the time of the Romans, and the latter having come in with the railroads. It crouches in the lap of lofty hills, with the great moles stretching out like paws into the harbor, which is well filled with shipping, and well defended by forts on

the heights. Austria has no other outlet for its trade, so that it drives a thriving business.

The language spoken by the people is a cheerful miscellany of Italian, German, English, French, and the Oriental dialects; while the costumes worn are equally various in their origin, with a copious embroidery, as in all seaports, of the native dirt. But, though promiscuous, they are not picturesque, if we except some of the Sclavic countrymen who loiter about the market in faded Hungarian dresses, and the Dalmatian sailors.

Leaving Bison to count the linen rags, and pitch-barrels, and to gauge the Maraschino and Rosoglio bottles—in other words, to gather the statistics of the commerce—I wandered towards the slope of the hills, where there is a dishevelled castle, older than Julius Cæsar, and near by a still older cathedral, in the round Byzantine style. Its walls are black with age, heavy and incrusted with mud, and here and there a Roman inscription is leering out at the puzzled antiquaries. Worn mosaics and damaged frescoes about the altar, once told the history of St. Justus, its patron, doubtless an excellent man in his day.

Poor Winckelmann, whose fine studies of ancient art I remember to have strained my eyes over, before that handsome translation of them was published in Boston, lies buried in the neighboring cemetery. You know his story; how he was the son of a poor shoemaker of Steadel in Altmach; how the schoolmaster of the place became attached to him, and took him into his family, and drilled him in Greek and Latin; how he begged his way on foot to Hamburg, and there begged money to buy some worm-eaten classics; how he passed through the University of Halle, on a wretched stipend contributed by some friends; how he went to Rome on a pension of one hundred dol-

lars for ten years, from good Father Rauch, King's confessor in Poland; how his learned studies got him many friends; how beautifully he wrote on the Beautiful, and the History of Ancient Art, and how he became at last one of the foremost literary men of literary Germany. Goethe, who never wearied of doing good and great things, has spoken worthily of him in a treatise named *Winckelmann und Sein Jahrhundert.*

But you will ask how he came to get buried in Trieste? Once, in the year 1768, after visiting Vienna, where he was received with distinction by the Empress Maria Theresa, known for other less commendable deeds, she bestowed valuable treasures upon him, which he took with him on a journey to Rome. At Trieste he fell in with an Italian named Francesco Archangelo, a fallen archangel indeed, for he had been condemned to death at Vienna, but spared on condition that he quitted the country, The villain wormed himself into the unsuspecting Winckelmann's confidence, and one day asked to see his gold medals. Winckelmann bent over from the table where he was, to open the box which contained them, when the Italian inflicted five mortal stabs on his body. It is some satisfaction to be told by the cicerone that his ancient countryman was broken for it on the wheel.

"They have tied the horses to the diligence with several bits of rope," said Bison as we met at the inn, "and all is ready for Adelsberg."

"But we have not seen the Palazza di Ricardo, where Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned, nor the Casino, nor the three theatres, and many wonders besides!"

"Never mind that," replied he; "I have got some genuine Havana cigars, which I rowed off to an American man-of-war to borrow. They are prime—the first I have had since leaving London. Try one.'

We sprang into the diligence, Bison, the Englishman and I, and in a few minutes were winding up a broad, smooth, well-constructed road, that twines like a great white snake around the hill of Optschina. This is a spur of the Illyrian Alps, rude, stony, and uncultivated, with all the houses by the wayside completely covered with the limestone dust, that looks like ashes. Two hours of toilsome ascent brought us to the top, and then we were just over the town still. An expert Sam Patch might have jumped into any of the neighbors' chimneys.

A squad of rosy-cheeked, squalid little beggars, followed the coach all the way up, asking alms in a kind of chant, which was not half so distressing as the whine of the Italian beggars. The surly postilion gave them a lash with his whip now and then, which excited Bison's ire, and at every cut he threw out a kreutzer, which Bull thought a mistaken benevolence. "No," said Bison triumphantly, "there is something sacred in childhood, though in a beggar's garb;" flinging out a whole handful of pieces.

Bison had an object in his philanthropy; for when, shortly afterwards, the postilion was to leave us, and he came for his customary drink-money, the good American drily observed, "Alas, my dear fellow, I gave all my spare change to the beggars—a kreutzer a cut. The next time don't use your whip so freely."

"*Cospetto*," muttered the retreating figure of the postilion.

"Precisely," shouted the exemplary Bison.

From the top of the hill, the outlook over the Adriatic is grand. The eye sweeps from the plains of Italy, with Aquila and Grado on the west, to the long tongues of headland, projected one beyond another, as far back as Capo d'Istria on the east, where the purple Frioulian

Alps form the horizon. The mountains are bold and bare, but the valleys are filled with thick southern vegetation, with olives, and chestnuts, and figs.

It is a pity the custom-house, perched two or three miles further on, on the borders of Illyria, where they detain you at least an hour to inspect your baggage and passports, was not nearer the hill; for in that case the landscape would compensate one for the delay. But where it is, there is nothing to be seen but a cluster of huts and three hundred heavily-laden team-wagons on their way to Laybach, where the Vienna railroad begins. I say three hundred wagons, because Bison counted them, as they were all gathered in a heap waiting the sign-manual of the officials. They are the carriers of all the external commerce of Austria.

Just beyond the Karst, or Carso, commences a wild desolate tract of calcareous geology, in which no tree or house cares to grow. It is eaten away, on all sides, into huge clefts, holes, basins, and pitfalls, over and along which the road runs, like a great white tapeworm. At certain seasons the famous Bora, or north wind, rages here with fearful violence, overturning and carrying with it vehicles and pedestrians, and digging up the very crust of the earth. The soil seems as sterile and dry as a chip, and we were glad to get rid of it before nightfall.

It was nine o'clock when we reached Adelsberg, and I proposed to go to bed; but Bison would hear of nothing of the sort, insisting that we should visit the caves.

"What, at midnight?" said I.

"Certainly," he replied; "for they are as dark as a dungeon at any hour, and may be seen as well now as in the daytime."

Guides were drummed up, two dozen extra *kerzen* or torches procured, and then we stumbled for a mile or more

over broken rocks and stumps. At the base of a tall cliff, which Ritter Schnapps told us, in detestable German, while he waved his light on high in a vain attempt to prove his words, had a ruined castle on the top, we crawled into a hole in the rock. A sound of rushing waters saluted us as we passed into the long narrow gallery.

"It is the river Poik," said the Ritter, "which dives down under the mountain outside, like a duck, and comes up on the inside."

"Arethusa!" I exclaimed.

"No," rejoined Bison; "we are not through, sir, by a long shot."

But he was mistaken, for suddenly we entered an immense hall, apparently some three hundred feet long and one hundred feet high, and broken into irregular chambers and corridors. The guides, who preceded us, had stationed themselves along the sides, by means of rude steps cut in the wall, and threw the light of their blazing torches through the whole cavern. As the flames flashed against enormous stalactites, casting heavy shadows beyond, and the smoke rolled in billowy masses against the ceilings, it seemed like the mouth of some Devildom; while the uncouth figures of the men, gliding through the lurid twilight, with their brigand faces, resembled the black dwarfs and gnomes and cobalds who forge mischief in the bowels of the mountains. All my old readings of the Scandinavian *diablerie* came back to the mind; every moment I expected to see the wicked elves start from the crevices. I shuddered at my own imaginations, and at last I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, Ritter, Gassenbuben, Bison, let us return!"

But Bison was busily chipping off fragments of an enormous stalagmite, in the midst of a shower of expostulations from his transparency, Herr Rath Gassenbuben, chief of the guild of the guides, who called a thousand devils to

witness that it would be the death of him if the Herr *Hoch-ober-hölle-vérmögens-ampt-mann*, or some other unpronounceable authority, should hear of the pillage. My excellent friend, cherishing a free and independent disdain of all languages but his own, worked quietly on, in spite of the devils and hard names, filling his pockets with stone.

Not caring to wait for the others, I set off in the direction of a narrow passage with a strong light beyond, which I supposed the exit from the dismal den; but when I had reached it, I found that it only penetrated deeper into the cave. A rude wooden bridge passed me over a black sullen river that might have been the Styx. Flitting white forms, like the ghosts of the departed, rushed in and out, and up and down among the irregular and tortured columns. Chamber opened into chamber, corridor followed corridor, in vast interminable mazes. "Hold, there," exclaimed the Ritter, flinging the glare of his torch forward. I stopped on the verge of a cliff, and looked down into what seemed a bottomless abyss. In a moment more my imaginations of the Stygian lake and the palaces of the gloomy Dis, might have been a ghastly reality.

Bison and the rest of the party soon came up, and cautiously looked over into the pit. Far down a roar and hissing of waters, like the suppressed murmurs and sighs of giant spirits in pain, made the boldest of us tremble with awe. "What an inferno!" said the former, only in honest bad Saxon, and turned away.

The lights were collected and we again moved on, stopping at intervals to gaze at halls,

> "Where crystal columns sent forth slender shafts,
> And curving arches; and fantastic aisles
> Frown'd from the sight in darkness and were lost."

Their sides wreathed and ruffled in beautiful traceries,

and broken into alcoves; their high fretted roofs hung with branching chandeliers; and the great pillars, cut and incrusted into a thousand fanciful reliefs, gave them the appearance of vast Gothic cathedrals. A mass of stone, heaped in one place, took the form of a pulpit, from which Herr Nimmersatt improvised a four minutes' sermon, which had all the discursiveness, but none of the wit, of good Abraham a Sancta Clara. In another place a long white curtain, drooping in transparent folds, seemed to bar the way to a mysterious recess. Over against a butcher's stall stood the throne of a subterranean monarch; and near by a solid bell-like cone, when struck, sent its sharp metallic sounds down the void distances. If troops of witches had come out at the signal, to dance their wild Walpurgis dance, it would all have been in character.

At last, after ascending towards a region of warmer and balmier air, the most magnificent saloon opened lithe, glittering, and graceful, with a floor like the purest marble, or a broad overarching canopy of satin. "It is the ball-room," shouted the Ritter, "where on Whit-Monday the young men and maidens dance." All night they dance, it is said, gathering to the festival from the remotest districts—from the far Dalmatian shore—from the plains of Hungary—from Carniola and Styria, or the mountains of Salsburg. All the peasantry come—hunters, vine-dressers, woodmen, sailors, with their sweethearts and sisters; the Oriental in his turban or capote, the Tyrolese in his lofty hat, the Croatian with embroidered coat; all the wild roses of the mountains, and all the sweet lilies of the valleys—all are there, and beneath the red illumination of a thousand torches, grow frenzied in a delicious whirl of merriment and love.

"Our cold northern races," I remarked philosophically to the Great Western, "know nothing of the real intoxication of life. They get mad on brandy, or fuddle them-

selves with beer and wine, and shout in bacchanal abandonment; but of genuine pleasure, spontaneous, free-hearted, delirious joy, the gay holiday of the senses, they are as ignorant as cabbages! But that reminds me, where is the Englishman?"

"Sure enough!" rejoined Bison, with a look of gathering amazement. "Where is he?"

"Bull!" I shouted, at the top of my lungs; but the only reply was an infinity of long-drawn "Bu-uh-uh-ul-s," that went echoing round the aisles of the cavern.

"Heaven! can he be lost?"

"Strayed away, perhaps," suggested Bison.

"Or been precipitated from a cliff," choked out Gassenbuben.

"Or is now gurgling and rolling in the dark waters below!" blubbered Nimmersatt.

Instantly our little company was in a panic of motion. Some ran behind the columns, others hastily ascended the steps in the rocks, others cast their torches into holes and clefts, and all cried, "Bull, Bull," till the roars of Bashan were renewed; but no Bull came. We pursued the search for an hour, and still the unhappy Bull was missing. Finally, with sad and heavy hearts, we made our way out into the starlight, and thence to the *Ungarischen Krone.*

"Oh, Bull!" said I, as I encountered that comfortable gentleman sitting in the eating-room, with a meerschaum in his mouth and a tall flask of Bavarian ale by his side, "what a fright you have given us!"

"The fact is," he replied, lifting up his coat-tails and turning his back to the fire, "I saw that it was going to be a nasty job, and so I quitted you at the gate. But I have read Murray's account of the cave in this book, which I dare say is better than any you will ever write of it!" Envious Bull.

Bison refused to speak to the fellow after that, and insisted on going directly on to Laybach, which we did, giving Bull's spare seat to a young German woman who was exceedingly anxious to reach the railroad. I had the satisfaction of riding all night with her head on my shoulder, and received the next morning a *Danke* for my services, which Bison, mistaking the word for Donkey, said was ungrateful.

A new country opened upon us with the sun. For some time I could scarcely rid myself of the impression that I had awakened in the northern part of New Jersey, the appearance of everything was so like. A "rich champaign," as the novelists always say, stretched away towards green hills in the distance; comfortable one-storied farmhouses, with barns attached, and snug little gardens around, stood by the road-side; and what I had not seen before in Europe, picket-fences made inclosures for cattle. It would be a curious research to discover whether any of the ancestors of our honest old Jersey Dutchmen had come from these parts.

But a band of straggling soldiers whom we met, dressed in dusty gray frocks, and each with a hunk of bread at his mouth, soon gave me a "realizing sense" that we were still among the despotisms. They were recruits on their way from Laybach to some other point, whither their kind masters had ordered them, to help bastinado some Hungarian woman, perhaps, or get stuck under the short ribs themselves by a loving Italian compatriot. These paternal governments do take such fatherly care of all their poor suffering children!

Laybach we reached in time for a late but edifying breakfast. I should like to have gone to the Lake of Zirknitz, not far away, a sheet of water some four miles wide and long, which takes a notion to vanish entirely

once in a while; but Bison argued that if the lake should chance to have disappeared, there would be nothing to see except a heap of dead fish, which are no curiosity; while on the other hand, if it remained, it was not much of a lake to see; and I was convinced by his logic. "If we could only catch it in the act of disappearing," he added, "that might be something."

We accordingly repaired to the station of the imperial railroad, passing on the way a pillar erected in the market-place to Mademoiselle the "*Mondbezwingerinn*," or Crescent Conqueress, a famous *statue* of a virgin, who when the infidel Turks were besieging the town, walked from her pedestal, like the Commandatore in Don Juan, put herself at the head of the native troops, and led them to glorious victory. Bison, the coarse, unimaginative creature, no better than an infidel Turk himself, said boldly that he didn't believe a word of the story.

While we were loitering in the first-class saloon (Americans always travel in the first-class cars, though it is just as comfortable and much cheaper to take the second), two ladies entered, with a little girl about four years of age. The latter was attracted by the great gold chain and pendent jewelry that Bison always wears, and went towards him; thereupon he took her on his lap and caressed her. The mother, as I supposed one of the women to be, smiled graciously; and I began to envy the easy way in which the man was insinuating himself into the good graces of both parent and child. All at once a huge Croat of a fellow, in a frowsy gray moustache, and impenetrable whiskers, his coat befrogged and begilt like that of a circus-master, and a long sword dangling at his heels, came into the room, accosted the ladies with a bow like a Mandarin's, and then seeing Bison with the child, rushed across the room, caught her off his lap, and strode away with a look as ferocious as Bluebeard's.

"What the devil!" said Bison, puffing into a small undischarged thunder-gust; "what does that overgrown baboon mean?"

The baboon meantime had solemnly deposited the child with its mother, and then sent back a series of annihilating frowns at poor Bison. It would have been all day with him, if a man could be killed now, as in the times of the basilisk, by shots from the eye-batteries.

But just then the horn blew, and the locomotive snorted, and I hurried my valorous Yankee into the cars. Everybody, I noticed as we entered, was looking out of the windows at one side. "What is going forward?" asked I of a broad-bottomed old Austrian that in his eagerness had thrust precisely one-half of his person outside, but he gave me no answer. Presently the two ladies and the child, accompanied by the whiskers and frogged coat, appeared on the platform. All the people raised their hats and bowed, and our broad-bottomed Austrian friend exclaimed, quite overcome, "Ach mein Gott! see, see her serene-transparent-high-well-born, illustrious and never-to-be equalled Highness, the Princess!"

"The Princess who?" I asked, timidly.

The Austrian, with great contempt, grunted out, "What Princess? why, the Princess Louise D'Este!!!"

I was not overwhelmed nor was Bison, though I thought that model democrat looked a little self-complacent when he was told that he had been hugging the daughter of a Princess, and the near relation of I don't know how many Emperors.

"Who knows," he remarked inquiringly, "but the chap in the huge whiskers was the Emperor of Russia himself? I've heard that he is on a visit to these parts!"

"More likely the chief-cook and bottle-washer of Her Highness's suite," I suggested; but Bison did not relish

a suggestion which deprived him of the glory of having had an encounter with the Great Bear. It would have been such a story to tell amid the night-watches on Red River.

All the way along the imperial car, with the crown on the top, attracted great attention; and wherever the Princess got out, for any purpose, she was received by a file of soldiers under a present arms, and long lines of admiring people. We were ourselves, indeed, so taken up with these movements and the talk excited by the noble party, that we saw nothing of the country through which we rode. But we fortunately left them at Grätz, and then recovered our self-possession. Bison was anxious to stop, but when I told him that there was nothing to see in this chief town of Styria but a mausoleum of that famous hunter of Protestants, Ferdinand II., who burned ten thousand heretical books in the square, and aided in the murder of his successful champion, Wallenstein, he consented to give up all hope of further acquaintance with the Princess, and go on.

This railroad we found one of the best in the world. It was constructed mainly by the Austrian government, is substantially built, and owing to the mountainous nature of the region through which it runs, has had to overcome difficulties that are almost incredible. It is also well-managed, and the cars of the first class are as sumptuous as the saloons of the Sultan. All the way along, the scenery is magnificent; sometimes we were coursing the banks of the rapid Mur, sometimes whirling around the base of precipitous crags, castle-crowned, or covered with dark firs that shot clean up into the skies: again, beaming valleys stretched away into the blue distance where cities slumbered, or the mountains rose into the snows: here, the Styrian damsels, in their bright costumes, came out

of the station-houses, to serve us with the creamy Styrian ale, of which Bison always took two glasses, not for the love of it, but to get a longer look at the mountain Ganymedes; there, a stupendous viaduct, with noble galleries, sculptured from the primitive rock, divided the hills, or passed under giant fortresses on the brows;—in short, everywhere, at every turn, grand and picturesque objects caught the eye,—ruined abbeys, rock-built castles, gloomy defiles, impending cliffs, vast fir-woods, grotesque villages in the plains or on the mountain sides, graceful cascades, rushing streams.

The road is not completed; however, we found herds of women as well as men working upon it, as we approached Murzzüschlag, whence the *Eilwagen* carries passengers over the Soemmering to Glocknitz. It was already dark when we got there, and I was separated from Bison; but jumping into the rotonde of the only coach unoccupied, I left him to take care of himself. There was only one passenger, whose face in the darkness I did not see. After a while, as he was smoking and I did not care to sleep, I ventured a little conversation.

"*Wann Denkie Sie, Mynheer, das Wir ankommen werden?* (When shall we get there?)" I asked in tolerable German.

"*No-chaw pees-co,*" he replied in intolerable Italian.

"*Eh bien! Monsieur! Donc vous parlez le Français,* I continued courageously, determined to address him in his vernacular. "*Ung pugh,*" he replied; and so we contrived to keep up a costive and exhausting talk in execrable French for an hour or more.

What countryman he took me for I did not know; but I had made up my mind that he was a Hindoo, or some other Oriental not familiar with the European tongues.

Just as we reached Glocknitz, my companion lost his cigar, and uttered an unmistakable d——n.

"Sir," exclaimed I, "do you speak English?"

"I don't speak anything else!" said he.

We both roared with laughter; and, when we found Bison at the hotel, he laughed too, especially as he had discovered that my mate was the servant of an English officer returning from India by way of Constantinople.

Resuming the cars, I slept soundly till we reached Vienna.

III.

SKETCHES IN A PARISIAN CAFE.

I.

It is a strange sight! So striking, I resolved, while sipping my *chocolat à l'eau* (try it when you go to Tortoni's), that if the throng of omnibuses, hacks, and carriages allowed me to reach my neat little chamber, higher up in the air than the notorious *port-holes* of the Astor House (what bachelor is there who has not been damned to that ascent and descent, and those many-bedded rooms?); I resolved, I say, to jot down my impressions of the unmatched scene which is *acted* on the narrow strip of asphaltum pavement lying between the Chaussée d'Antin and the Rue Lafitte—that strip of ground everybody has read about, all hope to tread—the Boulevard des Italiens.

That is Paris, argal France. For the glory of the Palais Royal has departed, as it faded away from its predecessors, the Pont Neuf and the Place Royale; now the microcosm of Paris is the Boulevard des Italiens. There the pulse of that singular thing called Life in Paris beats high fever-pulse all the year round; through this thick and perfect plate-glass window of Tortoni's—draw your chair closer, that the curtain may not obstruct your view—you can observe and cast the horoscope of all Paris. What! fortune-telling absurd? By the Witch of Endor

but I'll pin my faith on the coffee-grounds tossed by a cunning hand in a cup of Tortoni's.

You would be out, wofully out, if you deemed these omens could be read this first day you sat in the comfortably-stuffed velvet arm-chair, and rapped the marble table to summon the waiter to the painfully irksome task of playing Œdipus to your . . . . French (I think you called the language you used this morning to your porter). No. It is more difficult than the Lady Common Law, which (if my Lord Coke may be credited) requires the vigils of twenty years of novitiate. The Lady Paris demands a still longer novitiate.

The first day you sat here would be like the first visit to a cotton-mill; all would be strange noise and wild confusion. Conversation would seem to your ear like the jabbering of the monkeys in the wire palace in the Garden of Plants; there would be no apparent distinction between the Attic elegance of tone and diction of the poet, and the vulgar brutality of the Auvergnat water-carrier: both would be French to you. If you kept a journal, the note of this day would be: "Saw a great many mustachioed men; struck with the number of soldiers and variety of uniforms; disappointed in the dress of the men and the beauty of the ladies; not having seen a pretty woman during the day."

And that would be all you'd see! *That* all contained on that leaf of life! *That* all that is visible, legible on this animated page! A school-boy might as well say he could read Demosthenes' famous oath, when he had succeeded in pinning an English definition to every Greek word.

In six months, if you had acquaintances, you might learn that that gentleman in a snuff-colored suit, his hat thrown far back on his high, broad forehead, calm as the face is stern, and with the lines of sorrow about the mouth, his

face fixed on the ground, absorbed in deep thought, is named Guizot. You may have pointed out to you that short, thick, bow-legged, rolling gentleman, who walks along the Boulevard as if he were giving chase to the man in seven-league boots, his hat crushed over his eyes, which look so bright and full of fun, meet companions to that mischievous mouth, but for which features you would set down M. Thiers (that is his name) for the runner of some banking-house. These, who would be lions or stars anywhere else in the wide world, are nobody here. A mob is always vulgar and unnoticeable; and there is a mob of distinguished people always in Paris. Any day, between three and five o'clock, you can see on the Boulevard des Italiens, members of nearly all the Royal Families of Europe; the heroes of half a dozen different revolutions from as many different countries; princes, warriors, poets, painters, sculptors, statesmen. . . . . The other day I saw Colonel Fremont begging a light from the Hospodar of Wallachia, and neither knew who the other was. This *latency* of distinction, only evoked by a dinner invitation or a court-ball, which Paris affords, makes it so charming a residence to all who bear honors buckled on their back. Here the hero is a hero *only* to his *valet de chambre.*

If you know the faces of all these great men, you have only the knowledge of the City Directory, or of a *valet de chambre;* but you don't know Paris. It is well worth knowing. It repays the pains expended on it; for when you know it, the gilded-corniced saloons, the splendid cafés, the luxuriant restaurants, the charming theatres, lose their powerful attraction; you turn from the thick-rouged skeleton with a longing for the pure air, the beautiful country, the familiar accents of Anglo-Saxon home, Anglo-Saxon purity, Anglo-Saxon virtue, Anglo-Saxon sincerity, and, let me add, Anglo-Saxon liberty.

No city contains so many persons who live by their wits. Strangers abound here, and with their accumulated savings, long beforehand destined to defray the pleasures of their visit to Paris, their ignorance of this world, and their common ignorance of French, make them the ready prey of acute sharpers. The usages of Paris furnish forth to the adroit adventurer innumerable opportunities of wriggling himself into the acquaintance of the person who occupied with him the same small table at the restaurant yesterday at dinner, or his neighbor in the café in the morning. What heart could resist gratitude to the benefactor who gave intelligence to the stupid waiter that could not understand his own language as you pronounced it; to the beneficent guide who directed your inexperienced fingers through the "wandering mazes" of a bill of fare in twenty-four octavo pages, with a verbal appendix rolled out of the waiter's mouth with infinitely greater dexterity than ever a mountebank poured forth ribbons. Their breasts apparently overflow with the richest cream of human kindness; they dissipate their charitable beneficences on the first comer in broadcloth and patent-leather boots. To these their good-nature topples to weakness; there are no bounds to the services they will perform, there is no office too mean for them, there is no passion too disgraceful for them to minister to. What adds greater value to those services is, they are condescensions of some titled person, whose rank, though not found in any book of heraldry, will be found in the amount abstracted from your credit at Greene's.

In Paris everything may be had for money. Do you wish strawberries on Christmas-Day, or peaches for New-Year's dinner? Would you have oysters in August, or cranberries in July? Chevet can furnish you. Pythiases and Damons can be hired by the hour. The Foundling

Hospital will furnish at the shortest notice a family of all ages, all sizes, and both sexes. The Maison de Saint Denis has a fresh assortment of wives always on hand. Do you seek a fortune? M. St. Foe "negotiates rich marriages. He is as secret as the tomb." Are your feet awkward and gawky? Cellarius makes them nimble and spry. Can the hairs of your head be numbered by your *vis-à-vis* in advance? There are incomparable oils here which will conceal your pate beneath a tropical luxuriance of hirsute vegetation. There are men-machines—M. Faillet, for example—who will throw a raw Yankee into their back parlor, and in "sixty lessons, of one hour each," turn him out a spruce Frenchman, familiar with Corneille, at home in Molière, and with Lafontaine by heart.

Surely you don't see all this from Tortoni's window?

But you do, if you can read what is before you. M. Faillet disputes with le Docteur Albert for possession of the hollow columns which adorn the Boulevard, and would disfigure conversation with ears polite. This vaunts his practice, and that his pills. Chevet's cart continually passes to and fro with its driver, whose rubicund face is a perpetual letter of recommendation.

Some New Yorkers have compared the Boulevards to Broadway. I have never been able to discover more than one point of resemblance—the names of both thoroughfares begin with B. The houses on the Boulevards are of yellow stone, three stories higher than those on Broadway, surcharged with gray iron-netted balconies, pierced with lofty coachways; the windows open like doors, instead of being hung with weights; the street is macadamized, the sidewalks are covered with asphaltum; the shops—if those niches may be called shops—are but glove, or jewelry, or cigar, or ribbon, or bonnet, or

tailors' shops, if they are not those shops dignified with the names of restaurant or café, where the most important business of human life is carried on. The latter are by far the most numerous; there is scarcely one of them but is famous. Who has not heard of the Café Anglais, or Tortoni's? Have not we all promised ourselves to dine one day at the Café de Paris, or Maison d'Or?

The throng that fills the ample sidewalks is still less like the crowd that forms a part of Broadway. There every face is evidently conscious that the Exchange and Wall street are near one end, Grace Church at the other end of Broadway, and the City Hall standing in the Park. Here it is patent on every face that its possessor is virgin (the only virginity to be found in Paris) to red ink, three o'clock, and large red wafers; that he never heard of Sunday, except as a great ball day at Ranelagh or Asnieres; nor of constables and penitentiaries, but in connection with politic . . . . something-offenders—it's a hard word he has not used since . . . . since . . . . since 1851.

Can the "oldest inhabitant" of New York remember to have seen rustic chairs as thick on the flags of Broadway as they now are on the asphaltum here? or active waiters with their eternal *v'la* and continual posing of questions in subtraction to the mistress of the house—a Mrs. Cassins in arithmetic, though not in weight. No Fourth of July ever assembles in Broadway the number and variety of uniforms forever flitting along the Boulevard. Did you ever see a Hussar with his double coat gracefully falling over his shoulder, and giving new relief to the richly and profusely braided uniform, except in a fancy-ball at Newport. With you, where but on the stage are the stalwart Cuirassiers to be seen, with their thick armor protecting their breasts and backs? You have seen a Lancer and a Carabineer, and a Heavy and a Light Dragoon, and

an Artilleryman; but, have you met the Guides (that aristocratic company, all of whose members are obliged to speak two or three languages), in their showy uniform, or those impertinent, insolent Prætorians—the Municipal Guard? Where, except on Monsieur Hackett-Mallet's back, have you seen the uniform of the Invalid, whose eye fills at the mention of Napoleon's name? Though that old frame is bowed double, it still holds a heart which glows with enthusiasm at the bare suggestion of Austerlitz, whose glorious sun dazzled him; of Eylau, whose snow benumbed him; of Jena—"This wound I got there, please, sir."

The City Fathers would abate as nuisances those thin, graceful, tall, pretty ballet-girls (they call them *rats* from their wonderful agility of body, acquired by seven hours' exercise in the dancing-room, from their eighth year);—and those impertinent, unsexed women, "with foreheads of bronze and hearts like the nether millstone," who live in the vicinity of Notre Dame de Lorette—let us avoid polluting these pages with any physiology of these sirens—sirens, alas! but in fascinations and dangers, for they die (when suicide does not prematurely end their abhorred life) long before their thirtieth year, and generally in their *teens*, on the miserable bed of some hospital. A dissecting-table is their coffin; their requiem, the coarse jest of the brutal medical student.

Ah! from this easy-chair I can understand the emotions which filled Xerxes' eyes with tears when, seated in his state chariot on the summit of a hill, from whence he could survey the myriads of men he led towards Greece, he thought of all that horde—not one would exist after a brief hundred years. The throng which passes before these plate-glass windows, seems some great funeral procession—you are tempted to ask, is not the common cra-

dle near the Place de la Bastille, and the grave near the Madeleine? The insignificance of life forcibly appears from the number of men, of women, and of children, crushed beneath the iron heel of civilization; that man, whose life is exhausted in picking up the cigar-ends under the café tables; this woman, who begs your spare sous; that girl, whose soul and body are leprosied with vice. During the first hours one spends at these brilliant windows he is bewildered by the intricacy and novelty of the scene; the bright reflection from the gilded wall and sllvered glass blinds his eyes. When they are accustomed to the brilliancy, he begins to distinguish the shades, and involuntarily he closes the curtain.

So come, a truce to my disquisitions on Paris! Let us take care that our crayons do not forget to animate the sketch by jotting down the conversations which fall on our ears, and introducing the events recorded in the papers. Waiter, bring me the papers!

See! M. Arago assures the Academy of Sciences that *Mars* has a depression at its two poles equal to $\frac{1}{31}$ of its mass, that its inclination is 28 degrees, nearly the same as this earth's, and consequently (with the difference of being longer than ours, Mars' year being nearly double our year) the seasons succeed in Mars in the same order as here. He says the two luminous spots near the poles are masses of ice and snow, and perceptibly diminish or increase as summer or winter reigns. The climate is generally more rigorous than with us (the line of perpetual snow extends to the 50th degree of latitude, the latitude of London), in consequence of the length of the year and its great distance from the sun; its soil is of a reddish ochre, and it has an atmosphere. M. Leverrier (the bitter rival and antagonist of M. Arago), from his new tables of the movement of the sun, and the laborious

studies which enabled him to prepare them, announces all previous tables to be full of errors, and his own not altogether exempt from them, in consequence of the oscillation of the solar perigee, caused by masses yet unknown to us. He thinks he shall be able in some years to describe planets and their orbits, which lie far away in space beyond mortal eye, and planets which shall rise on our limited horizon some thousands or millions of years from this moment! M. Vincent, of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, states that Crosthenes, from having observed that at noon and at the solstice the sun's rays were vertical at Syene, determined to measure, at the same periods of time, the length of the shadow of a vertical gnomon in the latitude of Alexandria (which was believed to be on the meridian), and so deduce the angle of the two verticals at the two stations; and knowing the length of the arc between these two places, he concluded a figure equivalent to that now admitted by astronomers as the true circumference of this globe. M. De la Rive almost persuaded the Academy that glaciers owe their origin to the cooling produced at the immersion of this globe, by the evaporation of the waters which then covered it; and he demonstrated, by conclusive experiments, that this cooling is especially intense when the water which is evaporated, instead of being a unique liquid surface, is mixed with certain foreign substances, such as earth or sand, which are held in suspension. Do not omit to notice that M. Alvaro Reynoso has demonstrated to the satisfaction of this learned society, that the hydrogene of water acts as a real metal and forms a base of greater energy than soda potash—all the mineral bases when exposed to an extreme degree of temperature. He thinks the day is not distant when he can *manufacture* granite, porphyry, and marble, in his laboratory!

Where shall we go after dinner?

Shall we go to see poor Bayard's last piece? You know Bayard is dead, after writing two hundred and twenty-four dramatic pieces, all of which were successful, and sixty commanded great success. He died in the prime of life, falling dead in his own ball-room shortly after the dispersal of his guests. He was, next to M. Scribe (his uncle by marriage), the best vaudevillist we had; his last vaudeville none but he could have composed; it is Boccaccio's Tales dramatized! Do not let us waste the evening by seeing Mme. de Girardin's *Lady Tartuffe;* although Rachel and Samson appear in it, their admirable talents cannot give intellect to that balderdash.

What say you to the Italian Opera, where Mlle. de Lagrange has won great success as an unrivalled *cantatrice*, overcoming difficulties the violin could not surmount; and Mlle. Cruvelli walks the tragedy queen of song, and M. Napoleone Rossi inherits Lablache's mantle and paunch. This theatre is the most fashionable theatre in Paris, and, for the first time since the Liberty, Equality, Fraternity of 1848, frightened the surprised box-proprietors of the Salle Ventadour, the fashionable world of Paris now display there again their luxury, beauty, and grace.

If you like gay, light, sparkling music, seek the Opera Comique. The company is excellent, the theatre handsome, and very well lighted. They are now playing *La Tonnelli*, a new opera by M. Ambroise Thomas, the popular author of *Le Caid* and *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été.* Madame Ugalde, Mlle. Lefebvre, Mlle. Duprez, appear there alternately. I do not know a place of amusement where an evening may be passed so pleasantly.

The Gymnase certainly cannot be recommended now, as they are playing there a rather dull comedy by M.

Emile Angier, which turns on points somewhat similar to the Hunchback. If you cannot see Mme. Rose Cheri in any other piece, go by all means, and enjoy the pleasure her admirable talents invariably give. M. Ponsard, another of the hopes of France, gives a comedy—Honor and Wealth—at the Odeon, which is said to be successful, and has won him the rosette of officer of the Legion of Honor. I must confess I have never felt interest in any of M. Ponsard's writings : he is too cold.

The press have given us several charming books recently. I have read none with more pleasure than the *Politique de la Restauration en* 1822 *et* 1823, by Count de Marcellus. Allow me to quote a new and characteristic anecdote about George IV. and Mr. Canning : "There was a ball at the Palace ; I was obliged to dance there the more gayly as my friends and brothers were fighting valiantly in Spain ; that is the diplomatic rule. Politicians who have had a conference in the morning, have always some ratification or new argument to make to each other at night. I was led off by the Minister (Canning), far from the ball-room (very much to my regret, I must acknowledge), and carried into the bay of a window, where George IV. saw us, and coming up, said :—'Ah ! my dear Marcellus, things have changed very much since we met. You triumph in Spain, and I am glad of it. But it is said King Ferdinand has recalled as ministers at Cadiz, the men who deposed him. That's a weakness I should never imitate. They wanted to give out that I was insane—you, better than any one else, know when and why. But as I told Lord Liverpool just now, if my ministers should declare me mad, I might regain my good sense, but I would never take back my ministers.' Mr. Canning was listening, and very much embarrassed, when the King, turning towards him, said—'What are you tell-

ing the young representative of France, Canning?' 'Sire, I was vaunting the excellence of representative government to him, and was at the same time explaining the *travaux forces* of the House of Commons which are its sequences. As M. de Marcellus cannot be an orator at home, he is an auditor here.' 'I know,' interrupted the King, 'my dear Marcellus, that you have been this year an *auditor* under very painful circumstances. I pity you sincerely for all you have been obliged to hear and undergo. I am certain that if your *mouth had not been closed*, and if Parliament would have heard you, you would have had an easy task to confute all you heard.' 'Sire,' said I, 'the sailor forgets the storm when the calm returns.' 'True; but take care, and don't allow yourself to be dazzled by our system of government, said to be so perfect. If it has advantages, it also has great inconveniences. I have never forgotten what a King, a *homme d'espirit*,* said to me about it:—"Your English government is good only to protect adventurers† and to intimidate honest folks." What do you think of it, Canning?' As Mr. Canning, evidently embarrassed, stammered and hesitated, the King continued—'Therefore, for the good of the world, we should never wish any people to have our own institutions. What will pass here would prove a curse elsewhere; the earth has neither the same fruit on its surface, nor the same material in its interior. So it is with nations, and their customs and their character. Recollect what I say, my dear Marcellus; it is my unalterable conviction.' Without waiting for a reply, George IV. turned his back on us, giving me a knowing glance

* I have always suspected this King *homme d'esprit* designated by George IV. was Louis XVIII. himself.

† That dreadful word "adventurer" wounded Mr. Canning the more, because it was not new. It was the favorite epithet the Whigs cast on him.

and smile. Mr. Canning, completely disconcerted, found some difficulty in gaining his sang-froid. He pressed me earnestly by the arm, and said, bitterly, 'Representative government is good for something His Majesty forgot to mention. Its ministers must bear without reply the epigrammes of a King who endeavors thus to avenge his want of power.'"

II.

You will excuse me, if this morning I leave the temperate regimen of chocolate and venture upon something more substantial, as I have been engaged from Parisian sunrise, to wit, nine o'clock until now, past twelve (for I heard the solar cannon fire to the delight of the loungers in the Palais Royal as I passed through its garden), undergoing my novitiate as a Parisian. What a trial the candidate must sustain! Shade of Pythagoras, how different from thine! I scarcely know which is the most tired, my tongue, or my legs, or my patience. I do not believe there is a single muscle in my body which is not overtasked; I am sure all my virtues are strained. It was in vain that I tried to maintain my dignity, the *fluid* overmastered me, and soon involuntarily I reflected every gesticulation, grimace, and shrug I witnessed during the morning, until I began to feel that I must be attacked by St. Vitus's dance: my eyes would roll, my shoulders would shrug above my ears, my face would distort itself into a labyrinth of grimaces, despite all of my efforts. I should have given myself up as possessed by the Terpsichorean Saint, had not an old remark come to my help to exorcise the—Saint: man is an imitative animal, and not necessarily an itinerate hospital.

My pockets, purse, and memorandum-book are crammed

with notes, memoranda, and protocols of lodging-houses, for, need I tell you, that when fluent landlords and most fluent landladies got beyond tolerably plain *soixante*, and rattled in my ears their *quatre-vingt seize* francs and *quatre-vingt dix-neuf francs quatre-vingt quinze centimes*, I found Arabic less unintelligible than French, which I could not understand until I had persuaded them to translate their unintelligible gibberish into ninety-six francs and ninety-nine francs ninety-five centimes.

And this is a Maison Meublée of Paris, this the enchanted palace which stole away so many of my college hours, whose ghosts now rise before me and point reproachfully to the wounds I gave them. Eheu! The castle in the air has tumbled. The reality has affrighted away the ideal. I shall never dream again of Maisons Meublées. I could not refrain from reflecting this morning, if entrance into one of these abodes demands so great an exercise of talents (think of a man understanding instantly *quatre-vingt dix-neuf francs quatre-vingt quinze centimes*, volleyed from the mouth of a landlady!) from one whose purse is so heavy as to enable him to keep on "the windy side of care," what vast genius must be exerted by those whose wits are the only purse wherein they may draw their daily expenses. Does not Figaro say as much somewhere? "I was obliged to exert more science and more calculation to obtain a bare subsistence, than has been expended in the government of all the Spains these hundred years." Egad! but I could never hope to rival the lowest porter in brilliancy of wit and repartee; the coruscations of the landladies' sparkling wit and the point of their epigrams, I gaze on with an admiring despair. They say there is a God for the drunkards; let's hope there is a whole Olympus for penniless wits! After such an initiation and such reflections, excuse me if I push my expenses to extrava-

gance this morning, and test M. Eugene Sue's recipe, and send off care by summoning claret.

"Waiter!"

"Anon, sir! Anon, sir!"

"Waiter! A dozen oysters, chicken *sauté aux champignons. Grave frappé!*"

And I soon had the satisfaction of hearing the two first bawled to the presiding deity who reigned below (I don't know the distance—to judge from the bill it must be infernal), and hearing his responsive *B—o—n*, in a depth of tone which Lablache would have envied in his palmiest day. I hope no reader will say—for, give a writer a bad name, and you might as well burn him—that no one can do anything but sleep after such a breakfast, for that would be to commit a very great mistake, and to suily the reputation of our cooks—artists (not mere physicians* for all you think)—whose greatness is founded on the genius they exert in aiding nature, and freeing man from the vulgar, the menial office of digestion.

But let us avoid our *muttons*, for I want to tell you the attempts made to fleece me this morning, while searching the Maisons Meublées for some place to rest my weary limbs. I am persuaded that twenty years' lucubrations over Saint Thomas Aquinas' "Somme" would not sharpen the mind to a finer edge than the amicable contests with Parisian room-letters. No man should ever venture to please the court, and throw a client on his country, without having spent one day at the least in hunting an apartment in Paris. To say there is no variety of lie (they draw much nicer distinctions than ever entered poor Touchstone's head), no species of argument with which

* See Dr. Kitchener's "Cooks' Oracle," for a cooks' emetic, and the times when it should be taken, and his warnings as to the consequences of neglecting them.

they are unacquainted, would be to seduce the inexperienced traveller into too low an estimate of these creatures' powers; they are equally at home in every sort of eloquence, in every figure of speech, in every logical formula (they loll in fallacies), their favorite being:

Gentlemen take rooms, or do not take rooms.

Monsieur does not take rooms.

Therefore Monsieur takes rooms.

Here's the key, sir; only *quatre-vingt dix-neuf francs quatre-vingt quinze centimes.* Louise, Louise, get ready Monsieur's apartment. Tell François to go for the trunks. Monsieur must give fifteen days' *congé* when he wishes to leave the rooms (what no one has done yet except when they were summoned to their country); we have never had other than foreigners in the house (Frenchmen are *so* noisy) since it was opened, when the death of some near relation (*à Dieu ne plaise* that such a *malheur* should happen to Monsieur), and the porter, and the *bonne*, and the cook, and the water-carrier, and the coal-man, expect a *gratification* every month from Monsieur. Mais Louise, Lou-i-s-e, ah *Mon Dieu*, *Mon Dieu*, *Mon Dieu*, who is killing my poor, dear, sweet *Bibi*, my own darling little dog. Fran-çois, François! (Your passport, Monsieur?) and if you are so hard-hearted and deaf as to resist their eloquence, figures of speech, logic, and smiles, forthwith they exhibit histrionic talents of the highest order. Cruel man, you have exhausted her. The fatigue of mounting all those steps, of unlocking all those doors, cupboards, wardrobes, drawers, desks, secretaries, night-tables, *bidets*, water and legionary closets, has broken her down; she is almost fainting, she can scarcely speak! Surely, Monsieur will not consent that a widow, with eight fatherless children, the eldest of whom having drawn *a bad number* at the conscription, is forced to go in the army, the two

youngest are at the breast, and the rest are girls, should have killed herself to oblige him for nothing! It is in vain that you urge that the apartments are damp. Damp! heavens, such a slander on her house was never uttered before! Tears start from her eyes to confirm her assertion (are fountains ever placed except in dry gardens?); didn't a whole family move over to her house from the Rue Three Stars, expressly because her house was known by *all the world* in Paris to be the driest place in town. Too high above the ground! that is the great advantage of the rooms; if they were a floor higher (*didn't* she wish they were), she would charge at least fifty francs more for them; everybody in Paris who can afford it, lives high. Unreasonable price! Good gracious! before the Revolution, which ruined everybody, she got one hundred and fifty francs more for the rooms than now, and the gentleman who had them furnished his own bellows. She loses ten francs a month on them at her present prices. Monsieur would not see a widow and family (as aforesaid) starved.

Think of my fighting my way through all this for hours, and of the steps I mounted, and the beds I pressed, and the curtains I inspected, and I am sure you will not think me extravagant in my breakfast, even if I order further a *mayonnaise de homard*, and an *omelette aux confitures*.

After I have dispatched them, I will tell you, while sipping my coffee, and arranging my sugar in the thimbleful of brandy, in the *petit verre*, what strange things these Maisons Meublées, and, indeed, all houses in Paris are. They seemed built as if especially contrived to give as many spectators, and as cheaply as possible, to Frenchmen while *acting* their parts in this life. It is quite awful to the Anglo-Saxon retiring domestic disposition. Frenchmen, on the contrary, are never so happy as when they

excite the attention of others. They long for spectators; they court attention in every possible manner. French houses should satisfy this desire to their heart's content. At the entrance of the *porte cochère* is the porter's lodge, with a glass door looking on the coachway, and a glass window opening on the staircase; the porter is invested with full power to satisfy his curiosity about every person who enters the house—I leave you to imagine the use to which he puts these powers! He is the postmaster, too, of the thirty or forty families who live in the house. At night he holds his levee, which is attended by all the servants of the house with courtier-like punctuality. The news of the day is discussed: the comical scene between Monsieur on the first floor and his creditor; the dinner served on the second floor; *Mon Dieu* (repeated rapidly a dozen times), that people dressed so fine who fare so low as Madame of the third floor, and her kindness to her brother-in-law's second cousin, is made the canvas on which many a commentary is embroidered, with occasionally a profound observation on the similarity of matrimony and blindness; the *Porte's* wife, who cleans up the rooms of those people on the fourth floor, communicates a flood of knowledge touching wrestles with necessity to keep up appearances, and the *Porte* himself occasionally interrupts the conversation to relate some incident in the rent of the tenants, which illustrates or confirms the remark just made. We have read of the Hindostanee fanatic who, as penance for an involuntary homicide, vowed to spend the remainder of his days on a bed made of nails, with the points upwards; I have sometimes thought the total absence of everything like bashfulness, which is very observable in the French, may proceed from this public life they lead without intermission. Those who do not breakfast in some thronged café, or dine in some crowded restaurant, spend

every evening in the theatre or at a café, after living in the glass houses of Paris. What privacy is possible when a whole family lives on one floor, separated from each other by partitions of modern thinness? Is not this want of privacy one of the causes of Frenchmen having no home? As soon as the children fairly breathe, they are posted off to some nurse in the country; when they walk without falling, an infant school receives them, which is succeeded by a government institution, that turns out the young man to shift for himself in this great ocean, Paris.

There is no wind but blows some one good. These porters make Parisians the earliest retirers in the world. It is one of the strangest sights on the Boulevards in summer (when they are excessively dull) to observe how rapidly the immense throngs seated on the wicker chairs, on both sides of the right and left hand of the Boulevard, disappear shortly after half-past ten o'clock. No matter how thronged the Boulevard is, it is cleared before eleven o'clock. If you stroll in the streets near midnight, the few persons you meet will be found running home like boys while the school-bell is ringing. Woe to the tenant who disturbs the porter after midnight without slipping a ten-cent piece under the lodge door! The next night he is caught out he will ring in vain, for at least a half-hour, as there are some *rings* which put the porter to sleep instead of waking him. These are they which never *gratify* the porter. Unless the porter be kept on good terms the tenant may assuredly reckon upon losing half his newspapers, half his letters, half his visitors' cards. One day, when looking out for unfurnished rooms, I met an old French acquaintance as I was going into a *porte cochère;* when I told him my object, his smiling face became suddenly grave, and evinced the greatest conster-

nation. "You think of taking rooms there! Why, don't you see the porter is tailor?" I had not then noticed a small tin sign announcing that the porter makes and mends clothes. The old Frenchman thought me little less than mad to enter a house where the porter was not only a porter but a tailor into the bargain. "For," said he, in a tone which bore indications of experience, "the fellow will never let you rest satisfied until he is appointed your mender, if not your tailor. He will try his ingenuity to find out petty annoyances which cannot be noticed until you give him your buttonless clothes, or your *congé*. Keep clear of tailor and cobbler porters: there's not a more fearful wild beast flying."

But enough of your lodge disquisitions; is there nothing new in Paris? Complaints are as old as Cain, and if porters were extinct, locks would be rusty or keys easily mislaid.

In Paris the fashions are always new, and I have rarely known them more elegant than they are now. To my taste, summer fashions, from their lightness, freshness, and brilliancy, are much more attractive than those which come prepared to war against the winter's vicissitudes. What can be more graceful than the rich light-colored skirts, with lace-trimmed canezous of embroidered muslin? Take care, though, that the bottom row of lace be twice the width of the top, and that the canezous be made with basques. Don't forget to make the sleeves large at the bottom, cut in forms, and trimmed to match the basques; nor to close the front of the body with a row of fancy buttons, and to place a ruche of lace or tulle turned over the collar around the throat. Choose your gloves half-long, and of straw or blue colors. Avoid gold and jewelry of every description (at night you may wear large diamond drops in your ears,—if you have them), and let your only

bracelets be bunches of bows of very narrow ribbon to match the skirt; wear them immediately above your gloves. Let me describe a toilette I saw the other night in the Opera Comique, which, besides striking me more than anything I have seen for a long time, has the advantage (as I understood from the lady by my side) of being as well for *negligé* as full dress, and may be made in any color. It was in pale white *glacé taffetas d'Italie;* on the front of the skirt were six rows of wide ribbon of the same color, plaited *à la vieille*, forming six columns, reaching across from one hip to the other; the middle of the skirt was plain, over which the ends of the sash floated. The robe was high, and on each side the three rows of ribbon were continued, spreading towards the shoulders. The body was open *en cœur* from the sash, displaying a beautiful lace chemisette; the bottom of the body was terminated by three basques, and at the opening on the hips the sash was fastened under a large flat button; a *ruche à la vieille* was placed round the *basques*, and three rows of the same trimming ornamented the bottom of the demi-pagoda sleeves, having between each row of ribbon a *bouillonné* of lace; the sleeve was cut up to the elbow, and attached by bows of blue taffeta ribbon, with floating ends. With this robe was worn a splendid light shawl, the ground of white tulle, entirely covered with embroidery in white silk; a very deep crimped fringe trimmed the edge. A small bonnet of alternate pink and white *lisse bouillonnés;* bunches of white and pink hedge-roses entirely covered the inside, and some bunches fell from the ears and crossed the head.

Don't mention the theatres in this hot weather, purgatory enough. Although, even were the weather less tropical, I do not think I would go to the Français to see a child die of the croup in *Le Lys de la Vallée;* or the *Les*

Plaisirs d'Été, at the Variétés. The Spanish dancers at the Gymnase are more attractive, and *Les Filles de Marbre*, at the Vaudeville——but I cannot sully these pages by describing the heartlessness of these unsexed creatures. The physician handles the putrid corpse only when he hopes to benefit mankind,—what good may one hope from the dissection of the Daughters of Marble? "And so great were the mischiefs they did, that these isles of the Sirens, even as far off as man can ken them, appeared all over white with the bones of unburied carcasses: by which is signified, that albeit the examples of afflictions be manifest and eminent, they do not sufficiently deter us from the wicked enticements of pleasure."

Will you read me again that characteristic anecdote of M. Thiers, you said you quoted from the *Constitutionnel's* angry review of M. Mignet's *eloge* of M. Theodore Jouffroy?

I cannot find the paper now; some one has taken it; but it described a meeting of the Superior Council of Public Instruction held some two years ago, while M. de Falloux was minister. The princes of the churches of France, the most celebrated jurists of the bench, the chiefs of the philosophical schools, and the most eminent statesmen of the country, were discussing the books which should be allowed to enter the schools and colleges. M. Thiers bore a prominent share in the debate, and with his wonted felicity and vivacity charmed and (as is also his wont) astonished the audience; for he dwelt with great warmth upon the extent of the evil produced in the country by the accredited and popular histories of the French Revolution. The rising generation, he urged, were taught there deplorable political morals; odious acts were lauded, and abominable men applauded; dangerous paradoxes advanced, and deplorable illusions excited;

measures inspired by an infernal genius, or dictated by a savage selfishness adorned with the name of liberty, or disgusted by the specious pretext of political necessity. One of the members of the Council suggested to M. Thiers that he himself was the author of one of the accredited and popular histories of the Revolution, whose tendencies he depicted as so pernicious: "I don't except in the least respect my history from the remarks I have made," he exclaimed, with that petulant vivacity of repartee for which he is so famous. "I am just as guilty as the rest; and I don't hesitate to confess it openly."

Is that not characteristic of the nation? They seem devoid of moral sense, and pass through life slaves, from the cradle to the grave, of blind impulse, without once acting as agents of reflection. Let me repeat to you, what I think is one of the saddest pieces of prose in any language: M. Jouffroy's sketch of his sceptical frame of mind, which the allusion to M. Mignet suggests to me. I spare you an account of his *Eloge*, which, although written in his elegant and correct style, offends me by its continual and contemptible war of allusions on the present government. I have the same aversion to the stiletto of the Venetian bravo in Paris as on the Rialto.

"I was twenty years old," says M. Jouffroy, "when I began to study philosophy. I was then at the Normal School, and although philosophy was among the sciences we might elect to devote ourselves to, with a view to teaching it hereafter, it was neither the advantages that science offered to its teachers, nor a decided turn for those kind of studies, which induced me to pursue them. I was led to philosophy by another path. Born of pious parents, and in a province where, at the beginning of this century, the Catholic faith was still full of life, I was early accustomed to consider the destiny of man and the care of his

soul as the great business of my life; and the whole course of my education had contributed to consolidate these serious dispositions in me. During a long period, Christian faith fully sufficed to all the wants and all the disquiet which such dispositions excite in the mind. To these questions, which I regarded as the only ones meriting man's attention, my paternal religion responded, and I credited these responses. Thanks to them, present life seemed clear, and beyond it I saw the future which must follow it lying cloudless. Tranquil about the path I should follow in this world, tranquil about the end whither it would conduct me in the other world; understanding life in its true phases, and death which unites them; understanding myself, knowing God's designs respecting me, and loving Him for the goodness of His designs, I was happy with that happiness which a lively and certain faith in a doctrine which resolves all the great questions that can interest man, never fails to give. But in the times when I was born, it was impossible this happiness could last; and the day came when, in the midst of that peaceful edifice of religion which had hospitably sheltered me at my birth, and under whose roof my earlier years had passed away, I heard the tempest of doubt which on every side beat its walls, and made it tremble even to its foundations. My curiosity could not escape from the powerful objections spread like dust in the atmosphere I breathed, by the genius of two centuries of scepticism. Notwithstanding the alarm they caused me, and perhaps because of that alarm, these objections made a strong impression on my mind.

"In vain my childhood and its poetical impressions, my youth and its religious souvenirs, the majesty, the antiquity, the authority of that creed which I had been taught; in vain all my memory, all my imagination, all my soul were excited, and in revolt against this invasion of

an incredulity which wounded them profoundly — my heart could not defend my reason.

"The authority of Christianity once questioned by my mind, I felt all of my convictions tremble to their foundations; to consolidate them anew, I was forced to examine the worth of this authority, and with whatever partiality I entered upon this examination, I left it sceptical. Such was the declivity upon which mind had slided, and by degrees it went further and further from the Faith. But this melancholy revolution did not take place in the full sight of my conscience; too many scruples, too many lively and holy affections, rendered it too redoubtable, for me to acknowledge to myself the progress it had made. It had been accomplished silently by an involuntary operation to which I was no accomplice; and long after I had ceased to be a Christian except in the innocence of my intentions, I should have trembled to suspect, I should have deemed myself calumniated, were I told that I was no longer a Christian. But I was too sincere with myself, and I attached too much importance to religious questions, for this blindness about my own opinions longer to subsist after age had strengthened my mind, and the studious and solitary life of the Normal School fortified the meditative disposition of my mind.

"I shall never forget the December night when the veil which concealed my incredulity from myself was torn asunder. I still hear my footsteps in that narrow and naked chamber, where, long after bedtime, I was wont to walk; I still see that moon half-concealed by the clouds which fitfully lighted the cold tiles of the floor. The hours of the night passed away, and I did not perceive their flight; I anxiously followed my thoughts, which, from depth to depth, descended to the lowest deep of my conscience; and dissipating, one after the other all the illu-

sions which until then had concealed it from my sight, every minute exhibited its wanderings more visibly to me.

"In vain I clung to these last hopes like a shipwrecked mariner to the last planks of his ship; in vain, terrified by the unknown vacuum in which I was about floating, I sought to row myself with them yet once more towards my childhood, my family, my province, towards all that was dear and sacred to me; the inflexible current of my thoughts was the strongest; parents, family, souvenirs, belief, I was obliged to leave them all; the examination became more obstinate and more severe as it approached its term, and it did not cease until it had attained it. I then knew that there was no longer anything left standing in my mind.

"This was an awful moment; and when, towards the morning, I threw myself exhausted on my bed, it seemed to me I felt my first life, so happy and so active, blasted, and behind me open another life, sombre and barren, where henceforward I should live alone—alone with my fatal thought, and which I was tempted to curse. The days which followed this discovery were the saddest I have ever felt.* To narrate by what storms they were agitated would lead me too far. Although my mind did not consider its work altogether without some pride, my soul could not accustom itself to a state so ill adapted to human weakness; it endeavored by violent efforts to

* We are persuaded this picture of the painful frame of mind scepticism superinduces, has already suggested to our readers' minds Wordsworth's noble lines:—

"I had rather be,
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or, hear old Triton wind his wreathed horn."

regain the shores it had lost; it found amid the ashes of its past belief sparks which sometimes seemed as though they would rekindle its faith.

"But convictions overthrown by reason can be rebuilded only by it; and these glimmerings were soon extinguished. If, when I lost my faith, I had also become careless of the questions which it solved for me, without doubt this violent state would not have lasted long; fatigue would have overwhelmed with sleep, and my life, like that of a good many others, would have gone to sleep in scepticism. Fortunately, this did not take place; I had never felt more sensibly the importance of the problems than now, after I had lost their solution. I was incredulous, but I detested incredulity; this decided the direction of my life. Unable to bear uncertainty about the enigma of human destiny, having no longer the light of faith to resolve it, I had no instrument left but the light of reason. I therefore resolved to give all the time which might be required, my whole life if necessary, to the solution of this difficulty; such was the path which led me to philosophy, which seems to me to be nothing but the search after this truth." I need scarcely say that M. Jouffroy soon found "Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings and sped him away, that *he* saw him no more."

See how busy the *Moniteur* has been translating articles from "*The* Putnam's Magazine." I really thought, when I saw it, day after day, translating articles, that it seriously contemplated republishing the whole number. The article on the Arctic Exploring Expeditions has been translated into all the newspapers on the continent.

How warmly the Academy of Sciences applauded M. Arago, when he resumed his seat of perpetual secretary to that body, and promised them a memoir on the manner of observing the forms of several planets by the birefran-

gent telescope! With what lively interest they have listened to M. de Gasparin's disquisitions on the influence of the solar radiation in exciting the phenomena of vegetation; isn't it the cause of the singular contradictions we see; the olive barren in Agen, where the temperature does not average above 58°, prolific in Dalmatia, where the average temperature does not exceed 56°; the limit of vineyards, 54° on the banks of the Loire, and 50° on the declivities of the Rhine; harvest abundant in England, with a summer temperature of 63°, while in Sweden the same happy result is secured with 59°; and the results of a new instrument he has invented to ascertain this radiation he promises to communicate shortly;—to M. Gaugain's account of the improvement he has introduced into M. Pecket's improved Volta's electroscope-condenser; retaining the ordinary construction of Volta's original (two gold leaves hung in the interior of a glass recipient to a small metallic mass, which extends to the exterior with a condenser), and adding to it another independent, and larger condenser, which is connected with the battery or machine, and when charged, is used to charge in turn, the small condenser of the electroscope;—the able memoir of M. Joubert de Lamballe on the use of anæsthetic agents, in which he points out the great dangers attending the use of chloroform especially, in consequence of the large mediate communications between the bronchi and the pulmonary organs found in some persons (after death!); that the use of chloroform should be instantly suspended the moment the pulse falls to 55 pulsations per minute; that it should never be used after gunshot wounds which have given the system a violent shock, after great loss of blood, or a chlorotic state carried to a great excess; and that when death has apparently supervened from its use, the patient should be placed horizon-

tally on his back, or obliquely on his side, and receive the shocks of an electrical battery.

Heaven forbid I should weary you with the Turkish question: I allude to it merely to repeat a very witty synopsis of Count Von Nesselrode's circular: "What *does* the Czar say," asked a stock gambler of one of his confederates, "in his circular to the Porte?" "*Le cordon, s'il vous plait!*"* I heard somebody say, while talking about China, "The Celestials seem to have taken a powerful dose of *Tartar* emetic!"

* We fear none of our readers will see the point of this joke but those who have visited Paris, and still remember the accustomed formula with which the porters of houses are requested to *open the door*, and let persons come in.

IV.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

It is a remarkable fact in literary history, or, perhaps, we should rather say in literary criticism, that for more than a hundred years an unquestioned connection has been maintained in popular opinion between Robinson Crusoe and Juan Fernandez; so that in school geographies, books of voyages, and the like, wherever it becomes necessary to mention the island, an allusion to the hero of Defoe's romance is sure to follow, while yet the slightest examination of an unabridged copy of Robinson Crusoe will show that it contains no reference whatever to Juan Fernandez; but that, on the contrary, a very well-defined locality in another part of the Western Hemisphere is assigned to the imaginary island. Undoubtedly this delusion originated in the charge against Defoe that he had derived the idea, and many of the details of his fiction, from the well-known story of Alexander Selkirk's residence on Juan Fernandez, though it can be easily proved that Defoe was under little or no obligation to the Scotchman's narrative.

The story of Selkirk is briefly this: He was the sailing-master of an English privateer, commanded by Captain Stradling, which was cruising in the South Seas, and which stopped at Juan Fernandez in 1704, for supplies and repairs, that island being then as well known, and almost as frequently visited by French, Spanish and English vessels as it is now. In consequence of a violent quarrel

with his commander, Selkirk resolved to leave the vessel, and accordingly, in September, 1704, he was set ashore at his own request, being supplied with a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and other books of devotion, together with books of navigation and his mathematical instruments. He remained upon the island four years and four months, until he was taken off in February, 1709, by Captain Woodes Rogers, commander of the Duke, a British privateer, in which vessel Selkirk shipped himself as a mate, and after a long cruise returned to England in October, 1711, eight years before the publication of Robinson Crusoe.

Selkirk, it will be observed, voluntarily went ashore, well supplied with arms, tools, clothes, and books, upon an island that for two centuries had been the resort of ships of various nations. Robinson Crusoe, on the contrary, as every boy knows, was shipwrecked, and escaped by swimming to a desolate island, not laid down upon the maps. Juan Fernandez is in the Pacific Ocean, about 34 degrees, or more than 2,000 miles, *south* of the Equator, and 400 miles from the south-west coast of South America. Let us now see where Robinson Crusoe's island is situated, according to his own veracious and explicit narrative.

He relates that he had been living for some years as a planter in Brazil, and being "straitened" for want of slaves, was induced to go on an expedition to the opposite coast of Africa, for the purpose of procuring negroes. From St. Salvador, or Bahia, on the east coast of Brazil,

"We set sail," he says; "standing away to the *northward* upon our own coast, with design to stretch over for the African coast."

When they came to about ten or twelve degrees of *north-*

ern latitude, which, it seems, was the manner of their course in those days:

"We had very good weather, only excessive hot, all the way upon our own coast, till we came to the height of Cape St. Augustino, from whence, keeping farther off at sea, we lost sight of land, and steered as if we were bound for the isle Fernando de Brouha, holding our course *north-east* by *north*, and leaving those isles on the east. In this course we passed the line in about twelve days' time, and were, by our last observation, in seven degrees twenty-two minutes northern latitude, when a violent tornado, or hurricane, took us quite out of our knowledge. It began from the south-east, came about to the north-west, and then settled in the north-east; from whence it blew in such a terrible manner, that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive, and scudding away before it, let it carry us whither ever fate and the fury of the winds directed.

"About the twelfth day, the weather abating a little, the master made an observation as well as he could, and found that he was in *eleven degrees north* latitude, but that he was twenty-two degrees of longitude difference west, from Cape St. Augustino; so that he found *he was got upon the coast of Guiana, or the north part of Brazil, beyond the River Amazon, towards that of the River Oroonoque*, commonly called the Great River. * * * * Looking over the charts of the sea-coast of America, we concluded there was no inhabited country for us to have recourse to, till we came within the circle of the Caribbee islands, and therefore resolved *to stand away for Barbadoes*, which, by keeping off to sea, to avoid the in-draft of the *Gulf of Mexico*, we might easily perform, as we hoped, in about fifteen days' sail. With this design, we changed our course, and steered away *north-west* by *west*, in order to

reach some of our English islands, where I hoped for relief; but our voyage was otherwise determined; for being in the latitude of twelve degrees eighteen minutes, a second storm came upon us, which carried us away with the same impetuosity westward, and drove us so out of the very way of all human commerce, that, had all our lives been saved, as to the sea, we were rather in danger of being devoured by savages than ever-returning to our own country. In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men, early in the morning, cried out, Land! and we had no sooner run out of the cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, but the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner that we expected we should all have perished immediately."

The ship being thus stuck fast, the crew took to the boat, which soon swamped, and all perished, except Robinson Crusoe, who swam to shore, and found himself on an island, from the highest part of which the main-land was distinctly visible on a fair day. In his first conversation with his "man Friday," Crusoe states that they talked of a current which swept by the island, which, he says, "I understood to be no more than the sets of the tide, as going out or coming in; but I afterwards understood it was occasioned by the great draft and reflux of the mighty river Oroonoko, *in the mouth or gulf of which river, as I found afterwards, our island lay;* and this land, which I perceived to the west and north-west, was the great island Trinidad, on the north point of the mouth of the river." This is certainly sufficient to prove that Juan Fernandez was *not* Robinson Crusoe's island, and has, in fact, no more claims to be so considered than Martha's Vineyard or Staten Island. But, if any more evidence be needed, it will settle

the question to quote the title of the original edition of Robinson Crusoe, which is generally abridged, or modified, by modern publishers. It reads: "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner; who lived eight and twenty years, all alone, in an uninhabited Island, on the Coast of America, near the mouth of the great River Oroonoque; having been cast on shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself. With an Account how he was at last strangely delivered by Pirates. Written by himself. London: printed for Mr. Taylor, at the Ship, in Paternoster Row."

It is possible that Defoe may have been indebted to Selkirk's brief and bold narrative for a few hints and suggestions; but considering the locality which he has assigned to Robinson Crusoe's island, the manner in which Crusoe gets there, and some other circumstances of the story, it seems to us highly probable that, in planning his work, Defoe was thinking less of Selkirk than of Peter Serrano, a Spanish sailor, whose story is told in a book with which Defoe could not have failed to become acquainted with, namely: "The Royal Commentaries of Peru, written originally in Spanish, by the Juca Garcillasso de la Vega, and rendered into English by Sir Paul Rycaut, Kt." This is a large folio volume, published in the best style of the day, at London, in 1688, when Defoe was twenty-seven years old. The translator, Sir Paul Rycaut, was a notable personage in his time, and his book attracted general attention. The story of Peter Serrano is at the very beginning of the volume, on the third page, and it is altogether unlikely that it should have escaped Defoe's attention. It is interesting in itself, and affords, so far as it goes, a tolerably close parallel to the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. The island on which Serrano was cast is one of a small cluster, now called the Serrano keys,

lying in the Caribbean Sea, in latitude fourteen degrees north, and longitude eighty degrees west from Greenwich, about midway between Cuba and the Isthmus of Panama. The locality given by Defoe to Robinson Crusoe's island is two degrees further south, and eighteen degrees further east.

The following, with the omission of a few unimportant sentences, is Rycaut's translation of the account of Serrano:

"Peter Serrano escaped from shipwreck by swimming to that desert island, which from him received its name, being, as he reported, about two leagues in compass. * * * It was Peter Serrano's misfortune to be lost upon these places, and to save his life on this disconsolate island, where was neither water nor wood, nor grass, nor anything for support of human life, at least not for maintenance of him for so long a time as until some ship passing by might redeem him from perishing by hunger and thirst, which languishing manner of death is much more miserable than by a speedy suffocation in the waters. With the sad thoughts hereof he passed the first night, lamenting his affliction with as many melancholy reflections as we may imagine capable to enter into the mind of a wretch in like extremities. So soon as it grew day, he began to traverse his island, and found on the shore some cockles, shrimps, and other creatures of like nature, which the sea had thrown up, and which he was forced to eat raw, because he wanted fire wherewith to roast them; and with this small entertainment he passed his time, till observing some turtles not far from the shore, he watched a convenience until they came within his reach, and then throwing them on their backs (which is the manner of taking that sort of fish), he cut the throat, drinking the blood instead of water: and slicing out the flesh with a knife which

was fastened to his girdle, he laid the pieces to be dried and roasted by the sun: the shell he made use of to rake up rain-water, which lay in little puddles, for that is a country often subject to great and sudden rains. In this manner he passed the first of his days by killing all the turtles he was able, some of which were so large that their shells were as big as targets or bucklers; others were so great that he was not able to stop them in their way to the sea, so that in a short time experience taught him which sort he was able to deal with and which were too unwieldy for his force. With his lesser shells he poured water into the greater, some of which contained twelve gallons, so that, having made sufficient provision of meat and drink, he began to contrive some way to strike fire, that so he might not only dress his meat with it, but also make a smoke to give a sign to any ship which was passing in those seas. Considering of this invention (for seamen are much more ingenious in all times of extremity than men bred at land), he searched everywhere to find out a couple of hard pebbles instead of flint, his knife serving in the place of a steel: but the island being all covered with a dead sand, and no stone appearing, he swam into the sea, and diving often to the bottom, he at length found a couple of stones fit for his purpose, which he rubbed together until he got them to an edge, with which being able to strike fire, he drew some thread out of his shirt which he worked so small that it was like cotton and served for tinder; so that having contrived a means to kindle fire, he then gathered a great quantity of sea-weeds thrown up by the waves, which, with the shells of fish and planks of ships which had been wrecked on those shoals, afforded nourishment for his fuel: and lest sudden showers should extinguish his fire, he made a little covering like a small hut with the shells of the largest turtles or tortoises that he had killed,

taking great care that his fire should not go out. In the space of two months and sooner, he was as unprovided of all things as he was at first, for with the great rains, heat, and moisture of that climate, his provisions were corrupted; and the great heat of the sun was so violent on him, having neither clothes to cover him nor shadow for a shelter, that when he was, as it were, broiled in the sun, he had no remedy but to run into the sea. In this misery and care he passed three years, during which time he saw several ships at sea, and as often made his smoke; but none turned out of their way to see what it meant, for fear of those shelves and sands, which wary pilots avoid with all imaginable circumspection; so that the poor wretch, despairing of all manner of relief, esteemed it a mercy for him to die, and arrive at that period which could only put an end to his miseries: and being exposed in this manner to all weathers, the hair of his body grew in that manner that he was covered all over with bristles, the hair of his head and beard reaching to his waist, that he appeared like some wild and savage creature. At the end of three years Serrano was strangely surprised with the appearance of a man in his island, whose ship had the night before been cast away upon those sands, and had saved himself on a plank of the vessel. So soon as it was day, he espied the smoke, and imagining whence it was, he made towards it. So soon as they saw each other, it is hard to say which was the most amazed. Serrano imagined that it was the Devil who came in the shape of a man to tempt him to despair: the new-comer believed Serrano to be the Devil in his own proper shape and figure, being covered over with hair and beard: in fine, they were both afraid, flying one from the other. Peter Serrano cried out as he ran, "Jesus, Jesus, deliver me from the Devil!" The other hearing this, took courage, and returning again to him, called out,

"Brother, brother, don't fly from me, for I am a Christian as thou art;" and because he saw that Serrano still ran from him, he repeated the *Credo*, or Apostle's Creed, in words aloud, which, when Serrano heard, he knew it was no devil that would recite those words, and thereupon gave a stop to his flight, and returning to him with great kindness, they embraced each other, with sighs and tears, lamenting their sad estate without any hopes of deliverance. Serrano, supposing that his guest wanted refreshment, entertained him with such provisions as his miserable life afforded; and having a little comforted each other, they began to recount the manner and occasion of their sad disasters. Then for the better government in their way of living, they designed their hours of day and night to certain services. Such a time was appointed to kill fish for eating, such hours for gathering weeds, fish-bones, and other matters which the sea threw up, to maintain their constant fire: and especial care they had to observe their watches and relieve each other at certain hours, that so they might be sure their fire went not out. In this manner they lived amicably together for certain days, for many did not pass before a quarrel arose between them, so high, that they were ready to fight. The occasion proceeded from some words that one gave the other, that he took not that care and labor as the extremity of their condition required; and this difference so increased (for to such misery do our passions often betray us) that at length they separated and lived apart one from the other. However, in a short time, having experienced the want of that comfort which mutual society procures, their choler was appeased, and so they returned to enjoy converse and the assistance which friendship and company afforded, in which condition they passed four years; during all which time they saw many ships sail near them, yet none would be so charitable

or curious as to be invited by their smoke and flame: so that now being almost desperate, they expected no other remedy besides death to put an end to their miseries.

However, at length a ship, adventuring to pass nearer than ordinary, espied the smoke, and rightly judging that it must be made by some shipwrecked persons escaped to those sands, hoisted out their boat to take them in. Serrano and his companion readily ran to the place where they saw the boat coming; but so soon as the mariners were approached so near as to distinguish the strange figures and looks of these two men, they were so affrighted, that they began to row back: but the poor men cried out, and that they might believe them not to be devils or evil spirits, they rehearsed the Creed, and called aloud upon the name of Jesus: with which words the mariners returned, took them into the boat and carried them to the ship, to the great wonder of all there present, who, with admiration, beheld their hairy shapes, not like men, but beasts, and with singular pleasure heard them relate the story of their past misfortunes. The companion died on his voyage to Spain, but Serrano lived to come thither, from whence he travelled into Germany, where the Emperor then resided; all which time he nourished his hair and beard to serve as an evidence and proof of his past life. Wheresoever he came, the people pressed as a sight to see him for money; persons of quality, having also the same curiosity, gave him sufficient to defray his charges, and His Imperial Majesty, having seen and heard his discourses, bestowed a rent upon him of four thousand pieces-of-eight a year, which make 4,700 ducats in Peru; and going to the possession of this income, he died at Panama without further enjoyment. All this story was related to me by a gentleman called Garci Sanchez de Figueroa, one who was acquainted with Serrano and heard it from his own mouth;

and that after he had seen the Emperor he then cut his hair and beard to some convenient length, because that it was so long before, that when he turned himself on his bed he often lay upon it, which incommoded him so much as to disturb his sleep."

V.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

VIGOROUSLY Herr Ostrom plied the whip as we approached the town of Haparanda, and a great clatter the little Swedish horses made as they galloped over the ill-paved streets. The rumbling carriage rattled worse than ever, and the worthy burgher produced the desired effect of bringing everybody to door and window, and causing open-mouthed wonder in the simple peasants. The carriage and its occupants excited so much attention that I followed almost unnoticed in the jingling "triller."

Herr Ostrom was a burgher of Stockholm, who, for love of filthy lucre, had demeaned himself so far as to become our courier and interpreter, with an express stipulation, however, that he was "not to be treated as a servant." Three days before, we had landed from the Stockholm steamer at Umeä, a village about half way up the Gulf of Bothnia, where we had taken post-horses and hurried, with all attainable speed, northward.

Well might we hasten, for we were chasing the Sun. We had learned that on the twenty-first of June, from Avesaxa, a mountain forty miles north of Forneä, we might behold the God of Day taking unto himself supreme rule, and ousting night altogether; in other words, that the sun would remain the whole twenty-four hours above the horizon. We were three days behind time, but hoped still to catch a glimpse of the "midnight sun."

Our progress had necessarily been slow, for posting in

Sweden is conducted on decidedly different principles from that in central Europe. Certain farm-houses on the road are designated as post-stations, and the neighboring peasants take turns in supplying travellers with horses. We drive up to a post-house, and if it happens to be a "fast station," that is, one where the postmaster is bound to have horses always in readiness, we may hope to get off in an hour, that being the time allowed him to produce his animals. The *readiness* consists in having the horses pastured in some neighboring field, and on our arrival three or four bare-headed boys and girls set off with most encouraging haste, in different directions, to catch them. But be not too sanguine, my travelling companions; perhaps we are doomed to see the horses that, to do them justice, however lazy in harness, always exhibit amazing activity when at large, chased from field to field, at last cornered, dodging their pursuers, and with contemptuous elevation of heels, dashing off again at full speed. Whilst impatiently watching these manœuvres, we are fortunate if the approaching tinkling of bells (they bell their horses as we do cows), announces the successful capture of some other herd, which, with much shouting, is triumphantly driven into the yard. The required number is selected, harnessed with much letting out and taking up of straps (for travellers provide their own harness), the postilion, a peasant boy, or girl, the representative of the owner of one or more of the animals, mounts on the box beside Ostrom, and he sets off, while I drive the triller, a rude *buggy*, and we strive to get something more than the regulation speed, four English miles an hour, out of the clumsy brutes. They are all dun-colored ponies, with a black stripe down the back, and mane and tail enough to provide half a score of civilized horses.

As we go northward the ponies are smaller, shaggier,

and lighter colored; the cows, too, that we see browsing by the way-side, are very small, hornless, and pure white in color. The trees are stunted, and we traverse vast forests of dwarf pines. There is no night now. The sun pours down upon us for twenty-two hours in the day, scorching us with his oblique rays during the many hours that he but just hovers above the horizon. When he sinks behind the hills, lingeringly, as if dreading to lose sight of us, there is a clear, bright twilight. The peasants are stirring at all hours, for they take but little rest in midsummer, literally "making hay while the sun shines," and postponing sleep till the long winter nights.

We go on, stopping but twice a day to snatch a meal of "lax stake" (broiled salmon) and black Swedish bread. The worthy burgher gets wearied with sleeplessness, and the toil of urging forward lagging horses. As soon as we reach a post-house, he calls for a glass of brandy and a cup of coffee, and throwing himself on the floor, falls fast asleep. I pay for the horses, hasten the harnessing of fresh ones, and then wake him with difficulty.

Thus we hurry northward, now plunged in dreary forests, then mounting hills whence we behold the island-studded sea and the lake-dotted valleys, or crossing noble rivers, whose deep dark waters flow so gently as hardly to swerve the rude ferry-boats from their course, till we reach Haparanda. We are on the northern shore of the Gulf. We send on a "forbüd," or avant-courier, to order horses, and stop to dine luxuriously on beefsteak. What a godsend is meat! We have been, perforce, rigid Grahamites since leaving the steamer, always excepting the article of fish, which is only too plenty; and we find the peasant's diet of sour milk and black biscuit rather weakening than otherwise.

We engage an interpreter here, for we shall find only

Finlanders north of this, and our communications with the natives must hereafter first be framed in French for Ostrom, by him translated into Swedish to Eric, and by Eric into the Finnish tongue.

We proceed along the shores of the Forneä river, all of us travel-wearied. We get on slowly; and at last, giving up all hopes of reaching Mount Avesaxa to-night, fix our hopes instead on a nearer mountain. Twelve o'clock approaches, and we fear we shall not even reach this. The lower edge of the sun touches the horizon. Watching him anxiously, we find he does not descend. "He will not set," cries F.; "we shall see the midnight sun." We stop the horses, and in profound silence fix our eyes on the great luminary. Now we perceive he moves, but not downwards. A blood-red ball of fire, he seems to *roll* along the horizon. Majestically he rolls, till an intervening mountain threatens to hide him from our sight; but no, a full third of his disk shines bright upon us. He keeps on from west to east. All nature is hushed as if in awe. The heavens are cloudless, save a few light cirri, that float a few degrees above the sun. In the north the sky is colored yellow, clear and brilliant, as in a winter's sunset.

It is twelve o'clock. The sun rests on the North Pole. We hold our breaths. Still he moves towards the east, rising almost imperceptibly. A bird in the pine-wood bursts into a flood of song. The sun detaches himself from the horizon, and slowly rises into the open heaven. We pluck a flower cherished by his midnight heat. We look around on the lonely landscape. The trees are few, and so low that they seem but shrubs. The frequent hills are destitute of vegetation, and the broad Forneä river winds his way among them. We mark the prospect well, for this is an era in our lives.

We drive on along the banks of the noble river, till at two o'clock we reach the little village of Matarengi. There is no road north of this. If we wish to pursue our journey, it must be in boats. But we are too fatigued to moralize upon this, the end of civilization, the "jumping-off place," and I gladly throw myself into one of the little coffin-like boxes, which the Fins use for beds, and close my eyes in sleep. Oh, wise Sancho Panza! to invoke a blessing on the man that invented sleep! For seventy-two hours, sleepless, with little and poor food, had I been urging forward lagging horses under the burning midsummer sun. My face, blistered with heat, felt on fire; my lips were parched and bleeding; my inflamed and half-closed eyelids could not protect my eyes from the glare. How gladly I closed them in forgetfulness!

At one o'clock the next day (Sunday) I awoke. The yard was half full of Fins, who loitered about the inn, after having examined our carriages with the greatest curiosity. They looked upon us as wonders. While I was dressing, a group collected about my door, eagerly staring in when it was opened by the "Jungfer," who was arranging breakfast, and frequently pushing it ajar themselves for greater convenience of observation. They are large, athletic people, active and energetic. The men wear queer leather caps, coarse homespun clothes, and boots turned up at the toes, and constantly smoke bad tobacco in wooden pipes.

Late in the afternoon we set out up the river in two boats, each propelled by three men. Herr Bergstrom, the Swedish tax-collector, and the only civilized man in the neighborhood, kindly accompanied us. The boats are built very light, low in the centre, and high in the bows, and are pushed up the swift stream by "poling" along the shore. The Forneä is wide and rapid, studded with

large islands. The banks are rather high, and covered with bright green grass; for here, though the summer is so short, vegetation is very luxuriant while it lasts.

We passed many salmon fisheries. The fences of poles, stretched across the stream, pushed by the current, and recoiling by their own elasticity, make a low murmuring, as if complaining of being removed from their element.

Our men stopped to rest at the dairy belonging to the postmaster. They gathered around a huge bowl of sour milk, each armed with a spoon, and soon dispatched their frugal meal.

Sour milk, hard rye cake, and fish, are in summer the only food of these sturdy peasants. The little white cows were assembled in a stable, from which the gnats were driven off by the smoke of a peat fire before the door. They were tended by two strapping, rosy-cheeked lasses, and everything, from stable to dairy, was neat and clean as possible.

Our next stoppage was at the falls in the river, where we left one boat, and while the men drew the other up along the bank, we walked through the woods. Swarms of mosquitoes and gnats attacked us, and, spite of handkerchiefs over our heads, and waving pine branches, bit us furiously. We walked two miles through marshy grounds, covered with a profusion of the "Linnea borealis," and other beautiful wild flowers, of kinds unknown to us, and reached a log-house in a narrow clearing. A pair of reindeer horns were nailed over the door. A barrel was sunk in the ground, to collect the water from a spring. Everything looked like our own "backwoods." "This house was built, and this clearing made, but five years since," said Herr Bergstrom; "they are pushing cultivation northward." "Northward" it was, indeed; north of 67° 30′. We were within the Arctic circle! In no

other country in the world, except Norway, can cultivation be carried on even many degrees south of this; and here we were surrounded by a forest of green trees, and treading on green grass and lovely flowers.

Taking boats again, we ascended the river till the sun sank very low, when we landed, and scrambled up the high bank to a fine point of view. We saw some wondering peasants regarding us attentively from the door of their hut.

It must have been a strange apparition to these poor Fins, to see a party of civilized beings start up on their premises at midnight, without any apparent means of getting there.

But our attention was soon fixed on the Sun, whose lower limb grazed the horizon. Now, again a huge fiery ball, he rolled on the mountain tops, this time not dipping behind them. His edge touched a distant solitary pine, then showed the bare branches in dark relief against his red disk, then appeared severed by its scathed trunk, kept onward and left it behind him without rising or sinking a second. Thus swift and far he passed in right ascension, and not until some minutes past twelve did he alter his declination, and shaking off his contact with the Earth, seek again the zenith.

"Poling" on to Sortola, which consists of a few scattered huts on the Russian side of the stream, we landed and roused the inmates of a cottage.

The old woman made her appearance in the economical female costume of the country, which saves all trouble with the toilet, namely, the undergarment in which she had slept and a black skirt of the thick heavy material which they themselves weave, secured by a cord about the waist.

She conducted the boatmen to the kitchen, and us to a

spare house (each room is a separate house, and the meanest dwellings consist of several), and served them with sour milk and us with coffee. Herr Bergstrom drew off his wet boots, and I observed that they, as well as his stockings, were stuffed with hay. This is the universal practice here, and the Laplanders even stuff all their clothes in this manner, as it keeps them from touching the skin and impairing the circulation in cold weather.

After an hour's rest we took our leave (the good people demanding but a "rix gelt dollar," sixteen cents, for all their trouble), and, re-embarking, steered into the centre of the stream and rowed swiftly downwards. We had fishing tackle—long lines with large hooks having on the shank a piece of bright tin and a bit of red worsted. This was so made that, as it towed far behind the boat, it "shimmered" in the water, looking not unlike a minnow. Three large fish were caught with this bait during the descent. Our progress was rapid, and we soon reached the head of the cataract. Herr B. asked if I would descend the falls with him. I could hardly believe he would attempt such a thing; but finding him serious, and that it was not unusual, I assented. A man was obtained who makes it his business to steer boats down the falls (for it would be certain destruction to attempt it without an experienced pilot), and with two rowers we set off.

The rowers pulled lustily to give steerage-way to the boat; the grizzly old steersman, his long, white hair streaming in the wind, seized firmly his broad paddle; the men talked and joked in the uncouth Finnish tongue; the rapid stream hurried us along; while I sat quietly wondering, like the sailor when the ship was struck by lightning, "what the devil is coming next." Soon the roar of the cataract drowned all other sounds; the water was here a surging mass of foam, there showed through its

yellow waves the rocks with which it warred. The boat shot down the first steep descent like lightning, then rocked and rose, and felt like a ship in a stormy sea, then was struck by a high wave and trembled with the shock, then leaped downwards as if to plunge beneath the stream and dash the foam of the next wave far and near from her high prow. Still rushing down the torrent, the thunder of the billows in front directed our attention to a huge rock, the waters hurling themselves against it, and mounting over its very top. The pilot gave the craft a sheer, and, before we knew how or why, we had left it far behind. The water was splashing into the skiff as we took an oblique course. All was noise and confusion around us; the waters bellowed and the shores seemed hurrying away. Another roar warned us of another rock. The boat reared like an impatient charger, plunged downward and again shot by, giving us hardly time to glance at it as we passed. She leaped over the last wave, sped through the swift rapid below the fall, and safely grounded on the shore.

It was a most exciting passage, and I had plenty of leisure to meditate upon it while the men were baling out the half-filled boat, and the rest of the party were accomplishing their slow overland passage.

We rowed down stream to a salmon fishery, and sent a boatman ashore to waken the fishermen.

With a loud halloo six young men and three girls rushed out helter-skelter from the rude hut, donning their clothes as they ran, and sprang, shouting and laughing, into their boats. The foremost girl, a strapping, red-haired maiden, seized the oars of the first boat, into which three men had sprung, and pulled it into the stream before the others had tumbled into their boats. A fence of upright poles, driven into the bottom like stakes, stretches

entirely across the river with a square inclosure fenced off at the centre. This has openings at the sides, which the salmon enter on finding their progress up the river stopped at every other point, but discover too late that they are in a *cul-de-sac*, and wander about seeking the exit.

The boats, propelled at such speed as to throw jet at stem and leave foam astern, entered the inclosure, and the rowers, dropping their oars and pulling the boats along by the fence, payed out the nets along the four sides. Then, all three boats' crews seized the upper net, one at the centre and one at each end, and pulled it downwards; one person in each boat constantly darting a pole into the water and catching it again as it rose, to frighten the fish and prevent their springing over the top of the net. They soon brought the upper net side by side with the lower one, and then, still thrashing the water with the pole to keep the poor fish frightened and bewildered, haul up the two nets together with three huge salmon entangled in the meshes. These were killed by blows of a club on the head to prevent their jumping out of the boat. Again, with great shouting, the fishers dashed around the inclosure, the men pulling, while the half-wild girls threw overboard the nets as fast as their arms could move. They drew them down, pulled them in, took this time but one fish, laid on their oars a moment to look at us, and then calling to one another, they darted off again across the stream. Such powerful energetic GIRLS I never saw before; and indeed the whole people, in activity and alertness, contrast agreeably with the lazy, stolid peasants of Germany.

We reached Matarengi at ten o'clock, and retired to sleep during the noon-day heat.

Towards six I rose and set off with the burgher to visit Herr Bergstrom. He has a pleasant place on the river, and three or four little red houses built in a quadrangle,

after the Swedish fashion. His wife came in to welcome us, and brought a *bottle* of punch, which we drank with many bows and flourishes, the host always insisting on our emptying our cups at one draught, then refilling and clinking glasses. The room was plainly furnished, but, of course, scrupulously neat. There was the usual rack in the corner for pipes. Among these was a pipe-bowl of great size, made of a knot of a wood resembling maple. It was a hundred years old, and had last belonged to the "Papa," or parish clergyman.

With Mrs. B. and her son, "Johann Eric," a little boy four years old, we set off in boats for an excursion to Mount Avesaxa. It was a calm, delightful evening, the river smooth as glass, and that light haze spread over the country which improves the view as a veil of gauze heightens the charms of beauty. It produced the same quiet, languid sense of pleasure that I had often felt beneath an Italian sky, and yet no land can be more different from Italy than this. We wound about among large thickly-wooded islands, and along hilly but not precipitous shores, to the foot of Avesaxa.

The moment we landed and commenced the ascent all languidness was put to flight by swarms of mosquitoes, who wage incessant war on all invaders of their haunts, and we were soon brushing away like madcaps with handkerchiefs and pine branches. The ascent was in some places steep and rocky, but the mountain was not high, and even the *gosso* (Anglice "small boy") got up without much fatigue.

A barrel elevated on a pole marked the summit. It was here that some scientific measurements, having reference to the form of the earth, were made by Maupertuis and other French astronomers, in 1736.

The top of the mountain was destitute of vegetation,

like every hill-top in that latitude; and the surrounding elevations were so low that Avesaxa, though by no means a high mountain, overtopped them all.

On one side flowed the broad Forneä, much resembling the Connecticut. Far to the north, within the Arctic circle, rose pyramidal mountains, behind which the Sun, now low down, seemed about to sink. On the eastern and precipitous side was a pretty lake, with an outlet encircling Mount Avesaxa, and joining the river. In every direction rose low hills, their bases covered with dwarf pines.

Our enjoyment of the view was so lessened by the increasing swarms of mosquitoes, that we gladly took refuge in the smoke of a huge fire kindled by our boatmen. The smoke of pine-wood, impregnated strongly with the odor of tar, was not disagreeable to us; but the mosquitoes were sore discomfited by it and soon vanquished. Our Swedish friends, who had brought a great store of provisions, now gave us punch and cake, and continued offering both, almost incessantly, the whole night.

Between admiring the prospect, brushing off mosquitoes, and taking asylum in the smoke, eating and drinking and laughing at the little Eric, who got excited by a glass of punch and went about turning our glassfuls into his, till he sipped enough to turn his own little head; and making absurd attempts at conversation in bad Swedish, we passed the time till near midnight.

And now the winged horses of the Sun, that had long hovered over the mountains, just grazed their summits and slowly drew their chariot along the horizon. They spurned with their heels the dark pine woods till past twelve. Then the fiery car was half buried, axle deep, behind an intervening peak. They dashed forth, poised themselves for a moment, and, then springing from this dark earth, began anew to climb high heaven.

The *rising* Sun was the signal for another little supper, and then, reversing the Sun's course, we commenced our descent.

That same day we began our journey southwards, and were glad to welcome *night* again in lower latitudes.

Sleep is a blessing, and darkness begets sleep; but still it is pleasant, around a winter's evening fireside, to recall to mind our three days' visit to the Arctic zone, and the thrice-seen MIDNIGHT SUN.

VI.

A FEW DAYS IN VIENNA.

THE day was just breaking, as a man in a military frock unlocked the doors of the car, and asked for our tickets to Vienna. Rubbing my eyes, and putting my head out of the window, I saw a glorious spire rising out of a wilderness of houses and trees.

"That," said an English gentleman who sat beside me, "is the city of Vienna."

"And the glorious spire, which has just caught the sun, while all the rest lies in darkness?"

"Is the tower of St. Stephen's, the noblest cathedral, in my estimation, in all Europe."

We were all preparing to admire it, when the train shot into the station-house, shutting off the view.

"Do you think," inquired the same gentleman, "that they will allow you to remain in the capital?"

"Why not?" I responded, with some surprise.

"They are just now rather shy of English and Americans; of the first because of the drubbing old Haynau got in the Brewery; and of the second, since the magnificent reception they gave Kossuth."

"But what have we to do with either?"

"Nothing, perhaps! but let me tell you a short story. A few weeks since two young men from Boston arrived in the city, and applied to the police for the customary *aufenhaltschein*, or permit of residence, which was refused, and they were told to quit within twenty-four hours.

'Why?' they asked, somewhat indignantly, when the official replied, 'That is our business.' In vain they expostulated, assuring the worthy dignitaries that they were simple travellers, knowing nothing of politics at home or abroad, and caring less about them, and proffering the amplest references to friends to whom they had brought letters. All the satisfaction they could get was an order to go, which they did, on to Venice, where I met them and heard their complaint. They seemed perfectly confounded by so singular a proceeding, and vented their spite on European despotisms generally in no measured terms. Now, what do you suppose was the reason why they were singled out for this mark of imperial disfavor?"

"I cannot for the world conceive," said I.

"Why, their name was Perkins, and the stupid agents of the police, fancying that they might be connected in some way with the Perkins of Barclay & Perkins' brewery, where the woman-whipper was taken by the beard, took this sublime revenge!"

I shouted with laughter until the neat and comfortable fiacre into which we had flung ourselves was stopped at the ramparts of the city. What does this mean? exclaimed my old comrade Bison, who seemed to be just awakening—when a gray, sleepy, dirty, tobacco-reeking old militaire poked his nose in at the window, and grunted something in German about passports and baggage. We alighted and entered a small house at the side of a gate that looked like a toll-house, where another antiquated soldier or escaped convict was coolly unstrapping our trunks. *Haben sie etwas estbares*—anything to eat? he asked. "No!" said Bison, when the thing was interpreted—"wish I had!". Any cigars? No again! Any letters? No, once more we replied.

"What is this, then?" he muttered, having turned the

last shirt out of a portmanteau, and finding a small note at the bottom. "Nothing but a letter of credit on Mudie & Co., of Venice, which we had no occasion to use."

"How!" said the old mouser; "that must be seen to," turning the paper over a dozen times, peering into it, smelling it, trying to read it, and finally carrying it into an inner room, where he kept it ten minutes.

Then another fellow came out, and asked us where we were from, where we were going, what the letter meant, whom it was written to, why it had not been used in Venice, and if not used, why it had not been destroyed, and about a dozen other equally pertinent questions. We replied as patiently as we could, and then both of them retired for consultation once more into the inner room. After another ten minutes a third of their number came forth, asked us the same questions, looking very dubious all the while, and examining each word of the suspected document as if it was going to reveal some tremendous mystery.

Finally he retired, and after detaining us some minutes more, returned with the poor harmless letter sealed with the double eagle of Austria, and a charge of nineteen kreutzers. "What the d—l!" I shouted, forced into a temporary profanity; "nineteen kreutzers for sealing a bit of waste paper, which you are welcome to?"

"Ah, but now," one of the fuglemen calmly remarked, "you can carry it anywhere, without further trouble!" "But we do not want it," said I, though we found it useless to talk, and so carried off the double-headed eagle as our first Austrian trophy. Our passports were kept to be delivered at the central police office, when the time should come for us to depart.

We drove into the city, then through what appeared to be an immense circular park, then under a huge wall or

bastion, and then into the city again, alighting at last at the *Stadt London*, a not over-comfortable hotel, as we afterwards found.

What we had taken for a park as we entered, was the public-ground which surrounds the inner or old city, and is called the Glacis. Vienna, you know, is constructed like a spider's web, with the streets radiating outward from a common centre. The original walls have been turned into a broad promenade, beyond which is a still broader open space, planted with trees ; then the Vorstadt or suburbs, much the most populous region ; finally, the outer rampart, and then the open country. It forms thus two alternate layers, or circles of town and field, and seen from above would probably resemble one of those round targets at which the New York militia shoot on their holiday excursions. The inner city is the most fashionable, but the outer the newest and handsomest, and far the most desirable residence for those who would live cheaply. But there is no part of either division which does not appear tidy and comfortable.

While Bison was ordering the breakfast, I took a stroll up one of the principal thoroughfares. There were no foot-paths, and each house had a picture of the business carried on within it, instead of a sign, while the streets were narrow and the buildings tall. All at once I emerged upon a small square, in which stood one of the grandest objects that I ever saw. It was the old cathedral of St. Stephen's, black with the time-stains of seven hundred years, yet perfect in symmetry, and of an infinite fulness of beauty. Its lofty tower, rising some five hundred feet from the ground, and wrought into endless turrets and pinnacles, has been well compared to a stately giant, hung with an army of fairies. As my eye wandered from point to point, amid an opulent variety of ever-grace-

ful forms, and then rose gradually from point to point again, to the lofty spire, tipped with the silver light of the morning, this work seemed the embodiment of the purest aspiration that the human soul had ever sent up to God. It was an eternal prayer, and my spirit mounted with it into the skies. Nor was the profound religious feeling broken when I entered the interior, and found hundreds of working-men and women, with their implements about them, kneeling in adoration before the shrines. The early twilight; the deep shadows of a thousand projecting beams; the innumerable figures of martyrs and saints, that in the obscurity appeared like the white-robed beings of another sphere; and the profound silence—filled me with an unutterable solemnity and awe. Men of reason often wonder at the tenacity with which the Catholic clings to his faith, but men of imagination never!

In the vaults under the church, into which I accidentally strayed, through a long, gloomy corridor, are the tombs of emperors and nobles, and others of less note once, but equal now, that have long since quitted the pomp of life. It is crowded from floor to ceiling with sarcophagi and coffins, some covered with inscriptions, others surmounted by emblems of the ancient state of their occupants, and many huddled together in apparent confusion. But what impressed me more than all was an open or glass case, in which a leathery corpse, scarcely withered in the dry, warm air of the vault, and decorated with rings, jewels and fillets of gold, appeared to be grinning a ghastly smile at the vain memorials of his departed glory. It was a sight too revolting to dwell upon, and a burden of dark thoughts rolled away, as I came out into the garish day.

Returned to the hotel, I discovered Bison laboring with a task which had been set him by the police, who

left a brief printed document of questions for us to answer and sign. It may gratify the curiosity of the reader, in more than one respect, to see how my friend disposed of his part of the performance, so I copy the paper as near as I can remember:

Question. What is your name?

Answer. Elihu Bison.

Quest. Where were you born?

Ans. Nantucket.

Quest. Where do you reside?

Ans. Communipaw.

Quest. Where were you from last?

Ans. Red River.

Quest. Where are you going to?

Ans. H—l and Halifax.

Quest. What is your occupation?

Ans. Whittler.

Quest. How old are you?

Ans. Threescore and ten.

Quest. How long do you wish to stay in Vienna?

Ans. Till I can get out of it.

Quest. Have you any friends in Vienna?

Ans. No! bless God.

Quest. With whom do you stop?

Ans. The Stadt London.

Quest. Describe your person?

Ans. Tall, straight, black hair, high cheek-bones, black eyes, huge mouth, blue coat with brass buttons, Panama hat, striped trowsers, ruffled shirt, and cowskin boots.

"But," said I, "my dear Bison, these answers are scarcely respectful to the government!"

"Not half as impertinent as the questions they put to me, a perfect stranger!"

"They may occasion you trouble."

"No they won't, for the police always give you twenty-four hours to quit, and that is just about as long as I want to stay under their infernal despotism!"

"Well," I replied, "*chacun à son gout;* and so let us go down to breakfast."

It was an excellent meal, well washed down with a flask of delicious Hungarian; but it was scarcely concluded before a most gentlemanly man, at the next table, handed us the London *Times*, and began a conversation in English. We were both taken with his politeness, and learned a great deal from him of the points of most interest in the city, and how they could best be seen. He even offered to accompany us in a stroll, which we declined, because we were unwilling to put his kindness to that stretch. "Ah, you are Englishmen," he remarked, "and like to go about alone."

"No," we answered, "Americans."

"Americans! do you know I am delighted to hear you say that—I have the highest regard for the Americans, those noble and prosperous republicans! Perhaps, then, you have seen Kossuth, who has lately figured in your country?"

"Seen him," exclaimed Bison, who was in ecstasies at hearing his nation so liberally patronized by an Austrian —"seen him! aye, and taken the glorious patriot by the hand! He is the noblest creature God ever made!" "Speak lower," remarked the stranger, "for you know that walls have ears in Vienna," and then passed a stirring eulogium himself upon the great Magyar. Indeed, he manifested so strong an interest in him, asking such a variety of questions about his prospects, movements, and especially our own connection with him, that I began to suspect he must be a Hungarian himself, and when he rose to depart gave him a cordial grip of the hand.

Two days afterwards, when we went to the police-office to get our passports and permit to depart, we saw that identical gentleman sitting at a desk in one of the inner rooms. "Who is that?" I whispered to the valet who accompanied us. "Oh that," said he, "is one of the officers here—"

"Which means," interrupted Bison, growing red in the face, and with an oath, "a spy!"

When we sallied forth the first morning, our instructions to the *valet de place* were that he should take us to the most attractive object in Vienna. "*Allerdings*," shouted he with true Austrian vivacity, and soon pointed to a large oblong stone structure that we imagined might be a great picture-gallery, or perhaps a wing of the imperial palace. But it was neither: it was the imperial stable, where some five hundred horses are kept for the pleasure of the Emperor and their own satisfaction; and where, besides, the state carriages, all bedizened with gold and crimson, are the awe and admiration of the populace. The latter interested us little, but the horses were among the handsomest creatures that eye ever saw. They were of all colors and of all nations, Arabians, Barbs, Hungarians, French, English, and Mexican, each in a broad clean stall by itself, copiously littered with straw, and with its name, age, and pedigree painted on a post at one side. In short, a more splendid stud, more carefully lodged, fed and provided with grooms and jockeys, could not be imagined. The stable was large, light, airy, well watered and well ventilated, and the arrangements in every respect were such as must have given the amplest satisfaction to the equine aristocracy.

I said as much to valet Joseph, who perfectly agreed with me, adding with unconscious treason, that the horses fared much better than many of the people. "Which is

strange," interrupted Bison, "seeing that they are all regarded as mere animals together! But I suppose the quadrupeds have this advantage, that while they are quite as useful as the bipeds, they cannot get up a revolution in an emergency."

Yet, it is but just to say that the people of Vienna, even the poor, are not badly lodged. One wonders at first, as he passes the latter in the streets, in ragged, shabby dresses, where they live; all the houses are large and palace-like; and it would seem, from their external aspects, that none but rich folks could afford to occupy them. But the mystery is explained on entering any of the houses. They are built round a court in the Paris fashion, and divided into many apartments, so that each one is tenanted by a large number of families. Joseph told us of one of these houses, which covers several acres of ground, contains two hundred separate domiciles, and is occupied by about five hundred different persons. In the suburb of Frieden there is another, composed of three hundred separate dwelling-places, approached by thirty-one different staircases, and giving shelter to over two thousand humans. It might be supposed, especially in America, where each man has his own residence, that such an arrangement was rather "crowding the mourners;" but the truth is, that it is cheaper and more comfortable, and quite as private as our own more apparently independent method. It permits economies in the use of fire, light, and kitchen-work, wholly out of the reach of our people.

After the houses, the imperial jewels were the most attractive curiosities in the estimation of Joseph, who carried us to the chamber where they were deposited. He showed us a brilliant collection of crowns, sceptres, robes, precious stones, and other regalia—among the rest, those which were said to have belonged to Charlemagne, togeth-

er with a heap of swords, gloves, orbs, shoes, etc., that looked very much like other old trinkets that one sees in abundance all over the continent. "But where is the iron-crown of Saint Stephen?" asked I, with the gravest simplicity; whereupon Joseph grinned and whispered, "Oh, Kossuth, the rogue, carried that to the United States." Then, crossing himself piously, he continued, "But there are things far more precious!" He pointed at an old rug, a tooth, a bit of wood, some links of a chain, and a bone, which he described as follows: "This is a part of the table-cloth used at the Last Supper; that is a tooth of John the Baptist; yonder you see a piece of the true Cross; here is the arm-bone of good St. Anne; and the chains are those which held Saints Peter, Paul, and John!" At every word he rolled up his eyes devoutly, in the most affecting manner. A small crucifix hard by, carved by the erratic old Benvenuto, appeared to me far more sacred than these relics, for there was a touch of the master's genius in every curve.

The rest of the day we passed amid coins, medals, antiquities, gems that became as tedious as any other wilderness, and we were glad to relieve our minds and stomachs by a dinner at one of the cafés, quite equal in its appointments to any in Paris. Indeed, let me observe, by the way, that they are capital feeders in Vienna, or, as a native said to me shortly afterwards, as one of the highest commendations he could give to his fellows, *Sic essen sich wohl in Wien*, "They eat themselves well in Vienna."

I have said that those museums were a wilderness, and yet, I found on getting home at night that one of them, the Ambras, where the ancient armor is kept, had made a distinct and deep impression upon me. It is as far superior to the Tower in London, as the Tower is to the New York Arsenal. Having been collecting since the sixteenth

century, it is the most complete historical gallery in Europe, filling seven large apartments, admirably arranged and labelled, and abounding with objects of interest. A history of the European war system, from the fourteenth century to the present time, might be written in the simple description of what it holds. The windows were draped with tattered banners taken in various wars, even those of the time of the crusades; while the walls were covered with trophies, helmets, sabres, and steel suits, among which the armor of Scanderbeg (see his life by Clement Moore, of New York), and a tomahawk of Montezuma, are conspicuous. In one of the rooms is an immense Anak, "in complete steel," over eight feet high, with proportional arms and legs, whose sword is as big as a handspike, and who must have been a terrible fellow to encounter in a hand-to-hand fight. I dreamed all night, after seeing his monstrous image, of doing battle with Scandinavian giants, who walloped me over the head with their cudgels, and then brought me to life again with a little of the sacred food, to be walloped a second time, and so on, *ad infinitum.* Bison, the rogue, had put on a red Tokay night-cap, and snored under it handsomely till morning.

"Well," said I to Bison, on rising from bed, the second day of our sojourn, "now for the picture-galleries."

"What galleries?" he muttered, evidently displeased with the suggestion.

"Oh! don't you know? The Esterhazy, the Lichtenstein, the Schönborn, the Limborg the Harrach, the Imperial, and sixty-four others!"

"Can we see them all in the forenoon?" he inquired, with anxious simplicity.

"Possibly," I responded; "but then we ought to run through them on the back of a locomotive. There is the Esterhazy gallery alone, which consists of twenty-five dif-

ferent chambers, each filled with paintings—the Lichtenstein contains over six hundred pictures—that of the Archduke Charles, only one hundred and fifty thousand engravings."

"Enough," shouted the Exemplary; "I sha'n't go! I was bored to death with pictures in Italy. Day after day, for six months, I was dragged from one collection to another, until I hated the sight of paint. Before that I couldn't tell a good picture from a bad one, and now I can't tell a bad one from a good one."

"But you will certainly take a squint at the Belvidere—one of the finest palaces and gardens in the world."

"Not at all," he rejoined, jumping from his bed, while he continued: "to say the truth, I have to-day a little adventure with a countess!"

The reader ought to know that no unmarried American goes to Europe without falling in love with some countess, or being fallen in love with by one—which is an extraordinary run of luck they seem to enjoy. Whether they are travelling in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, or Russia, they are sure to have an encounter with a countess. Bison was no exception. He had met one the evening previous at a box in the theatre, and though he could not speak a word of any language but his own, he managed to insinuate himself into the favor of the titled lady, until she had consented to an appointment for the next afternoon. Some men have such taking ways.

Leaving my companion to his after-breakfast reveries, I repaired to the galleries. It is needless to say, that before the day was done, I was more than half of Bison's opinion. The wilderness of pictures produces only confusion and not satisfaction. A year's residence in Vienna could scarcely exhaust the collection of that metropolis. Yet, in the brief day at the Belvidere, it was impossible to escape

remarking its peculiar wealth in one line. Its Spanish and Italian departments are extensive, but with few exceptions (among them an Ecce Homo of Titian) not rich; but it luxuriates in old Flemish and German masters. Albrecht Dürer was especially conspicuous, is to be found in fact nowhere else in such perfection, and justified to me, for the first time, the enthusiastic admiration of some of his fellow-countrymen. Fuseli, in one of his critical rhapsodies, speaks of him, strangely enough, as a man of ingenuity, but not of genius! His "Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand Christians," by Sapor, a Persian king (in which the painter himself and his friend Pirkheimer are introduced in black mantles), with all its revolting horrors, is a work of consummate skill, showing fertility and resource. There is an awful majesty, too, in his treatment of the Holy Trinity, surrounded by saints, angels, martyrs, and a glorious company of the elect, while there is an exquisite simplicity, grace, and tenderness, in his Madonna and Child. If these are not works of genius, none were ever painted; not equal, doubtless, to the deeds of the Italian masters of the same age, but full of an original life, bold in conception, strong in outline, and brilliant as well as delicate in color.

Dürer, like all the very greatest artists—like Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, etc.—had something of universal aptitude in him, and might have succeeded in sculpture and architecture, as well as in painting. He wrote well, and his engraving was almost the best of its day, and quite as good as any that has been executed since. Certain critics, it is true, reproach him for that tendency to the mystical and fantastic which appears in many of his works, but it was the common tendency of his age, an excess of the religious imagination. Besides, who can deny the wonderful exuberance and poetic elevation of his most allegorical labors? In the wood-cuts illustrative of

the revelations of St. John, for instance, how grand is that one where the horsemen, with their weapons of death, are trampling down the guilty inhabitants of the earth—or that other, where the four angels of the Euphrates blast the high and mighty rulers, over whom rush the lion-headed chargers, breathing forth fire! Surely there is here more than ingenuity.

There are two paintings in the Belvidere Palace that strike everybody—heads of an old man and an old woman, by Denner—executed with thorough and minute accuracy, giving every wrinkle, hair, crack of the skin, so that they seem to be the actual rough flesh and hide of nature. But, are they great pictures? According to those theorists who define art as the imitation of nature, they must be, for more faithful imitations could not be done in paint; and yet they are only curiosities, not great works of art, clearly upsetting the imitation theory. A head by Titian or Giorgione, not half so "natural," is worth a thousand of them, and will last in the admiration of mankind a thousand years longer. Denner's heads are so like living heads that at first you suppose they are, the deception is so complete; but, as soon as you discover that they are a deception, they are degraded as works of art, and you look upon them with contempt, as you do upon any other lie. Now nobody was ever deceived by the genuine works of really great painters; they were not meant to deceive, only to represent the artist's conception of truth and beauty, and are therefore glorious forever.

No! art is not an imitation of nature, that is certain. If it were, a wax figure would be a better specimen of it than the most precious statue in the Vatican, or the rarest marvel of the Tribune at Florence. Moreover, I should like to know of the partisans of the imitation theory, what thing in nature yonder old cathedral imitates, what the

Concerto in C minor, by Beethoven, what the Midsummer Night's Dream of Shakspeare, or the Faust of Goethe?

By the way, there is in the Belvidere a good painting from the Faust, by Schnör, a modern German artist, depicting that profound and awful scene, where the student sits at the table, with his Nostradamus and black-letter diagrams about him, and Mephistopheles, the gentleman in black, enters to relieve his doubts. Faust's face is pale and wan with thought, his fingers are clenched, his eyes wild, the lamp is burning low in the socket, sparkles of electric light flash towards the infernal visitor from the instruments around, while his leer is full of malignant triumph. The whole subject is capitally treated, slightly stiff, as the Germans are wont to be, but with great depth of feeling, and admirable tone.

One cannot, however, dwell long upon pictures in Vienna, it is so attractive out of doors. The walks along the bastions overlooking the gardens of the nobility, the lovely promenades of the *Glacis*, that broad belt of verdure encircling the town, the *Augarten*, where such motley crowds of coffee-drinkers and smokers assemble; but, above all, the noble drives and rambles through the Prater, a park of varied woodland, stream, and meadow, several miles in extent, are enough to tempt the dead out of their coffins in the Capuchin Church into the open air.

It is in the afternoon that the Prater is unsurpassed, even by the Boulevards or Champs Elysées of Paris, for then it swarms with the citizens, rich and poor; the noble in his carriage, the mechanic with his family, all mingling in a delightful social equality that we look in vain for in our democratic society. Different ranks are so clearly defined that they are never afraid of jostling each other, and you will see the Emperor and his Court in the midst of a promiscuous crowd of the commonest working-men.

But the Prater was not a gay scene when I was there; excepting in respect to the variety and brilliance of the costumes, the dazzle of the equipages, and the lively music of the bands. All the world took the air; but with a dissatisfied look. I asked Joseph the reason of this, and he said: "The people are angry; since 1848 they do not like things; they are sullen, and will not now dance and sing." On further inquiry I found this to be the case. The people feel that they are oppressed, that they have been cheated of their rights, and that they cannot in honesty resume their old merriment. They go about, therefore, very doggedly and with a low growl. All the newspaper reports about the popular enthusiasm with which the "beardless Nero" is received, are the merest flummery. An ominous, brooding discontent is everywhere, waiting impatiently for the time of open rupture. One of the shopmen said to me, looking round all the while that no one should hear him, "When we try it again, no Kossuth nor anybody else will be able to stay our hands." Thus, the extreme measures of the reaction have stung one of the liveliest, best-natured, and enduring of all the populations of the Continent with a feverish desire of revenge, and there is no love any more between the governors and the governed. A rigid despotism is all that is possible now for the former; a suppressed but burning hatred all that is cherished by the latter. God shield the innocent when the battle-cry rings again! But what of the social life of the upper classes? Alas! I can tell you nothing; for who but an English traveller in the United States can discover the mysteries of the home in a three days' sojourn? Yet my Red River companion, Bison, had some experience, which he acquired through his acquaintance with the Countess. The upshot of it was, judging by that specimen, and according to a confession which he made a

week or two later, when we were at Munich, that the Viennese are all swindlers. "Would you believe it," he remarked, in his philosophic way, with the sadness of repentance in his fine bloodshot eye, "that the Countess was no countess at all; only a milliner woman, who cheated me out of four hundred and sixty florins at cards, cost me almost as many more for presents and dinners, borrowed my watch, which she sold to a pawnbroker, and then introduced me to a great six-footed Croat soldier, who announced himself as her husband, and demanded satisfaction with broadswords!"

"And how did you get out of the scrape?"

"I told him that it was not the habit of my nation to fight with such weapons; but that if he would go into a private room with a bowie-knife—showing a specimen at the same time, which James Bowie himself gave me once at Vicksburg—it would give me the highest pleasure to let out his liver. He comprehended enough English to decline the proposal, and in return threatened to inform the police that I carried secret arms. Thereupon, flourishing the steel until I reached the street, I made the best of my way towards the hotel."

I may add that the police called a few hours afterwards; but by that time Bison was away on the Danube. But let it not be supposed that I narrate this as an example of the usual courtesies of the imperial circles at Vienna. It is said that a considerable degree of cultivation and refinement prevails, and that on a closer acquaintance one gets to liking the people, especially the women, who are not all as unprincipled as Bison's Countess. Indeed, young SPLAYFOOT, who spent a year there when his father was Chargé, told me that it was a town of the most entire secular contentment—after Paris, the easiest place in the world to live in; fine bachelor apartments,

cheap and excellent wines, dancing *ad libitum*, and nobody to make ill-natured remarks, "Demme—awh!—if it isn't—aw—pewfect Pawadise!" For consider, he went on to say, that most excellent institution, the *Gebäranstalt*, where any unfortunate woman who does not care to have her little imprudences discovered, may retire for a few months in the most impenetrable seclusion, not surrendering her name even, and leaving the evidence of her guilt behind her, when she goes out, to the care of the State! Who will not confess that such a provision of government is decidedly *paternal?*

The people, I have said, were sullen, deserting the theatres, the ball-houses, the gardens, and refusing to dance even when they were piped to; and yet Vienna resounded with music all day and all night. From the charming Styrian damsels, who wander about with their zitters, to the imperial military bands, an unbroken succession of sweet sounds is heard. At the cafés they make you frisky with Straus, and at the concerts stir your soul with Beethoven. The clerks hum Mozart over their counters, and the fish-women sell trout to a humming accompaniment from Hümmel. Of course everybody, male and female, plays on the piano; and even the locomotives shriek with some reference to the diapason. In consequence of this universal addiction to music, the Viennese are more jealous of their musical reputation than of anything else—much more than they are of their virtue, and more, too, than they are of their good eating, which is, however, a great point with them. You may abuse their cathedrals, their palaces, their galleries, their Emperor, their wines, their dinners, but not their music. In that they hold themselves above not only the attainments, but the criticism of all the rest of the world. It is a pleasant consciousness, and I shall not attempt to deprive them of it.

VII.

EXPERIENCES IN MOUNT LEBANON.

THE climate of Beirut is depressingly hot during the summer, and most of the well-to-do foreign residents, and many natives, take wing in the month of June for some cool nest on Mount Lebanon. The Hakeem invited me to count myself one of his nomadic family, and make a trial of life in the Syrian highlands. Various mules and horses were loaded with baggage and people, and dispatched in small caravans up the rough highways and byways of the mountain. The last party consisted of the Hakeem and his wife, myself, and an under-sized four-year-old individual, whom a certain grave missionary used to designate, in his kindly way, as the "small lad."

A sort of little Sahara has been formed south of Beirut by the sands of the sea; and this youthful desert, like its bigger brethren in various parts of the world, is continually encroaching on the green earth around it. With a barren intolerance like the zeal of atheists, it seems to consider grass a nuisance, flowers a deformity, and trees a desecration of the soil. Every year, like an insidious disease, it creeps stealthily nearer the city, and has already sheeted over many once verdurous places with its shifting, glittering sterility. As it lay in herbless, pulverous heaps among the inclosures of perished gardens, it seemed to me a glaring image of the unproductiveness and death which has crept over the once intellectual and vigorous Orient. A very small degree of energy, on the part of

the Beirutees, would save their land from its fatal presence; inasmuch as a single hedge of the large native cactus will resist its advances for many years, fronting as firmly against its desultory hostility as Napoleon's old infantry against the wild cavalry of the Mamelukes. Of late, something has been done in this way—not by the people, but by the government. Various pashas in Syria have signalized their respective advents by planting groves of pine across the track of the sandy crusade. These trees flourish courageously under difficulties, arrest the evil, at least so far as their shadow extends, and in time restore the soil beneath them to some degree of fertility.

Notwithstanding the labors of these philanthropic pines, we had to walk our horses through abundant sand-rolls before reaching the green valley of the Nahr-Beirut. To our right rustled the faded green foliage of an enormous olive grove; to our left steamed the hot little delta of the river, richly productive of mulberry-trees and fever and ague. A few moments carried us across the green level, and brought us to the base of the long ascent. Mount Lebanon roads seem to have been constructed by goats for the use of goats; but Syrian horses, never having seen anything better, scramble up them with wonderful contentedness and agility. Mountaineers, from lofty dovecotes of villages, met us continually on the way, often laden with produce for the city, yet skipping as lightly as birds down the steep rocky slopes. Women passed us, heavily burdened, not stooping under the weight, however, but stepping with a singular perpendicular strut, which eventually becomes habitual at all times. Many were provided with helpmeets, in the shape of mules and donkeys, and put upon them the responsibility of backing the market merchandise down the difficult roads. Almost every one of these people gave us a pleasant smile as they met

us, and, putting one hand to the breast, wished, "May God bless your morning!"

Under this hail of benedictions we clambered one huge steep after another, stumbled into deep, fervent valleys, and rose on the opposite side to still more airy eminences. Beirut and its gardens draped themselves in the loveliness of distance; the sea grew grand and glorious and immeasurable beneath us; white sails fluttered into sight on its horizon, and seemed to wave to us, as if in encouragement; long vistas opened down terraced valleys, dark-green at the bottom, with lemon and orange-trees, and mingling afar with other chasms of verdure; flat-roofed villages looked up at us in wonder from deep recesses, or down in contempt from dizzy elevations above; and to the east rose the great uneven ridge of Lebanon, bare, brown, and trackless, or crowned in its higher regions with a chaplet of glittering snow.

A shocking bad goat-track tumbled us into the rough, stony ravine, which lay like an immeasurable trench, almost encircling Bhamdun, the goal of our journey. The succeeding ascent was the steepest that we had yet encountered, and required remarkable spryness on the part of the horses, and great cohesive qualities in the riders, to enable both parties to reach the summit in company, or even at all. But my beast was an old mountaineer, and would have climbed anything short of a lightning-rod or a rope-ladder. Every snort of his venerable nostrils seemed to say, "Now then! never say die! all together, four legs!" And, with the Howadji sitting on his tail, the energetic quadruped surmounted the edge of the acclivity and wagged his puffing nose through the narrow streets of the village. Low houses of roughly-hewn stone flanked us on either side, drawn up in disorderly ranks like militia-men on parade, and, so to speak, squaring their

elbows towards all points of the compass, after a very independent and squatter-like fashion. Women with toil-worn but good-humored faces smiled from the doors as we passed, and abundantly blessed our mornings. Little children, whose mothers had inveterate hydrophobia, scrambled out of the way of our horses, appearing wonderfully old and dignified in their thick head-dresses, their long robes, and their slipshod shoes. At the other end of the village, where it fronted on its orchards of vines and mulberries, we pulled up at the door of the Hakeem's summer mansion. Yusef, the cook, and Jurjus, the man of all work, rushed out with smiling, hospitable faces to receive us. My horse was politely shown to his stall in the basement story; and I was conducted into the parlor directly above my respected quadruped's eating and sleeping apartment. Leaving him to transact his own affairs, I made a minute inspection of that part of the house which was intended for humanity. The centre of the building was a hall about twelve feet wide and twenty-seven feet long. The floor at one end was raised some eight inches, forming a species of reception-room which had been furnished with low divans. This recess was lighted by a double-arched window, which looked out on a neighboring back-yard, vocal all day with the shrieks and howlings of some ill-used Arab babies. Half the front of the hall was perfectly open, simply fenced in by a wooden railing and the rude pillars of three Saracenic arches which supported that part of the roof. From thence you could look down into the valley below the village, and away over rocky hills to the distant gleam of the Mediterranean. Oh, what sunsets of gold used to sit on those waters, like famous empires on the horizons of the past, and slowly lose their splendor and vanish into the night! On various sides of the hall, and opening into it,

were posted, like outworks, the Hakeem's room, the room of the girls, my room, and the parlor. The latter and the raised dais at the end of the hall served in case of need as the dormitories of visitors.

The floor all over the house was of mud, tamped solid and well dried, but so uneven that no school-boy would have accepted it as giving fair play to his marbles. I used to indulge in long reveries over its diminutive plains, and valleys, and highlands, looking down through wreaths of tobacco-smoke from the elevation of my stature, as the gods looked through clouds from Olympus, and imagining it inhabited by some infinitesimal race, living, and laboring, and squabbling upon its circumscribed geography, in minute mockery of earth and her restless inhabitants. Once a week a dirty-trowsered village maiden used to wash this floor with a solution of red clay, and then polish it with a smooth pebble, until it shone like a pair of new boots. Here and there mats were spread, to render the footing less damaging to the complexion of white skirts and yellow slippers.

As for the ceiling, it looked so ponderous, and, at the same time, so unstable, that it was at once a comfort and a terror. Logs, stripped of their bark, and otherwise in a state of nature, stretched from wall to wall, and formed the substratum. Crosswise upon these reposed short bits of narrow board; large flat stones lay like an aerial quarry over them; the whole was thatched, so to speak, with four or five inches of well-tamped earth and gravel. Notwithstanding that it was heavy enough to crush a village, our roof would not always keep out the rain, which dripped cheerfully through in wet weather, and added little lakes and oceans to the scenery of the geographical floor. The corners between the beams and cross-pieces afforded excellent buildings-spots to the swallows, who accordingly

squatted there, and used to sail comfortably in and out all day. These loquacious birds made a good deal of unnecessary racket, strongly reminding me, by their vociferous way of doing business, of the Arab boatmen who had raised such a hubbub about our arrival in the country.

My room was the largest in the house. It had been designed, by the respectable founder of the edifice, for a grand dining-hall, fit for the Sultan or the Prince of Persia to overeat themselves in. Across the end by the door stretched a stone pavement, separated from the rest of the apartment by a curious wooden fence. This, I suppose, was meant as a standing-place for the servants, or the dogs, or the pots and kettles, or something else that was only wanted at intervals during the meals. Above it there was a large round hole in the wall, intended for the convenience of passing in dishes from the next room. How this orifice may have answered its prandial purpose I cannot say; but I found it a rather embarrassing addition to the capabilities of a bed-chamber. There was also a smaller hole in the door, for which I could imagine no earthly use, unless the former occupant had a kitten or a puppy to whom he wished to grant free ingress and egress. I sometimes thought, indeed, that it might be a hopping-out place for the rats or fleas; but, as they could hop in there just as easily, this supposition did not seem to merit much respect. Finally, there was a door into the next room, with a crack so wide between it and the door-post that Ichabod Crane, or any other thin person, might have slipped through comfortably without in the least deranging the shrivelled portal.

My dormitory had blind walls on three sides, but was sufficiently lighted, for sleeping purposes, by a window which opened into the central hall. All the windows in the house had been furnished with glass, which was a

constant astonishment to the aboriginals of the village, human and quadruped. One morning an ignoramus of a cat got into my room through one of the holes aforesaid, and, on my making some manual remonstrances against his stay, attempted to get out through the window. He plunged unsuspectingly at the clear pane, rolled back with a squeal on the floor, tried it again with great emphasis, and fairly butted through, coming down on the outside amid an avalanche of broken glass. Looking somewhat stupefied with the shock, he set his tail a-kimbo, and made off at half-speed, no doubt very much surprised at the density of the atmosphere between my window-sashes.

On another occasion, I saw the schoolmaster of the village nonplussed by the same mystery. A Turkish Pasha had called to see the Hakeem, and was on reception in the parlor. His presence being noised abroad, the principal inhabitants of Bhamdun, and among them grammatical Abu Mekhiel, came to present their respects to His Excellency. The Turk, a stout, good-humored personage, sat on one of the divans, and the magnates of the hamlet crossed their legs comfortably on the floor. The dignitary spoke very little Arabic, the mountaineers spoke not a word of Turkish, but both sides smoked cheerfully, and time passed away like a pinch of snuff. Suddenly an accidental knock of the Pasha's elbow sent the coal from his pipe on the rush matting which partially covered the floor. Abu Mekhiel eagerly seized the inflamed morsel and tried to throw it out of the window. As it was shut, he rapped his knuckles smartly, burnt his fingers, dropped the coal, and called for the tongs. It was an immense incident in the monotony of the visit; and even the stout Pasha laughed and chuckled at the blunder of abashed Abu Mekhiel.

In describing our house I must not forget the rats,

which were, perhaps, its most numerous inhabitants. They seemed to think that it belonged to their order, and haunted it, especially by night. They rattled and rolled through invisible galleries like diminutive four-legged peals of thunder. The Hakeem had famous sport among these creatures, and blazed away at their shiny eyes and bald tails until we thought he would eventually get rid of them by burning the house up. They were a perpetual bugbear to the small lad, who was afraid to sleep alone, lest they should climb up the bed-coverlet and nibble at his toes.

I have adverted to the union of stable and house in one edifice. This architectural approximation of the human and animal kingdom was the cause of various uncouth interruptions and interludes in our drawing-room conversations. A speaker would be diverted from the train of his ideas by an outrageous scream, or a tattoo of kicks from some excited beast below. Whenever a strange horse was introduced into these subterranean quarters, there was almost sure to be a clamorous disagreement. Whether they wanted to eat off each other's tails, whether they tried to annex each other's portion of barley, or whether they differed on some other question of an abstract nature, at all events, they were never able to come to an understanding without an unreasonable uproar.

Visitors kept perpetually dropping in, and we almost always had some puffy-trowsered individual cuddled up on the divan, or against the wall, his pipe sending a wreathing fragrance aloft among the rats and swallows. As long as I stayed in Bhamdun, probably never a day passed without a dozen or twenty of these turbaned exits and entrances. Occasionally, my alien and inquisitive ears would be delighted by an observation of the most innocent simplicity. One day the old Maronite priest of the village lounged

into the hall, and smoked his pipe in a comfortable taciturnity for half an hour. Noticing the swallows at last, he remarked that a blessing lay upon the house, since it was inhabited by those good-omened birds.

"Why so?" asked the Hakeem.

"Do you not see that those swallows are constantly bringing earth in their bills to mortise their nests?"

"Yes."

"Do you know from where they bring that earth?"

"No."

"They bring it from the tomb of Moses. Every morsel of that blessed earth comes from the tomb of Moses."

"Indeed! But I thought that no man knew where Moses was buried."

"Very true. But the swallows know."

"But how do people feel so sure, then, that the swallows get it from the tomb of Moses?"

"Well," said the old man, taking a puzzled pull at his pipe, "God knows. I never thought of that before."

One of the most frequent visitors at the Hakeem's house was a man named Khalil, Maronite born, but now, thanks to the American missionaries, a Protestant. Although only about forty or forty-five years old, our girls called him Uncle Khalil, according to the custom of Syrian young folks when speaking familiarly to one who has attained the ripeness of middle life. Of a slender frame, slow and easy motions, a face decidedly more northern than southern in its features, Khalil always entered with the heartiest and kindliest smile. He wore a dark blue jacket, full dark trowsers, a large white turban, and always carried a short pipe, sometimes gravely smoking it, sometimes using it gesticulatively to point a moral or adorn a tale. He was a good representative of a large class, half farmer, half trader, to be found scattered all over the mountain. He was a mod-

erate landed proprietor, holding mulberry orchards and grain-land on different parts of the terraced hillsides of Lebanon, a bit here and a bit there, according to the fashion of the mountaineers, who never own a farm all lying together.

The time and capital not devoted to his own agriculture, he gave to traffic in the produce of other people. In the spring he usually bought a flock of sheep of the Kurdish shepherds, who come annually with their broad-tailed stock from the elevated plains about Erzeroum. Over and above his woolly quadrupeds, the Kurd always threw in his huge sheepskin coat, and his fierce sheepdog. Khalil then placed his flock under the care of some hireling shepherd, and set out on a retailing tour among the villages, selling to each family a sheep. Some sales were for cash, but more were for cocoons, to be taken at a stipulated price when the silk season should arrive in the succeeding July. If credit was thus given, the buyer paid Syrian interest, which varies from fifteen to thirty or forty per cent., by the year. Khalil had a large market to choose from, for a great proportion of the terraced declivities of Mount Lebanon, as well as the shore plain at its base, is devoted to the cultivation of the mulberry. The silk of Bhamdun alone will average nearly a ton after it is wound from the cocoons. The women, who exclusively take care of the worms, become very fond of them, caress them, kiss them, and call them endearing names. After gathering his cocoons, our friend Khalil wound off the imperfect ones, on the coarse Arab reel, and sold the better sort to the French or English merchants, who have established flourishing filatures in various parts of Syria. These men paid him in cash, which he invested in coarse raw silk, to be retailed to native weavers.

His next step was usually to go to the fine wheat lands

of the Bukaa, and speculate in cereals. The mountains alone, in Syria, are freehold. The great plains are the private property of the Sultan, who exacts about a quarter of the crops from the cultivators, as tax and ground-rent. This is paid in kind, or compromised for a specific sum in cash, at the time of harvest. The peasantry were glad of the intervention of so reputable a middle-man as our enterprising Bhamdunee; and the oppressive government official was equally pleased to escape from the hard duty of overlooking an unscrupulous tenantry. Khalil compromised for the cash, and became owner of the Sultan's quarter of the crops. Night and day he watched the enormous grain-heaps of the threshing-floor; and at the end of the season received one measure of wheat or barley for every three retained by the villagers. He sold on the spot enough to pay the Sultan's dues, and carried home the remainder, which generally amounted to about one-eighth of the crop. He thus made a profit equal to his entire risk, without having laid out a piastre, at the same time that he conferred an actual favor on the peasants and their imperial landlord.

This was his favorite operation. He tried to persuade me into a partnership, in order to secure the protection of the Stars and Stripes against the petty exactions of government understrappers. I felt tempted now and then to accede, and formed various miragic fancies of setting up for a Syrian farmer-general. Three or four thousand dollars would have been a stupendous capital, and would have made me a little despot among the grain-raising, cocoon-selling peasantry of plain and mountain. With the income derivable from that sum, I could have had a town-house, a mountain-house, a wife from some genteel family, like the Bait Susa, a couple of blood-horses, and three or four servants. I should have passed only so

much time as I pleased in riding about the country with Khalil; and for the rest, should have kept myself comfortably quiet with hot coffee, amber-mouthed chibouks, and silver-mounted nargilehs. I should have set up a big turban immediately, and a long beard as soon as I was able. I should have become a great Arabic scholar, and read the Arabian Nights in the original. I should have had bad debtors and dragooned them into honesty with swarms of gormandizing Howaleyeh. Not seldom since those days has the lazy sunshine of that idea lured my mind back to Syria. I sometimes feel as if it would be delightful to retire into a turban, shadow myself with tobacco-smoke, and let the age drive by.

With the hope of drawing better crops from the deep soil of the plains, Khalil sent for one of the lighter sorts of American ploughs. The Bhamdunees laughed heartily at the outlandish enormity when it arrived, and unanimously voted that such a thing would never work. "God knows," said Khalil, "it turns earth very well in America, and I suppose will do the same thing here." "Every land has its peculiarities," replied the unbelievers; "this will not suit our atmosphere." But this really intelligent and enterprising Arab has never yet dared to use his foreign plough, for fear that so costly and novel an instrument should be made an apology for fresh exactions.

By the time that Khalil had closed his speculation on the threshing-floors of the Bukaa, the vintage of the mountain was at hand. Bhamdun has about one thousand acres of vineyard, descending from the lofty hill, back of the village, over hundreds of terraces, to the bottom of the enormous ravine in front. The grapes are both purple and white, usually the latter; the earlier varieties small, and of a soft pulp; the later ones firm, delicious, and of some kinds remarkably large. The people eat them in great

quantities fresh, and dry them into raisins for winter use. There are grape-presses where the juice is crushed out with the naked feet, to be boiled into *dibs*, a very pleasant kind of thick molasses. It is this *dibs* which is sometimes brought to our temperate shores as "communion wine," "the pure juice of the grape." The pure juice of the grape it certainly is, exactly as treacle is the pure juice of the sugar-cane. It is wine, therefore, just as true as molasses is rum. Khalil exchanged some of his wheat and barley for the vintage of his Druse neighbors, and then retired into winter quarters, and retailed at leisure his various stock of raw silk, grain, *dibs*, and raisins.

Such is the business life of a merchant of produce in Mount Lebanon. In the small career which is permitted to them, the Syrians show a good degree of mercantile shrewdness and enterprise. Perhaps the locality inspires them, or there are some echoes in the blood, as Calderon phrases it, which come down to them from their ancestors. All along their coast lived the old Phœnicians, who were very glorious merchant princes when England was solely remarkable for its tin mines and the painted hides of its citizens. One of the most unfortunate blanks in ancient history is our total ignorance of the political economy of the Tyrians, Sidonians, and their colonies. What were their tariffs, their navigation laws, their profits, or cargoes, the pay or character of their seamen? They gave letters to the Greeks: who were their Roscoes and Lorenzo de Medicis? They coasted England and circumnavigated Africa: where are the biographies of their Columbus and Captain Cook? But their glory has sunk almost as deep into our ignorance as their gorgeous galleys ever foundered beneath Indian or Atlantic billows.

Modern Syrian enterprise sails as far, but in foreign bottoms. There are now some considerable mercantile

houses in Beirut. A small, direct trade over American keels has been opened with New York and Boston. Before many years the Directory of our great commercial capital will become still more thorny to our organs of speech with unpronounceable names from the Land of the East and the Clime of the Sun.

On the mechanical skill of the Syrians little can be said, although they furnish some pretty specimens of silken stuffs. The manufacture of steel has died out in Damascus, whose present inhabitants are unequal to the composition of a good common hatchet. As the beautiful palaces of that city fall into dilapidation, they are restored by botchwork, distinguishable at first sight from the dim glory of the olden walls and arches. The implements of trade are probably exact copies of the expired patents of Tubal Cain; and agriculture is about as it was in the suburbs of Eden just after the expulsion of its incautious gardener.

VIII.

ACADIE, AND THE BIRTHPLACE OF EVANGELINE.

For some time I had been possessed with a strong desire to visit Nova Scotia. Of this province, less perhaps is known than of any other in British America, so that this of itself was sufficient to awaken curiosity. But the pages of "Evangeline," which I had lately perused, threw a new interest around Acadie. "Ah," thought I, "Evangeline no longer dwells in her peaceful home; those simple-hearted peasants have departed, and every trace of them has, without doubt, been effaced. But yet there remains the land which they reclaimed from the sea, and from the forest; their old haunts may still attract the traveller, and around the beautiful spot which they inhabited, some charms still may linger. I will visit this land," said I, "and see the home of the tender and lovely Evangeline."

Full of these thoughts, I left Boston, and when I arrived at St. John, the blue shores of the other province, just visible above the horizon, drew me on with a stronger attraction. After spending three days in this city, I left for the town of Digby on the other side of the bay. The distance was only forty miles, but the steamer in which it was my luck to embark, was so inconceivably slow, that eight hours were consumed on the passage. How would Americans endure this rate of speed? But after all, I

thought, as I looked around on the provincials who were my fellow-passengers, it seems fast enough for them. They were reclining lazily on the seats of the upper deck, and many had gone below to their berths. Although they were all large and healthy men, yet they seemed listless and dull, displaying none of that unwearied activity which always characterizes a citizen of our republic. The *ennui* which reigned supreme, presently seized upon me also, and after making desperate attempts to rid myself of it, I was finally compelled to succumb to its power. Sad and miserable I walked forward, and lighting a cigar, gave myself up to gloomy reflections. "Guess you've never been Down East afore, mister," said a sharp, cracked voice behind me. It was not a particularly mirthful remark, but my melancholy vanished at once, and a kind fellow-feeling came over me; for, turning round, I recognised a fellow-countryman.

Reader, have you ever seen a Down East captain? If not, let me advise you to go at once in search of one, for he is an original. You will not have to travel far to find him. Go to the wharves at Boston or New York, go to any seaport town, and you will see one. In fact, go where you will, east or west, north or south, to the wilds of Oregon, or the islands of the Pacific, and you will probably see him everywhere before you. The one before me was a type of his class. He seemed to have dressed himself in his holiday garb. His beaver was of the fashion of the last age. He had a frill shirt, whose collar turned over a glaring red and yellow cotton handkerchief, an extremely tight pair of pantaloons, a blue coat with brass buttons, the collar of which braced his head behind, and to crown all, a calf-skin vest. Having entered into conversation with him, I found that he was born in Eastport, and that his wife lived in Yarmouth, N. S. He had not seen her

for three years, was on his way there now, and almost broke his pipe by letting it fall on the deck, while he gave a yell of delight at the thought of soon seeing his Mehitabel.

"A darn lazy set of fellows, them Provincials," said he; "they aint got the proper stuff in them. See them goin' off to their hammocks instead of stayin' on deck like men. They'll never make nothin'. They're too lazy."

"Do you know much about the Provinces?" said I.

"Wal, a little. I lived in Yarmouth three years arter I married, and got tired to death of the place, so I had to go. But it's a beautiful country; why, law bless you, I've seen some of the finest orchards and fields of corn thar that you could ever think of; and Jerusalem! sich medders! They have fish continewally swimmin' around them, wantin' so much to be caught, that they go up in millions into the rivers, and what do these people do? Precious little. They don't desarve the country. They're lazy!"

I let him run on thus for some time, and found much resemblance between his sayings and those of the great Samuel Slick.

"Do you think they will ever be annexed?"

"I don't know. If they wur to be, the country in ten years would be all overrun with Yankees, and before the Provincials knew it their water powers and best lands would be put to some profit. And the villages, which are the thunderinest pooty places you ever see, would soon look a little lively."

"Ah, well, Captain, they have not had time to develop themselves; wait a few years, and things will be different."

"Wait a few years! I guess we'll have to wait till eternity, then. I bet my pipe agin a tenpenny nail, that they'll never become anythin' till they get some Yankees

among them. The wust of the business is to see how they look down on us Yankees?"

"Look down on *us?*"

"Be shoor they do! One Provincial thinks himself as good, and a trifle better, than two Yankees. I swow, Job himself would be riled to hear them. I haint no patience with them, and their talk about their old families, and loyality, and—but blame it, my pipe's out. Good-day, Mister."

The harbor of Digby is formed by the widening of the Annapolis River, which at this place has the appearance of a large lake. Here the river rushes into the bay, having burst its way through cliffs one thousand feet in height. This opening goes by the name of Digby Gut. It is a wild and sublime chasm in a chain of mountains, which seem to have been torn asunder by some convulsion of nature. So deep is the cliff, that in some places no bottom has ever been reached with the sounding-lead. At the base of a hill facing the water, and looking up the river, lies the town of Digby, appearing beautifully from the water, with its houses half hidden among trees. Multitudes of cherry-trees grow here; indeed, it may be said, that in no place in the world do cherries grow with greater profusion, or attain a greater degree of perfection than in Digby. There were also plum and peach trees, and great numbers of apple-trees, covered with their beautiful blossoms. The streets were clean and neat, sheltered in many places by shady trees. From the summit of the hill behind the town, the eye might roam over an enchanting landscape, from where, beneath the gazer, Digby lay embosomed among the trees, along a fertile coast broken by the outlets of small rivers, to where, twenty miles away, the spires and church towers of Annapolis rose. The water before is always dotted with vessels, and from

the lofty rocky bank on the right you may occasionally hear a deep roaring sound, as some huge pine-tree thunders down the side of the mountain into the water below. I was delighted with this lovely town. But though I loved the quiet of this little spot, yet there seemed a sad want of energy and busy action. Every one was idle and listless. And there was another circumstance yet more surprising. Numbers of those beautiful ladies, for which Nova Scotia is still famous, might be seen riding and promenading, but no young men were there to attend to them. "Where were they?" I could not help inquiring. "Oh, they're all gone off to the States," was the answer; and this was always the reply to such a question. The "States" seems to be the only country in which the Nova Scotia youth think themselves able to prosper. But so beautiful was the country around me, so fertile the soil, so pleasing the manners of the people with whom I became acquainted, that I could not imagine what motives could induce one who was born here to leave his lovely home. Why can they not be as successful in this new country as in ours? The government is almost the same. The people are of the same race, their manners and customs are precisely the same. The resources, whether mineral or vegetable, are unbounded. Myriads of fish inhabit these waters. Forests of ship-timber grow on these hills. Then, good heavens! why should a youth, with energy enough to succeed in another land, abandon his more attractive home, when there are so many ways in which one may with safety invest either capital or industry.

I left Digby after a stay of about a week, during which time I had roamed through all those enchanting spots which are scattered around it in such profusion. "Ah," thought I, as I sat beneath the shade of some lofty elms, fanned by the unceasing sea-breeze, "if all Nova Scotia

resembles this place, how beautiful a land must it be! If Digby were in the United States, how thronged would be its quiet streets! With its beauties and advantages for sea-bathing, which cannot be surpassed, in a short time it would be the most frequented watering-place in all America."

Annapolis is a town of about the same size as Digby. It was founded by the French, and in their time, under the name of Port Royal, was the capital of the Province. The town is very beautiful, and the country in its immediate vicinity is in a high state of cultivation, but there is nothing here of so striking a nature as the landscape at Digby. As I was in haste to see the birthplace of Evangeline, I soon left. There were no railroads here, and for this I was not sorry; for to me, a leisurely traveller, it was more pleasant to ride slowly, and see the country, than to be borne onward like the wind amid smoke, dust, and cinders. A coach was my conveyance, and while riding along, I fancied myself living one hundred years ago, for everything was this much behind the present age. The country beyond Annapolis is exceedingly rough. Such heaps of stones and rocks, such wilderness and desolation, such obstacles in the way of cultivation, I never saw, except in the State of Rhode Island; but there the barrenness is that of the desert, while here it extends for but a few miles, and its ruggedness is that of a mountainous country.

A little old gentleman was sitting beside me. Suddenly he spoke—"Dis mus be a ver strong land to bare de vate of such beg stones, Monsieur; he, he, he!"

I started and turned round in horror. Looking closely at him, I recognised him as a Frenchman, a native of the Province, whom I had seen in the hotel at Digby a few days previously. "And have the Acadians, the honest,

unsophisticated Acadians, fallen so low? Will the descendant of those oppressed but noble-hearted men make a pun?" 'Twas too true. But, after all, I felt an involuntary respect for him, an affection for him and his race. I thought of the gentle Acadienne, Evangeline, and forgave his observation.

Entering into conversation with him, I found him to be well-informed about Nova Scotian politics; a relation of his was a member of the Provincial Parliament. Party strife, he informed me, ran very high in this Province during the time of election; relations often became so embittered towards one another, that they never after became friends. In many parts, one party never would think of speaking to the opposite side. I was much surprised to hear of such virulence and ill-feeling among those unenergetic and quiet people.

My companion informed me, however, that on the question of politics the Nova Scotians were always most excitable.

We stopped for half an hour at the pretty village of Bridgetown, and after leaving it, found that the country became more fertile as we advanced. There were hosts of beautiful places, called by such names as "Eden," "Paradise;" and they were worthy of them. The road, though long, was not monotonous. Sometimes it went for many miles through a thick forest; then, coming to the top of some hill, a beautiful and well-cultivated plain would meet the eye. At other times long rows of willows and poplars lined the road on either side. There were many large orchards, which we continually passed, some of which consisted of several thousand trees.

Towards evening we approached a beautifully situated and attractive village, called Kentville, which, after changing horses, we at once left, and rattled onward to Hor-

ton. This is the present name of the country where Evangeline lived. It is only seven miles from Kentville, so that we speedily arrived there. Here was the end of my journey, and leaping from the tiresome coach, I entered a little inn, not intending to visit any place until the morrow.

The Rev. Edward Barrell and I had belonged to the same class at Harvard, seven or eight years before. He was the only representative of the Provinces at the college, and stoutly did he stand up for his native land. To hear him, you would imagine the Lower Provinces, and especially Nova Scotia, to be a second Eden, a land of promise, the garden of the world. Although I believed his statements to be somewhat colored by patriotism, yet I could not help thinking that there must be something uncommon in this country, even if one half of what he said were true. He had been pastor of a church in Horton for three years, and here I expected to find him.

Calling upon him, the next day, I met with a most warm reception. His house stood at a little distance from the road, with large shadowy trees before it, and on the left was an apple-orchard, whose trees were covered with delicious blossoms. Flowers of many kinds grew in a garden on the right, and behind, the eye wandered down a long extent of dike-land, which spread away, intersected with rivers, and glowing in the freshness of its new vegetation. "Wait a little while," said my friend, "and I will take you to some beautiful spots, and I think you will acknowledge that you would find it a difficult task to produce places in New England to equal them in loveliness."

I did not reply, but smiled at the undiminished pride of country which my friend evinced.

We walked out after dinner, and went up the road along which the village is built. Long rows of poplars

and willows grew on either side, cooling us by their shade. A hill lay before us, upon which stood a handsome edifice in an unfinished state—a college, I believe. We ascended it, and, after arriving at the top, turned and looked back. I was astonished at the prospect. The village stretched along the foreground beneath us, its houses peeping out from surrounding groves and orchards. Further in lay the dike-land, extending for a greater distance, its level surface broken in one place by an island, which rose up covered with trees. Further away lay the Basin of Minas, with its blue waters hemmed in by lofty, rocky shores, and from out its midst rose boldly upward a towering cliff called Blomidon. This cliff is formed by the abrupt termination of a chain of hills which extend along nearly the whole western shore of the Province.

"How do you like that?" said my companion.

"Surpassingly beautiful! I had never expected so much. But all the dike-land—how came it here? Who reclaimed it from the water?"

"It was the work of the early Acadian settlers, and all this part of the Province was originally cultivated by them; you may often meet with the ruins of their houses in places now worn out by long cultivation."

"The ruins of their houses?"

"Yes; there is one a little way behind you."

We turned, and after walking about one hundred yards, came to a small hollow in the ground, which looked as if it had once been the cellar of a house. Around it were many bricks and stones. It was at the extremity of a small clearing, which had been made long ago in these woods. In a small gully, at a short distance, a brook bubbled and gushed forth, tumbling, as it flowed along, over rocks and fallen trees. The woods encircled us on three sides. Apple-trees were there which seemed to

have been planted a hundred years ago. It was a beautiful spot. "Could not this have been your home, Evangeline? Might not this soil have been pressed by your feet, and these trees planted by your hands?" I reclined on the grass. From the surrounding woods a thousand birds were singing, and beneath me the brook uttered no less pleasing music. There was enchantment here!

"Have you such places as this in New England?" said my friend.

This aroused me. "Like this—it is very beautiful, but —why yes, of course we have."

"Come on a little further, and we may see some other places. Here, follow this way; we will make a rush through the woods."

A path lay before us, along which we passed. It had been trodden by many feet, and every obstruction had been removed. We came to another brook somewhat larger than the first. Small camps had been reared along its banks by the students of the college below. These woods were delightful; above they were filled with birds, and below grew myriads of wild flowers, such as "linears," and others to me utterly unknown. We came out at length into a road and walked for half a mile or so, but the scenery grew rather tame.

"Where on earth are we going to?" I at last exclaimed.

"Be patient; you will see in a short time," cried he.

"Something better than New England?"

"You shall judge."

We had been slowly ascending ever since we left the village. The summit at last lay before us; we still walked on, and at last came to where there was a descent. Here a new scene opened upon us, different from that which

had before appeared. The hill went abruptly down for a great distance, and opposite arose others more lofty. A lovely valley lay beneath, through which flowed a river in a winding course, whose banks were lined with green willows and poplars. Looking up the valley to the right, the river was lost amid trees and bushes. Looking down, it appeared at times through the branches of elms and willows, until at length, taking a turn, it became lost to view.

"What in the world is the name of this place?" I enthusiastically inquired of my friend, who stood gazing with a confident smile. "What a charming spot! and here it lies hidden completely from the world, unknown and unvisited."

"This is the valley of the Gaspereaux. Once seen, it is not soon forgotten. But it has one fault, which it holds in common with many other beautiful places. The inhabitants are ignorant, and indolent. When you come closer, these houses will appear less romantic, and those irregular fences will appear hideous." We descended, and if from the summit the prospect was charming, nothing was lost as we descended the mountain until we drew near the village, and then truly the charm was broken. Dirt and filth were everywhere. Everything showed carelessness and indolence. Pigs ran rampant through a muddy lane, which I suppose was called a road; and the bridge which crossed the river seemed hourly in danger of falling in. Ignorance and stupidity dwelt upon the expressionless countenances which met my eyes.

"We have nothing like this in New England," said I to my now silent companion. My friend's servant had brought his carriage here, and waited our arrival. We jumped in, and rode down along the river. The fields gradually wore a better appearance, and the houses began

to appear neater; the road, too, became better, and was lined with trees on either side. Many orchards were here, and gardens filled with peach and plum trees. We came at length to the "Gaspereaux's mouth." There was the place where the English ships lay; and here, too, I thought, perhaps on this very spot, stood the poor exiles. What a sight must it have been when the poor defenceless Acadians were compelled to leave a home like this! They were rudely torn away from the paradise where they dwelt in simplicity and innocence. They were snatched from these their green fields, and from the fertile meadows which their own hands had so laboriously cultivated; and while their houses were burnt to the ground, they were scattered all over America.

We turned away from the place, and rode back to the village. The valley of the Gaspereaux seemed yet more beautiful by twilight. Countless fire-flies sparkled through the woods, before, behind, and around us. The lowing of cattle returning home, and the tinkling of bells from flocks and herds, the bleating of sheep, and the noise of the rushing river, added to the enchantment of the scene. We looked down again from the top of the hill. "Beautiful valley! why should such shiftless and ignorant people inhabit thee?" My American feelings came strongly over me. "If this were the United States," I thought—and I thought aloud—"If this were the United States, what a glorious place would this valley become! Those dirty houses would soon be torn down, and beautiful dwellings erected." "Yes, and if this were the United States," replied my incorrigible friend, "every tree would be cut down. Those cottages, which, when seen from a distance, are so romantic, would give place to unsightly two-story houses, and cotton-factories would line the banks of this lovely river."

On the following day my friend told me that there was one place to which I must go, for in his opinion it was the gem of Acadia. We rode towards the village of Lower Horton, which was about four miles away. The scenery along the road was very fine, and the country was in a good state of cultivation. We ascended a hill which lay in the way. On arriving at the summit, I gazed around, and the scene which met my view was such as baffles all description. Beneath us lay a broad expanse of dike-land, waving with luxuriant vegetation, intersected by roads, and winding streams, whose banks were adorned in many places by groves and long rows of trees. On one side the plain was protected from the water by a long island which arose—a natural dike—through the green groves of which peeped forth white cottages and barns. In the distance the blue Basin of Minas appeared, encircled with its lofty rugged cliffs, among which the ever-present Blomidon towered highest. I turned away, unable to express my admiration. But this was not all. Glancing down the hill there appeared another scene, which I had not before noticed. In the valley lay the village of Lower Horton; the small and comfortable houses, so old-fashioned, and yet so attractive in their appearance, were built along the road, the neat gardens which lay before them being shaded by spreading elms and tall poplars. The sun shone brightly down upon this lovely valley. A rustic picture was there. Some old men sat smoking their pipes before an ale-house; a blacksmith was shoeing a horse in front of his shop, and while I looked a group of laughing merry children burst from a little thatched school-house, and the whole village at once resounded with their shouts,—

"Sweet Auburn—loveliest village of the plain!"

I muttered half unconsciously.

"Sweet Auburn! Yes, you may well call it so," replied my friend, "and whenever I ride down this hill that line occurs to me.

"This village was the principal home of the Acadians, though none of their houses remain. That wide plain yonder is Grand Pré. Look ahead a few miles—there is the Gaspereaux's mouth. That is the spot where the vessels anchored. Down this road came the long train of weeping exiles, as they went to those ships which were to carry them for ever from their homes." There was a short pause, and my friend continued: "You will find scattered through Nova Scotia many such places as this, and if you extend your journey to the other Province, you will meet with villages, where to the beauty of landscape, and romantic situation, are united the simple manners and primitive hospitality of the Acadians."

"No, my friend," replied I, warmly, "this Province has no place equal in interest to Horton, for our Longfellow has rendered it immortal; and around Horton the remembrance of the tender love and constancy of Evangeline will throw an unfading lustre."

IX.

ADVENTURES ON A DRIFT-LOG.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL OF BANVARD THE ARTIST.

"A HEAVY rise," as the boatmen call it, had been pouring its floods from the upper Missouri, and the surface of the Mississippi was covered with immense masses of drift-wood, wafted from the great tributaries of the North, or wrested from their crumbling alluvial banks. At such periods the navigation is extremely dangerous for the poor flat-boatman, as it is with great difficulty he can force his unwieldy craft through the moving raft of floating matter; and, when he lands for the night, it is of the greatest moment that a secure harbor should be found behind some jutting point, away from the "thread of the current," to keep out of the flow of the drift.

I had been toiling all day through one of the heaviest masses of floating wood I ever saw on the great Father of Waters, had broken the blade of my starboard oar, which was caught in the dead branch of a huge cotton-wood tree, and had rowed up directly against my flat, determined to land at the first convenient harbor that presented itself, repair my broken oar, and lay by for the night. As it was late in the afternoon, it became highly important to select, in time, a good landing-place, protected from the floating timber.

The sun was fast approaching the horizon, when I found

myself in a "left-hand bend," with rugged shores, and no landing-place visible. Fortunately, at the point below, the current struck off sharply into the right-hand bend, leaving a small eddy directly under the point, free from the drift-wood, and in this eddy I effected a safe landing, made my craft fast to good stakes, and prepared to stay all night.

I had hardly been seated ten minutes in the cabin, when the boat received a severe concussion. I ran on deck to see the cause, when I found an immense cotton-wood tree, some hundred feet or more in length, had been drawn into the eddy with the roots directly against the bow of my boat, staving a hole in the "gunwale plank," but fortunately above water, so that no leak occurred. I ran immediately to the bow, where I discovered that one of the knotty branches of the root was still sticking in the hole it had made, and as the branch end above was "on the swing" out into the current of the eddy, which was flowing at about three miles the hour, it became immediately necessary to disengage the tree before it should swing around square in the current, to prevent it from tearing the entire bow of my boat out; for the root had taken "a set" behind one of the upright stanchions, and, if not ejected before the tree should form a right angle with the boat, stanchions, planking, deck, and all, were bound to give way to the powerful centripetal force that the huge log had now assumed in the whirling eddy. No time was to be lost. I jumped on the bow, and with the handle of a boat oar tried to force out the tree. I found this beyond my power. By this time my two hands had got two sticks of wood, and come to my assistance; but our combined efforts were futile, for every second the tree became bound in tighter and tighter, and finding it impossible to clear the log, I ordered one of the men to cast off the bowline, so

that the boat should offer no resistance to the immense leverage, as it were, of the tree. The timber of the bow began to crack before the man could free the line, which was now extended taut. Finding he could not free the line, I seized an axe which lay near, and severed it with a blow, just in time to save my craft. The boat now swung round, in the grip of the Mississippi monster, and swung away from the shore by the bow, while the stern remained fastened by its line, which would reverse our position, and give the log a free berth to clear itself. But finding my boat would not come clear around, on account of its long "steering oar," I jumped upon the log to assist it out of the hole, by prying it a little. I had hardly touched the log when my boat came clear round, the tree floated off free without any further damage, and carried me along with it. I was now in a predicament, as I had no small boat wherewith I could get off the log, so I ordered the men to secure the flat, and one of them to run to the upper end of the eddy with a small line, and at the point where I thought I should necessarily approach, to throw it to me. He did so, the log drifted within fifteen feet of the point, and had I known then what afterwards occurred I could have swum ashore, cold as the season was. My man threw me the line, which I made fast to the root, but it was a small rope, inadequate to the task of holding an overgrown cotton-wood tree, and it snapped like a piece of thread, while the log receded further and further from the shore, when one end struck the outward current of the river, and the whole mass whirled round with the velocity of the fly-wheel of a steam engine, and was then drawn out of the eddy into the furious current of the river, and was wafted away at the rate of four miles an hour. My men—and there were only two of them—when they saw I was carried away, endeavored to get the flat out of the

eddy, and come to my relief. The boat was cast off, and drifted to the head of the whirling pool, but when she came to the line of the current and the eddy, having no person to guide her by the steering-oar, as the two men had as much as they could do to pull the "bow-oars," she whirled right round, and was drawn back again into the eddy. I saw them make two turns in the whirling basin, and then tie up the craft, finding it impossible to get her into the stream. The current had now carried me off from the point into mid-river, and I was fast driving into the bend on the right, and as I knew from former experience of its being a "hard setting bend," I expected I would come into the shore, where I could find a place to jump off the tree on to terra firma.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the Mississippi current is, that it never runs in the centre of its bed, but is constantly flowing diagonally across from one side to the other; the river being extremely crooked, and the waters precipitated from the points to the bends, where the flat-boatmen find it sometimes very difficult to keep their boats from being forced ashore, on the bend side of the stream, especially at the place where this diagonal current strikes from the shore point above; this place is called by the boatmen the "bite of the bend." Well, I naturally supposed my log would strike the shore near this place, in the bend on the right, as the current was driving me directly towards the shore. I watched the line of the drift, and began to make a resolution about at what point my log would strike, and ran my eye along the shore to try and discover some settler's cabin where I could hail for assistance. I could discover none; however, my log began to approach the shore very rapidly, but, as I could see no settlement on the banks, I began to consider the policy of leaving my bark, by jumping

ashore in the wild woods, inhabited by all kinds of "varmints," as the backwoodsmen call the wild beasts, where I would be likely to spend the night. But it was not for me to decide; for, on approaching the bend-shore, I found the "boils" kept me from touching the land, even had the fallen trees and brush which encumbered the banks allowed the log to approach sufficiently near. These "boils," as the boatmen call them, are immense upheavings of the moving waters, which rise with a convex surface, sometimes spreading out to near half an acre, and will whirl a loaded flat-boat round like a top, frequently affecting the steerage-way of a rapidly moving steamer, and producing those annoying eccentricities which the river pilots call "sheers," not unfrequently throwing the vessel suddenly off its course, and causing it to run headlong into the banks or on the sand-bars with a heavy concussion, to the great terror of the passengers, and danger of the craft. These boils are the largest and most annoying in the bends of the river, especially at the "bites" of the bends, where the diagonal thread of the current recoils from the shore. These boils, too, are very capricious, for sometimes they assist the current in driving the passing boat upon the shores, or snags with which they are hedged, especially should the boat be between the breaking up of the boil and the shore; of course the convex surface of the water being outside, it is something like rowing a vessel up hill in endeavoring to keep away from the shores. Then again these boils force the thread of the current out from the shore, and in this case it is as difficult to land a boat, as in the other to keep it from landing itself. But I am digressing, having followed the thread of the current too closely, even into the philosophy of it, and neglected the thread of my yarn.

The name of the bend I was in was known as the

Cypress Bend, from the immense trees of this species found along its shores, and I recollected that the next one below contained the cabin of a squatter well known to traders on the river as Johnny Gheeho; so I concluded to stick to the log until I should be driven into the next left-hand bend, where I could hail his cabin for assistance, and from his house it would be only a mile or so to cross the bend by land, back to my boat, although some twelve miles round by the river. I clambered up and seated myself in the bifurcations of the roots, which made me a very comfortable arm-chair, and watched the passing shore. In my anxiety the current, though flowing at least four miles an hour, appeared more tardy than usual, while the declining sun seemed to descend faster towards the horizon than I ever beheld it. I cast my eyes anxiously down the bend to try and discover the right-hand point, and the opening in the left hand bend below; but the bend in which I was appeared endless; in fact, it is one of the largest and deepest on the Mississippi. The sun began to dip behind the cypress-trees before I was half way round the bend, and I began seriously to think I should have to spend the night on the log. I looked among the floating mass of drift-wood near me to try and discover a small log, or slab, upon which I could paddle myself along faster, or land when I saw a favorable opportunity. I saw none near—all were too small or full of branches. Just as the sun had disappeared below the impervious foliage of the cypress-trees, I observed a small "false point" in the bend, that is, a small projection resembling a point of the river bend, and which so frequently deceives the pilots in running of dark nights, when they are taken for real points, causing them to make their "crossings" before they ought, when they run their boats upon the sand-bars opposite. I naturally thought my log would near this point, perhaps

strike it, when I could jump on shore, and then select a smaller one on which I could paddle along, and land myself at pleasure. I watched the floating drift, and saw it make directly towards this point, and soon my huge cotton-wood began to approach it. I descended from my seat to be ready for a spring; the small end of the tree began to point for the shore. I ran towards this end and clambered out on a projecting branch, ready for a leap. The current flowed swiftly. I already began to hear the noise of the little eddies along the shore, and the rustle of the evening wind through the leaves, when the end of my tree entered the counter-current, between the main current, or thread, and the shore. This whirled my log right round, as one end was travelling at the rate of five miles per hour, and the other in the counter-current at about two miles. Presently the root end of my craft was brought round to the shore; I now ran towards this end as best I could, for the log was round, free of its bark, and slippery. I now had the satisfaction of seeing it going directly for the point, and I sought for a good position to spring ashore from one of the upper branches of the roots. But I was doomed to be disappointed, for on nearing the point the sunken branches of the root struck against a huge "cypress knee," about fifty feet from the bank, when the tree swung round, recoiled, then shot off from the point into the current again, when I found myself drifting away to near mid-river. The concussion was violent, and brought me headlong into the lower branches of the root, and partly into the water, scratching my right arm rather severely; but I clambered up again into my original position in the fork of the tree.

Night now began to approach, and I became rather melancholy. The stream was smooth, save where the huge boils bursted up with a rushing sound, and occasionally

whirling my log around as if it were a reed. I cast my eyes constantly down the river, and thought the point would never appear. The shades of night began gradually to creep over the landscape, and I finally concluded that I would have to spend the night on the log. While watching the gradual disappearance of the sunlight, I heard the rushing sound of an approaching snag, and on looking down the stream I could just descry it in the pale twilight close aboard, when suddenly my log struck it, and for a moment it resisted our further progress, and I really began to fear it would hold the tree in its stubborn grip, and refuse to let us pass; but it began gradually to sink beneath the weight of the huge cotton-wood, when the tree glided off, and the snag reared itself twenty feet in the air, swaying from one side to the other, like a savage monster recovering from a deadly struggle.

At last the long-wished-for point began to appear, and the left-hand bend to open wider and wider. Presently I discerned smoke in the distance: my courage revived. I slowly began to near the point on the right, but the current, instead of being driven over from the point into the left-hand bend, as I thought it would, was drawn into the "chute" of the island behind the point, and soon I was closed in the narrow channel of Island No. 78. On all sides I heard the rushing noise of endless snags, and the falling of the crumbling banks, being washed away by the rising waters, and I was fearful some huge tree would fall from its hold and crush me to the bottom. It was now dark. Oh! I shall never forget that passage through the island-chute on my lonely log on that gloomy night. Bounding from root to snag, from snag to bank, grinding, crushing between masses of floating timber and falling trees, I grasped the roots on both sides of me with my hands, to keep me from being cast into the furious flood at

every blow the log would make against the banks or snags. All was dark, and the stars appeared to wink with pity upon me. In about half an hour I emerged from this terrific pass and drifted to the open river.

By passing through the chute of the island I missed the left-hand bend altogether, and did not see the cabin of Johnny Gheeho, as I had expected. I now heard the noise of a steamer ascending the river far below me, but of course she would steer wide of the running drift-wood, so I neither expected any aid from her, nor danger of being run down. Presently I saw her lights, as she came round the point below, and as the pilot kept well away from the shore-bars towards mid-river, I concluded to hail her as she passed. She approached nearer and nearer. At one time I thought she was about running over me, and I heard her stop her engines as she struck a heavy drift-log, but she was too far away for me to hail. I sincerely hoped, when she neared me, she would run on another log, that her machinery might be stopped, so the people on board could hear me when I raised my voice. But no such good-luck; for she came up and passed swiftly on, about half a mile to my right. However, I shouted lustily when she had arrived abreast of me. No answer came; on she kept her way, leaving me drifting down the dark tides of the furious river. As I sat listening to the reverberation of her escaping steam, as it echoed through the everlasting cotton-wood forests on either side, I heard the engines again cease their motion. Had the crew heard me? I shouted again. No. She merely struck another floating log, and on she kept her steaming way, and "left the world to darkness and to me." Presently her swells came grinding the floating drift, and splashing over my log, riding me up and down, but I did not find any poetry in the motion, and did not feel much like singing, "I can ride and sleep."

I now saw the light of a wood-yard far down the river, and watched it with some anxiety, for I certainly expected to be extricated from my unenviable predicament, if I could only make the people on the shore there hear me, for the woodmen usually keep a skiff, or a "dugout," at their landings. While watching the flickering light, I heard the sound of voices on shore, in the right-hand bend. I hailed, "Holloa, ashore there!" "Holloa yourself, dare," responded the voice of a negro. I told the negro the fix I was in, and asked him to go and tell his overseer, or master, to send a skiff out and take me off the log. "No skiff, no noffing on dis plantation; too 'fraid de niggers will run off wid dem." I inquired where the next house was below. "Down on de pint; but dey got no skiff dere neider." This was too bad. I heard two voices then disputing about a Mr. Martin having a skiff; one said he had, the other said he hadn't. I then shouted out, "Has not Mr. Martin, there, got a skiff?" "No," "Yes," came at the same time. "Where is Mr. Martin's?" "Down in de bend, cross de ribber, where you see de fire-light."

My hopes now centred on the light in the bend, "cross de ribber," and I was gratified by seeing it burn brighter and brighter. The cause of this was soon explained by the approach of another steamer, as they were kindling it up as a signal of wood for sale. As the steamer came up she commenced ringing her bell, notifying the people at the wood-yard that she wanted wood, and when I was about a mile above I had the gratification of seeing her land to take on wood, while the current was setting me over on that side of the river towards her.

As soon as I was sufficiently near I hailed, but had to call several times, as the noise of throwing the wood on board prevented the crew from hearing me. At last my hail was returned, as I floated within two hundred yards

of the boat. I described the fix I was in, when the captain sent his yawl and took me on board. It proved to be the steamer Kentuckian, bound for Louisville. I had drifted near eighteen miles from the point whence I started, and was imprisoned on the drifting log about five hours.

After having taken on her supply of wood, the steamer continued her voyage up the river, and I was safely landed at my craft about three o'clock A. M., which I found moored in the eddy where I left it.

Of all the voyages I have made in my lifetime, I shall never forget that on the drift-log down the Mississippi.

X.

THE GHOST OF A CITY.

"No one goes to Hanover if he can help it, nor stays there if he can get away," growled rather than spoke my neighbor who sat opposite to me, in answer to a question about the attractions of that royal city. "Is there nothing to be seen?" asked I. "Absolutely nothing," was the reply. My neighbor opposite was a square, beetle-browed, heavily bearded German, who had been enveloped the whole journey in a thick cloud of smoke ceaselessly issuing from an inexhaustible pipe. His words, coming through a thick moustache, were muttered rather than spoken, and had that depth of sound which seemed to threaten a storm in the distance. There was a downright air about him which puts a seal upon the general talk at once. I was not a little surprised, then, nor altogether without alarm, when the timid-looking little Frenchman by my side, piped in with a "*Pardon, Monsieur, il y a les écuries royales*"—"the most charming white and black horses in the world to be seen in Hanover."

The heavy German swelled up and puffed from the very depths of his ponderous chest, flashing the fire of his pipe, and rolling out a *nimbus* of tobacco smoke, which evidently threatened a terrible outpouring from which there was but little hope of escape for the polite Frenchman. Fortunately, at this moment, a dragging of the train, sending a thrill through the legs, a stoppage, a quick bustle, and an

apparition at the door of the railroad car, made up of beard, gilt, and a long sword, from which issued, in the purest German guttural, "Hanover," gave the little Frenchman a chance of escape, of which he was not slow in availing himself.

I was in Hanover then, and not at all displeased at the idea that I was in a city where there was nothing to be seen. There is not a traveller all the world over who will not confess himself bored to death with the inevitable sight-seeing, going, going, always going, to which he submits with a sense of fate as irresistible as that of the Wandering Jew. No one enjoys it, but he takes it as he does physic, believing that it will do him good somehow or other.

A German supper begins with soup (served, by-the-bye, in tea-cups, like dilute bohea at home), goes through an endless succession of dishes, and ends with an indigestion. I sat down to one at the Royal Hotel, at Hanover, and found I had undertaken quite enough for the first evening, preceded as it was by a surfeit of the honors I received on the very unusual occasion of the arrival of a guest. I had no sooner reached the hotel when Mynheer, the landlord, rushed out all bows and smiles; Mynheer, the landlord's partner, ditto; the head waiter, waving his napkin in honor, and ditto; the under-waiters, ditto, ditto. The *portier*, as grand as Murat himself, made a salaam which he must have practised at the court of an oriental potentate, and opened the door of my coach, as if he expected the Grand Turk himself to step out. Mynheer, the landlord, embraced one of my arms with the warmth of fraternal affection; Mynheer, the landlord's partner, attached himself tenderly to the other; and I fully believe to this day (Mem.—My English leather cigar-box, crammed with the best Havanas, was missed from that date, and

never recovered) that the head waiter and his subs were delicately handling and lifting the tails of my old travelling coat, as if they had been the gorgeous train of a princess.

I was thus inducted into the honors of being a guest of the Royal Hotel at Hanover, and fairly overcome by the sudden accession to my importance and dignity. I should not have been much surprised if they had brought me a crown and enthroned me at once King of Hanover, but true to my plebeian instincts, I only called for a glass of brandy and water. No one answered. "Slaves! subjects! villains! where are ye?" I looked around, there was nothing to be seen but the gloomy waste of the dining-room, with its cold painted floor, its long, unspread table, holding some truculent looking knives, and a dreary half-dozen blue German drinking-glasses glistening in the dim light of a solitary candle, while the white ghost of an immense earthenware stove stared at me from one corner. I made my way to the window, and a glance in the street revealed to me the true condition of things at once. There was Mynheer, and Mynheer's partner, the head waiter and subs, and the grand *portier*, traitors all! doing the honors already to my successor, another traveller, for whom there was the same scraping and bowing, the same genuflexions and waving of napkins, and the same welcoming and honoring as had been my glory a few minutes ago.

I resolved at once to fall back into my proper position as a modest traveller, and as I was ready and willing to pay, to get the worth of my money and no more. By dint of a little positive Anglo-Saxon, emphatically uttered, the sound of which seemed to make a very forcible impression upon all, from the landlord and head waiter down, although they did not understand much of it, I succeeded in getting quite a substantial supper, which was a very

satisfactory compensation for the empty honors of the temporary sovereignty.

I had been some time discussing my supper, but had hardly got into the heart of it, for an hour more or less is nothing in the course of a German repast, when my friend Jenkins, of New York, walked in. He was in his usual travelling costume, as fine as a fiddle, with silken vest, a dress-coat of the last fashion, immaculate white kid gloves, and a pair of French varnished boots. He always dressed in his best when he travelled, he said, "that the foreign *canaille* might know who's who." We had been travelling companions together, but had on starting for Hanover parted on the question of riding in the first or second-class cars. As he approached with his usual lordly air, I said, "How is His Grace the Duke of York to-night?"

"What in the devil do you mean?" he exclaimed, biting his lip defiantly.

"Why," replied I, "they say in Germany that only princes or fools ride in the first-class rail-cars, and you certainly don't care to be classed among the latter."

"Damn the difference, put me down a fool at once," replied my republican friend, sitting down to my champagne with me, and drowning in a full glass all recollection of past folly. Jenkins was a wiser man from that moment, and will never ride in a first-class German car, which costs double, and is no better than a second, or I am mistaken.

The length of a German supper, and the shortness of a German bed, are not very favorable to a comfortable night's repose. I was not a little startled at the first glance of my bed, which arose like a mountain before my astonished eyes. How the deuce do they sleep here in Germany? thought I. Is it up and down hill? I began to survey and examine the topography, the length and breadth, the acclivities and declivities, when I fortunately discovered that the

mountain of my bed was only a bloated coverlet of eider-down, and might be levelled with very little management to the smallest possible mole-hill. As for the brevity of the bed, a little extra flexibility in the neck and the lower limbs might accommodate my six feet to that.

I got on gloriously enough at first, and fell asleep at once. Full with the honors I had been met with on my arrival, the German supper, the champagne, and the dignified demeanor of His Grace of New York, my friend Jenkins, I soon found myself as high as the highest dreams could elevate one. I was a royal George, reviewing my troops—a whole army of tall Hanoverians—who were welcoming me with loud acclaim, and huzzaing wild with joy, while I rode along the lines. But of a sudden my horse took fright, bounded high upon his hind legs, and fell over upon me with all his weight (he was a large heavy horse, of the Flemish breed), and there I lay, smothering and unable to utter a cry. My tall Hanoverians, the traitors, would not stir a foot to my aid; while I could already hear the loud cries of *Vive le Roi* welcoming my successor. It seemed an eternity of agony, when I awoke, and staring aghast upon the mass into which the moon's light shining through my window seemed to magnify my bed-covering, I was paralyzed for a moment, and was only relieved by a sudden paroxysm, in the course of which I kicked off the eider-down into the middle of the room. I determined for the rest of the night to take the chances of rheumatism in preference to those of nightmare, and slept tolerably well until morning, with the exception of some strange Procrustes-like sensations of stretching and shortening of my body, which I attribute to the bed, which upon my honor I do not believe was much larger than a good-sized bread-basket.

I lay half dozing far into the morning, when a modest

rap with a timid knuckle summoned me to the door, where my black beard and moustache, the full growth of a continental tour, suddenly popped into the pale face of a tall, lank ghost of a man, startled him almost out of his loose suit of dingy black, and seemed to scare the last breath out of his body; for all he could do, without saying a word, was to brandish timidly his razor and shaving-brush, implying that he solicited the honor of doing my morning's shaving. He was a miserable peripatetic barber, the last trade I should think that would pay in a land where I had not seen the face of a living man since I had been in it. Every man in Germany is as hairy as the Grand Turk, and I fully believe that the barber was the last of his race, or the walking ghost of some departed Figaro. The sight of me dispelled the apparition at once.

"How did you sleep?" said I to my friend Jenkins, as I stopped at his door, on my way down, in search of my morning's coffee. "Horribly! these infernal German beds are worse than the Spanish Inquisition. I dreamt I was beheaded, and on waking, found my neck astride of the head-board." I was about reminding him that beheading was no unusual fate for a prince, but I forbore; seeing that there was a very perceptible twist to his head, which by no means improved his appearance, and showed that he had already had his share of martyrdom.

A slattern German wench, resting upon her broom at the further end of a long bare corridor, with its range of white doors opening into blank unoccupied rooms; the wide polished staircase echoing every step, and reflecting my figure in a long, lank, black shadow; the dignified *portier*, in the lonely grandeur of his gilt livery, smoking his pipe, and contemplating the long range of rusty keys which hung up in his kennel at the gate of the hotel; and a solitary waiter at the door of the vacant café, draw-

ing an ugly knife through and through the folds of a damp napkin, gave me, as I descended to my breakfast, a chill, and a sense of dismal lonesomeness in the empty Royal Hotel of Hanover, to which its royalty did not at all reconcile me. I got warmed, however, and sufficiently encouraged by my breakfast, which was good and substantial, as all eating and drinking are in Germany, to stroll out for a walk.

The hotel stood on one side of a bare gravelly square. Opposite there was the Royal Hanoverian Railroad station, with a range of German droskies, the horses sleeping with their heads in collapsed bags, probably dreaming of provender, and their lank bodies hanging in their harness and barely kept upon their legs, while the coachmen nodded on their boxes. To the right and left were other *Grand* Hotels—hotels with royal titles and great pretensions, but as blank apparently as empty space. Pepper-box turrets, Gothic porticoes, fantastic chimneys, tall stuccoed fronts, and mimic castellated walls, gave a certain sham grandeur to the place, which was absurd as it was melancholy. Nothing could be more silent and desert-like : a solitary man turning the corner, startled me like a ghost.

Of course, all the world knows that Hanover is a *Residenz*, and what that magnificent German word means ; at any rate, Mynheer, the landlord of the Royal Hotel, threw up his hands in surprise when I expressed my ignorance, and I am therefore bound to suppose that my want of knowledge was very astounding, and quite unexampled. Hanover, in a word, is honored as the Court residence, and therefore denominated the *Residenz-town*. The poor blind king lives there, and as he is led through the dismal streets of his sham capital, with a courtier at each ear, and a royal groom at his horse's head, it is not hard to persuade him

—for he is an easy, amiable man—that Hanover is another Rome, and he lord of the universe. There is a palace, a court, a king, a queen, a royal family, a confederation, grand dukes, grand chamberlains, lords and ladies in waiting, generals and their staff, all kinds of departments, and commissariats, with their highnesses the controllers-general, and their lownesses the secretaries, and orders and knights, without end in Hanover. So it is said; but I no more believe in Hanover than I do in Sancho Panza's Government of Baratraia. It is true that the king, his wife and children, and a suite of fifty grand-dukes, princes, chamberlains, grooms, flunkies, etc., started off, the day before I arrived, on a visit to King Ernest's cousin, Victoria, in England. All Hanover had gone to London then, thought I, and I could not but think it a good move.

Hanover is divided into the old and new town. The new town looked like an English watering-place out of season. There were long stretches of wide streets, the *Georgen*, the *Friedrich*, and *Adolph Strassen*, flanked with tall stucco houses, ghostly residences, cold, white, and staring, with the light glistening dully upon the windows, and losing itself in the darkness of the interior. There were balconies and bow-windows, with not a living soul to be seen in them; wide portals, and grand entrances, and lofty halls, and not a guest or a visitor going in or coming out. Here and there might be seen, perhaps, a timid serving-woman, peeping from behind a half-closed curtain; or a liveried footman, standing stiff and stark, in silent consciousness of his dignity, below the gilded lamp which swung over the entrance of some lofty mansion.

There was the enormous theatre, standing solemn and alone in the midst of a large waste of gravel, with strait walks lined with cropped linden trees, and a solitary

Hanoverian soldier pacing his dull round at the foot of the lofty steps which ascended in monotonous succession in innumerable pale, cold slabs of gray stone to the dark portico of the great theatre. As I approached to take a closer view of a plaster statue of Thespis which surmounted the entrance, and seemed on guard there stiff and straight, like his fellow-sentinel below, I could see through an open window some spangled robes and tinsel theatrical gewgaws, dingy tin crowns, and gilt coronets, and limpid dusty feathers, hanging loosely and out of use upon the wall.

I strolled out into the suburbs, through the Public Walk; I paused at the foot of the tall, lank, Waterloo column, which lifts a statue of Glory some hundreds of feet in the air, very far out of the reach, I should say, of those brave Hanoverians whose names are recorded on the pedestal below. I counted two ancient nurses and three children in the Public Walk, the only hopeful prospect I could make out for the future of Hanover, and the sole security against the utter depopulation of the *Residenz* in the next generation.

I crossed over the stone bridge under which the dirty little stream of Leine slowly trickles, and found myself in the country—a wide stretch of level plain, with straight strips of cultivated turnip-fields and potato-patches, extending in long narrow lines, without fences or hedges, giving the landscape the look of a striped bedtick. The Hartz Mountains, blue and dismal in the distance, hemmed in the plain on one side, while interminable turnips and potatoes extended to the horizon on every other. Some long cranes were stalking about the moist, low ground, undisturbed by the German peasant women, who, crouched upon the earth, were grubbing at the roots of the potatoes and turnips.

The old part of Hanover is, like all the old European towns, composed of tall gable-ended houses, nodding in neighborly proximity to each other across the narrow winding streets. You have hardly entered one street when you suddenly turn the corner into another. The town has a Stadthaus of confused, unintelligible Gothic, a great *Dom* church of brick, like a huge sepulchre, with solemn crows cawing about the steeple above, and with damp cavernous burial-vaults beneath, in which I was told George the First and his mother, the Electress Sophia, were buried, which did not, somehow or other, seem to have purified the atmosphere of the place, for a cold breath of moist, putrid air drove me away at once.

There was hardly more stir, and though more people, but little more vitality in the old than in the new town. There were some scattered shops, in which the chief articles of commerce seemed to be painted earthen-ware pipes and cheap lithographs of the poor blind king and his family. There were some long, narrow-bodied, big-wheeled carts, out of which some gaunt horses, that had been turned round in the shafts, were munching a scant supply of hay. I could see here and there an old woman, through the diminutive diamond-shaped window-panes, knitting as they had probably done all their lives, and will continue to do until the end of their allotted threescore and ten. The men were smoking pipes in their shops, and surly dogs were lying across their thresholds. Some wild faces crowding at the windows of a rude stone building, and jeering at me with their tongues through the bars, as I turned a corner of the principal street, was certainly a sign of life, but not the most cheering in the world. It was either a bedlam or a prison-house, and I quickened my steps.

The solitariness of the place clung to me everywhere, like a dark shadow. In the hotel, in the new town, in the

old, in the public walks, in the suburbs, in the open country, I found nothing to warm the heart with a glow, or soften it with a tear of sympathy. It was all stiff, cold, reserved, inanimate—a dismal waste of a city. Here Leibnitz (whose house is pointed out in the *Schmeide Gasse*, and in the windows of which I saw a very miscellaneous assortment of German pipes), whose whole soul was absorbed in the profoundest meditation, could indulge in the silent abstractions of the inner world, without the remotest danger of any distraction from the outer. Here Herschel began his star-gazing, and kept his eyes fixed heavenwards, without any risk of terrestrial attraction. Here Zimmerman died in the full realization of his theory of solitude. Hanover must be *par excellence* the seat of the subjective philosophy with which the German philosophers are so fond of befogging themselves and mystifying the world. The metaphysician, the star-gazer, and moonstruck philosopher, may cogitate, gaze, and abstract themselves in Hanover to their hearts' content.

I went in search of the royal stables, to get a look at the charming black and white horses the little Frenchman in the railroad car had ventured a word in favor of. After turning and turning about the little crooked and huddled-up old town, and bringing up a score of times under the frowning eaves of the melancholy old church, until I began to think I was to be immured in solitary confinement for life in gloomy old Hanover, I at last saw a chance of escape. I caught a glance of a long range of low, substantial stone buildings, closing a dark narrow street. The English coat-of-arms was spread out in expansive dignity over a finely-arched stone entrance, and a Latin inscription below recorded that George the Fourth was King of Hanover, *and* of (the very subordinate principalities, of course) Great Britain and *France*. There

was a range of horses' heads scenting the air through the narrow windows, and I listened to a friendly neigh stirring the stillness around with the most cheering home-like sound I had heard since I had been in Hanover. A well-fed coachman in the royal scarlet livery, with his stout calves filling out a pair of capacious white-topped boots, was standing with his legs stretched out like a colossus to give a firmer support to his enormous body in front of the entrance, trolling the lash of his long whip on the well-swept gravel. Several English-looking grooms were about; some carrying heaped-up measures of oats, others staggering with the load of full pails of water, while the rest were variously occupied—brightening stirrups, oiling harness, or otherwise engaged in stable duty.

I entered the long avenue of the stables on either side of which were ranged, in wide, roomy stalls, an immense number of the finest horses I ever saw. There were great, tall, coal-black and pure white chargers, of wonderful vigor and strength, and yet sleek and delicately limbed. Horses of the fire and mettle that great captains should ride in leading on a charge to victory or to death, stood quietly munching their oats, lifting their heads to the hay in the rack above, or turning their winking eyes and glistening necks around at me as I passed behind them.

"Do you speak English?" I said, addressing a diminutive fellow who looked like a stunted Yorkshire groom. He was of the smallest possible weight for a man grown, and yet he must have been at least forty years old. His head was small, and round as a cannon-ball; his stocky, grizzly hair grew close down to his eyebrows, and was cropped close, and trimmed in a straight line across his brows. His face was all furrows and wrinkles, the rays of which seemed to concentrate in a focus about his left

eye, which gave it the most cunning, leering, horse-jockey look imaginable. He was dressed in the usual style of an English groom, all waistcoat and gaiters; his long, green, striped waistcoat overlapping his thighs and nearly reaching the tops of his buff gaiters.

"Do you speak English?" asked I.

"Yeez, zur," was the reply, given with a wonderful look of knowingness from that cunning left eye of his.

"There are three hundred horses in the stable?"

"Yeez, zur."

"They are all black and white?"

"Yeez, zur."

I had been told that there were two horses in the stables which had belonged to the late king, and which had been put on the pension list since his death, and generously endowed for life with oats and hay *à la discretion*, and exempted from work of all kinds to the end of their days. I was curious to see these lords of the horse-creation.

"Show me the late king's horses," I asked.

"Yeez, zur."

We walked along, I admiring horse after horse, as the groom in his knowing way slapped them on the flank without saying a word; and to the questions I asked I could only get from my guide, with all the wisdom of his look, the everlasting "Yeez, zur," which, although very good Yorkshire as far as it went, was, I suspected, the extent of my guide's knowledge of the English—defiled or undefiled; so I thought I would test him. I proposed, therefore, in the most innocent manner I could, the following question as an *argumentum ad hominem*.

"Are you a confounded humbug?" He looked at me calm and imperturbable with that cunning left eye, and answered deliberately:

"Yeez, zur."

As English was lost upon him, all I could do, as I did not know a word of German, was to dismiss him with a few *groschen* and a lordly wave of the hand. So I had been asking and answering my own questions; the *Yeez, zur*, of my guide being the blind with which the cunning old jockey, a veritable Yahoo, had been hookwinking me with the idea that he understood English.

I cast my eyes, as I was leaving the stable, upon two fat, luxurious animals, a black charger and a white one, which I put down at once as the royal pensioners. They had fine scarlet horse-cloths on, embroidered with a royal crown, and had their noses deep down into overflowing mangers of rich, golden-yellow oats. They were as fat and plump as high feeding, without work, could make them. Their coats glistened like silk, and their long manes and flowing tails curled in aristocratic pride. I ventured to place my hand upon the flank of one of them, when a groom very significantly warned me off, as if I were guilty of sacrilege. They were as noble specimens of royalty as ever I beheld, and there is not a king of the whole race of hereditary rulers to whom I would have sooner sworn allegiance than to those noble chargers. A Roman emperor made his horse a Roman consul. When George the First ascended the throne of England, he appointed his portrait as successor to the kingdom of Hanover, and when the court levees were held every Sunday, the royal picture was duly enthroned upon the State chair, and surrounded by the court; while chamberlains, grand dignitaries, and courtiers, bowed and prostrated themselves before it. When the late king died, his son succeeded him, a poor blind man who cannot find the way to his mouth without the assistance of a courtier, and is led about on state occasions like a dancing-bear, and paraded

as a show before his people. The royal horses are equally entitled to rule the Hanoverians, would better represent majesty, and are much more pleasing to the sight than either the portrait of that drunken, beer-drinking, royal old sot, George the First, or the poor helpless blind young king now on the throne.

When I returned to the hotel I found my friend Jenkins nursing his headache, with a bottle of the landlord's best Rudesheimer, and an earthen *cruche* of seltzer water, and by-the-bye, the bacchanalian rogue had made much greater progress with the former than the latter. Jenkins bantered me, on my attempt at trying to see anything in Hanover. "There's nothing in it," said he, "now the Court is out of town. It isn't genteel to be gadding and staring about the streets, like a stray servant looking for a place."

Though his comparison was not very flattering, and his idea of gentility decidedly snobbish, I could not but allow that, as far as Hanover was concerned, there was not much in it. "But," says I, "there is something to be seen. Hear what Murray says: 'On the outside of the town, at the distance of less than a mile, is the Royal Palace of *Herrnhausen*, at the extremity of a fine avenue of trees—'"

"The devil take Herrnhausen, the royal palace, and the whole avenue of trees," interrupted my friend. "What does Murray say about getting out of this confounded place?"

"Railway.—To Bremen in four hours, every morning and afternoon," I read out of the Guide-Book.

"That's the ticket,—the pleasantest part of Hanover is the road out of it. Hurrah for Bremen!" exclaimed Jenkins, who was evidently feeling the effects of his Rudesheimer.

I persisted, however, in having a look at the Royal

Palace of Herrnhausen. A burly Englishman, who had overheard me, asked if I would join a party, of which he was to be one, in a ride to the garden of Herrnhausen. I consented at once.

Leaving Jenkins pondering over his empty bottle of Rudesheimer, and reflecting upon the propriety of a second, we gathered our party, and were off in the landlord's dashing calèche, with its pair of high-bred horses and coachman, as grand as the Lord Mayor of London's. One of the party was the little Frenchman who had fled so precipitately from the car, on our arrival at Hanover, to escape the heavy German's expected wrath. He was introduced to me as Baron Trinquette, of the French legation, *decoré* with some order or other—possibly the *cordon bleu*. He twisted his long moustaches vigorously, until they reached the corners of his eyes, and brought tears into them, when he alluded to that *sacré bête*, the terrible German. But he allowed that Hanover was, after all, *von dam triste ceetee*, to use his own English, of the perfection of which he seemed very proud.

After a ride through the dull town, and a mile out of it, we came (as Murray, that universal traveller's oracle, said we should) to an avenue of trees, with the royal palace of Herrnhausen at the end of it. And a solemn-looking avenue it proved to be, with its gaunt poplars, leading to blank terraces rising one above the other, bordered with stunted linden-trees, and ending in front of the deserted palace, fast falling into decay. There were dismal black statues ranged about, which sounded hollow to our knuckles, and which, as we tested them with our penknives, proved to be of plaster. As for "the fountains and splendid *jets-d'eau*," about which Murray grows eloquent, we saw nothing of them; but there was a stagnant river, covered with green ooze, which was far too thick

and languid to flow. If there were fountains and *jets-d'eau*, I am sure there could not be found in all Hanover force enough to set them agoing.

We did not see a living soul, until we came suddenly upon a startled soldier, who was standing sentinel before the mausoleum of the late king, Ernest. The poor fellow had a sad time of it, pacing up and down, with a tomb on one side of him and a dark grove of melancholy pines on the other, at a penny a day for wages, and no time to spend it.

After a long delay and a good deal of difficulty, we hunted up the *Hofmeister*, an important dignitary, I believe, of the Hanoverian government. He was so imposing, and courtly, and grand in his manner that we hesitated in offering the florin we had resolved on giving him for the privilege of entering the mausoleum, but he took it.

It was worth a visit to Hanover to see the monument to the memory of the late queen. It is certainly Rauch's masterpiece. The expression of the sleeping figure is the most beautiful I have ever beheld in marble. It is the perfection of Christian beauty—calm, hopeful, and pious. The artist has disdained all attempt at startling effect, and has, in his simple conception of a female figure in repose, awakened a sense of reverential loveliness which lifts the heart to heaven like a prayer. The interior of the mausoleum is of the purest Italian marble, and as we entered we thrust our boots into white felt slippers, to save the polished floor, about which we glided smoothly, and without the noise of a footfall.

Beneath the monument, a heavily-barred bronze door led into a vault beneath, in which the carcase of that old reprobate, King Ernest, the English Duke of Cumberland, rots. No one is allowed to enter there, according to the

Hofmeister, but the poor blind man, the present king, and no one, we should think, but the son has tears to shed for such a memory.

Jenkins was in great glee on my return, all ready for a start; and, so hurrying off, we were soon roused into cheerfulness by the quick movement, as we left at railroad speed gloomy old Hanover.

XI.

HAYTI AND THE HAITIANS.

My first view of Hayti was from off the "Mole St. Nicholas," the north-west point of the island. We were perhaps twenty miles east of the point, to be doubled in order to enter the bay of Port-au-Prince. A bold, mountainous shore presented itself as far as the eye could reach, and far in the interior we could see the cloud-capt summit of "Monte-au-Diable" towering more than five thousand feet above us. Being awakened suddenly from sound sleep, it was as if the island had sprung in an instant, by magic, from the depths of the wide waste of waters by which we had been for many days surrounded.

The scenes of that early morning hour are engraved indelibly upon my memory, and are among the most pleasing reminiscences of my life. Daylight had but just dawned, and the bold shore towered before me, draped in the gray morning mist, and covered with a wealth of verdure such as I had never seen before. There is a luxuriance, we can almost say a prodigality, in the robes with which nature here decks herself, that amazes and bewilders one who, for the first time, opens his eyes upon a tropical scene. The air was more delightful than I had ever imagined that of the most genial climes to be. I stood hatless, near the stern of the ship, gazing spellbound upon the scene before me; and as we were borne along by a gentle breeze, the mild soft winds played with

my, as yet, uncombed locks, and fanned me with a gentle dalliance, even the memory of which is delicious.

Doubling the "Mole," we sailed in a south-easterly direction down the bay, about a hundred miles, to the city of Port-au-Prince. A range of bold highlands skirts the shore, now with bald and jagged summits, burning and glowing under a tropical sun, and now retreating further into the interior, and covered with the most rank and luxuriant vegetation.

In going down the bay we pass a beautiful little island, about twenty miles in length, called Gonare. Nature has lavished upon it her bounties with the same rich profusion that characterizes all her works here. Mahogany, logwood, tropical fruits, and other productions abound, and it seems a fit residence for fairies; yet no human being is allowed to dwell upon it. Passing this island we were in full view of both shores of the bay, which present the same magnificent appearance. Near the city of Port-au-Prince the bay is dotted with several little islands, which, however, add more to its beauty as a scene for a painter, than to its convenience or safety for purposes of navigation. The mountain ranges terminate nearly with the bay, and a level country opens up beyond the city, which lies at its head.

Thus much for Haitian scenery; now for an introduction to the people. As we near the city a boat approaches, rowed by two blacks, hatless, and with a scanty allowance of clothing, bringing a more respectably attired personage not less black. It is the pilot. As soon as a pilot touches the deck of a vessel, he is in full command; the responsibility of the captain is at an end, and he is only as a passenger. It was very amusing to watch the queer and comical expressions upon the faces of our sailors when their new superior came on board, took his station, and

gave his orders, "Port," "Steady," "Starboard," etc. It was evidently not easy for them to yield him all the respect due to his station; but certain significant looks from the captain kept all in order, and we were taken safely to the harbor. Soon another boat came alongside, and we were boarded by three other officials. These were the captain of the port, rather a short stout man (a thorough black), in military dress, composed of a flat, crescent-shaped cap, epaulet, blue broadcloth coat, with figured gilt buttons, etc. Next came the captain of the pilots, a tall well-formed man, in official dress. He had spent some time in the United States, and now acts as interpreter, the French being the language of the country. And last, the clerk of the port, a young man, several shades lighter, in citizen's dress, of the latest Parisian style. Broadway does not often furnish a more perfect "exquisite." These received the ship's papers, went through the forms of entry to the custom-house, and placed a black soldier on board as a guard against smuggling. The captain and myself (the only passenger) were then conducted ashore to "La Place," the office of the governor of the city, where, after registering our names, and going through a brief form, we were dismissed, and at liberty to go on shore when and where we pleased.

The first few hours spent upon any foreign shore will not easily be forgotten. When, after an hour or two, I was again on board of the vessel for the night, my mind seemed to have been moved and excited by more new and strange emotions than in whole years before. Everything, animate and inanimate, was new and strange—the people and their habits, the animals and their equipage, the style of the buildings, the trees, plants, vegetation, fruits, and various productions of the earth. All were new, and, consequently, sources of mental excitement and pleasure.

I had travelled many, many months and miles in our own southern climes, in the precarious search for health, until wearied with my wanderings by land, I had gone on board this vessel simply for the benefit of a voyage at sea; not knowing or caring for what particular island or port we were bound. I was glad that night that the monotony of my life had thus been broken, and that I had fetched up just where I had; a place so rarely visited* by travellers, and affording, though so near home, so fresh a field for observation and study.

I have described our entrance to Port-au-Prince. This city contains from twenty to twenty-five thousand inhabitants. These, with the exception of a few foreigners, are natives of the island, and are always distinguished as "blacks"—those of unmixed blood—and "colored"—those of every tinge, from "snowy white to sooty." To one accustomed to the state of things in our own country, and especially to one who has spent a good deal of time in the Southern States, it seemed singular, to say the least, to see only black senators, judges, generals, and all the various grades of civil and military officers necessary to conduct the affairs of government, and these all presided over by a black emperor. This remarkable personage is the great object of curiosity, for which sailors, captains, and all others inquire; and however much there may be to interest the stranger passing before his eyes, all are on the *qui vive* until he is seen. I have gathered the following facts in regard to his previous history.

The present Emperor of Hayti, Faustin Soulouque, or, as he is officially known, "His Majesty, Faustin the

* More than fifty vessels from the United States arrived at Port-au-Prince during my stay upon the island, in which there were but two passengers—one, a young lawyer sent by an insurance company to look after a vessel that had been wrecked, and the other an agent for a commercial house.

First," had, previously to his election as President, been unknown to fame, save as a military chieftain. His first connection with the army was in the capacity of a servant to a distinguished general. He has ever been regarded by those who have known him as a man of moderate abilities and acquirements, but of undoubted bravery.

My first view of him was as he was riding through the city of Port-au-Prince, as his custom is on every Sunday morning. His color is the dingiest coal black; he has not the thick lips and other characteristic features that usually accompany this color. He rode a fine gray horse, imported from the United States, and was accompanied by a hundred or more of his life-guards on horseback, preceded by cavalry music, and passed through the principal streets of the city, uncovering his head, and dispensing his bows and his smiles to the crowds as he rode rapidly past them. He was dressed, as he has always been when I have seen him, far more richly than I have ever seen any of our military officers dressed. He wore the common crescent-shaped military cap, with rich plumes and heavy golden trimmings. His coat was blue broadcloth with standing collar; and the entire front, the collar, the seams of the sleeves and the back, the edges of the skirts, etc., were overlaid with heavy golden trimmings. Besides this, various figures were wrought in gold upon the back and other parts of the coat, so that a large part of the cloth was covered. But a part of his vest could be seen, as his coat was buttoned with one button near his neck; but all that did appear showed nothing but gold. His trowsers were white, trimmed on each side of the seams with gold lace. He was not, however, in full dress, as he had on common boots, instead of a pair most richly trimmed with velvet and gold that he sometimes wears. His age is a little above fifty, his form erect, near six feet

in height, and well proportioned. His horsemanship is of the most accomplished character. This attracts the attention of all foreigners, and their universal remark is, that in this respect he is rarely equalled. He usually rides to the bureau of the port, the custom-house, and through several of the principal streets of the city, attended by a few of his guards, twice during the week. As I had seen him thus riding rapidly through the city, I was perplexed to reconcile his face, which seemed amiable and benignant, with what I knew of his character; but subsequently, as I stood near him, when he dismounted at church, and then sat within a few feet of him during a long service, I have been relieved of this difficulty, for I could see in his face when in repose an index of his stern and merciless heart. Those familiar with the circumstances of his election as President of the Republic (the present Emperor of France, be it remembered, has most closely followed the black Emperor in the method he has taken to reach his present position) will remember that the honor came upon him most unexpectedly. Parties were so nearly balanced that neither of them was able to succeed, and after several unavailing ballots, he was taken up as an available military candidate, and moreover as one that the leaders thought could easily be managed. But they soon found out their mistake. The very men who had procured his election were the first to suffer. In a very short time he dismissed them from the ministry and chose a cabinet to his own liking, and from that day onward he has sacrificed whoever has dared to oppose him, or been suspected of plotting his overthrow, with apparently as little feeling as he would have taken the life of a centipede. It is a very difficult matter to judge of the future in regard to the Haitian Government and people; but to all appearances he bids fair to be their

ruler for many years to come. At least, if he be not, it will not be because he would hesitate to sacrifice hecatombs of opposing subjects to secure this end.

It is not easy to give a truthful impression of the real state of things upon this island. A gentleman who for many years occupied the chair of history in one of our distinguished institutions, and whose knowledge of the past history and present state of the world is equalled by very few of any land, remarked to me that he found it more difficult to get satisfactory views of the state of things in Hayti than of any other part of the world. Probably every one who has given any attention to what has been passing here for the last half century, has experienced the same difficulty. I will therefore make this general remark in regard to the island, which will serve to explain the conflicting statements that are made by those who visit it. *In Hayti you have everything from extreme Parisian refinement and civilization down to the lowest African superstition and degradation!* You may therefore believe any statement that would be true of any state of society between these wide extremes.

From all that I had known of them, of their revolutions and their almost constant sanguinary conflicts, I had not supposed that any portion of them were as far advanced in civilization as I found some of them to be. Those who transact the commercial and mercantile business of the city have an air of intelligence quite similar to the same class in our own cities. Their style of dress is so remarkably neat and tasteful that it attracts your attention at once. The climate being warm, their clothing is generally light, and most of it the most pure and beautiful white I have ever seen worn. This is the result of much bleaching in a tropical sun, and of great painstaking and skill in washing. The dress of the common working-people, how-

ever, what little they wear, is of the very opposite extreme. These, however, dress differently on certain occasions, which I shall hereafter describe.

Another characteristic of the people that at once arrests your attention, is their remarkable politeness. A foreigner who has resided among them for some years, told me that this was the great matter in their education; that the better class of Haitian mothers flogged their children oftener for delinquencies in this matter than for anything else. In walking with them in the streets, or whenever they are meeting others, they are constantly disciplining them to make a handsome bow and salutation. To a foreigner the people are especially polite. In passing through the streets and meeting those of the higher class, they lift their hats to you, and with a graceful bow, give you a respectful "*Bon jour*," or "*Bon soir, Monsieur.*" I have seen an entire family who were sitting upon an outer gallery, in the cool of the evening, rise to their feet and bow most gracefully to a foreigner and his wife who were passing. A gentleman from Alabama, who spent some weeks on the island, remarked as he was about leaving, that he should have to be very careful when he reached home, or he should find himself tipping his hat to every negro he met on his plantation. A waggish down-east captain broke out, one day as I met him: "Don't these people make most beautiful bows? I've been practising since I've been here; and I believe I've got so I can lift my hat *up* about as handsome as they do, but somehow it won't come down right." To explain these things I need only remind the reader that there is not a little French blood coursing in the veins of these people, and that their education and habits are derived from that nation. From speaking their language, their intercourse and associations have been mainly with them, and those of them who have

been educated abroad, have almost invariably been educated in France. These facts, and the remarkable powers of imitation inherent in the negro character, will, I think, prepare the reader for the statement (which I should not dare to make without these preliminaries) that I have never seen in any city of the Union ladies of more cultivated and accomplished *manners*, than some I have seen in Port-au-Prince. For reasons that I need not here state, I am excused for being entirely ignorant in regard to balls and dancing-parties ; but a lady, whose opinion and judgment would not be called in question if I might name her, assured me that she had never seen in New York or New England more elegant dancers than in Port-au-Prince.

I had not been long upon the island before I had an opportunity of witnessing one of their religious fête-days, when the custom-house and public offices were closed. There was a general cessation from business, and the entire people gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the holiday. These days are very numerous with the Haitians, as, in addition to the regular Catholic festivals, they have a large number of a national character, commemorating important events in their history. These are great occasions for dress and display with all classes. I have never on a public occasion that called out the great mass of our people, seen them as a whole so neatly dressed. You wonder as you pass among the throng, where can be the miserably-clad objects that you have been accustomed to see in the markets, on the wharves, and about the streets of the city. I was told in explanation of this that these people resort to every possible expedient, even to sadly wronging their poor stomachs, in order to acquire the means to make a handsome appearance on these public days, and that the most wretchedly clad beings I saw upon the street were almost sure to have one handsome dress for these occasions.

The following incident will give an idea of the transformations often effected by these changes of dress for public occasions. The ordinary dress for the mass of the laboring women—washer-women, etc.—is a single garment hanging loosely upon the body like a chemise, with perhaps an old pair of shoes on, slipshod. With these two articles they are very satisfactorily dressed. An American gentleman was sitting in his door upon one of their fête-days, when a lady approached dressed in the highest *ton* of the country—a rich Madras handkerchief about her head, ear-rings and other jewelry, a dress of the purest white, white satin slippers, and other things in corresponding keeping. He rose, and with his salutation, "*Bon jour, Madame*," bade her enter and be seated. She gracefully returned his salutations, entered with a manner and bearing in keeping with her dress, saying, "And so you do not recognize me!" He looked—it was his washer-woman!

The fête-day to which I have alluded as the first that I witnessed, was "All Saints' Day." I went in the morning to the Catholic church, where some two or three thousand were assembled. All here were neatly, and many were richly dressed; and I was not a little surprised at their entirely decorous, respectful, and intelligent appearance. In the afternoon I witnessed one of those immense processions, which have such a peculiar charm to the people of all Catholic countries. Thousands upon thousands, "the whole city," assembled at the church, and from thence, preceded by a company of soldiers, the priests with their crosses, candles, etc., they moved on, without any order, a promiscuous mass, nearly filling the streets through which they passed. In company with an American friend I followed on, and entered their cemetery. This is situated some distance from the city, is inclosed by a high wall, and, being ornamented with rich tropical trees,

and lying under the shadow of the mountain range, on the south of the city, it presented, at that hour, a most beautiful appearance. In passing through this ancient and densely crowded "city of the dead"—while as a Protestant I had no sympathy with these thousands in the religious sentiments that prompted their services, or in their estimate of their value—I could but be moved by many of the touching and truly beautiful scenes that were around me. Here young bereaved mothers, aged smitten parents, sad and solitary widows, sorrowing orphans, and all the variety of stricken hearts, were gathered around the graves that contained the objects of their cherished affections, and having strewed them with flowers, and lighted their wax tapers over them, were devoutly kneeling and offering their orisons in their behalf. Even the graves of numbers that had been shot for political offences, and in consequence were buried without the wall, were not neglected. They had been visited at some less public hour of the day, by stealth perhaps, and the hand and heart of affection had left upon them the burning taper and rich bouquet. I leave others to imagine with what reflections I retired from the scenes of the day!

The Sabbath, in Hayti, is not only the busiest day in the week, but presents more scenes characteristic of the people than any other day. You are awakened at the earliest dawn by booming of cannon on the fort. This is the call for the various military companies to collect at their several stations, and prepare for a general parade and review by the Emperor. Soon the streets are all alive with bustle and confusion. The various companies are dashing by on horseback, or marching to the music of a band. They assemble at first in the large yard in front and around the government house, the residence of Soulouque, where, amid the strains of martial music, various

evolutions and exercises are gone through with, the significance of which I could never understand, as the Emperor never makes his appearance. After an hour or more spent here, they march to a large beautiful plain, lying back of the government house, where they prepare for a review by the Emperor. His Majesty, Faustin the First, with not more than half a million of subjects, has a standing army of not far from twenty thousand, about twice the number of our own. I think I have seen half of this number at a Sunday morning review. They are formed into a hollow square, and after the proper officers have made the circuit of the lines, to see that all is in order, a company of officers is dispatched to inform the Emperor, whose approach is announced and greeted with an almost deafening salute of martial music, the roar and din of which is continued while he, accompanied by his ministers of state, officers, and guards, rides rapidly around the entire line to the point of starting, where he makes a halt, and the entire army passes in review before him. This done, he makes the circuit of the city, as I have already described.

But while all this is passing, the city is by no means forsaken or quiet. Every store and shop is open, and the goods displayed more attractively than on any other day of the week. Sunday is the greatest market-day of all the week, and the streets of the city are full of people coming and going, some with mules loaded with vegetables, wood, grass, coal, etc.; some with bananas, plantains, sugar-cane, etc., on their heads, some with a few chickens, some with one thing and some with another. Thus they crowd on, bartering, disputing, shouting, singing, laughing, all in the boisterous tones peculiar to such a state of civilization, making altogether a scene of confusion such as is rarely to be found. But the great scene and centre of confusion is the market. This is a

large open square in the centre of the city, where perhaps two thousand persons, some of them from great distances in the country, are eager in driving their bargains and disposing of their various articles. This market-place has no building except a few open sheds or booths at the ends or sides of the square, where meat and such articles are sold as need to be protected from the sun. The entire area of the square is filled with people who, without any reference to regularity or order, have laid upon the ground, or a mat, their mule-load, or head-load of oranges, potatoes, beans, corn, plantains, yams, pine-apples, chickens, pigs, fish, charcoal, or whatever animate or inanimate articles they may have for sale. The noise, confusion, and picturesqueness of this scene entirely baffle my powers of description. Strangely enough to an untravelled American, the Catholic church is hard by, upon a slight elevation overlooking one of these large markets, crowded with worshippers. Old women from the country come along to the church, lay their baskets or bundles upon the steps, go in, cross themselves with holy water, kneel, count their beads, and go through with their devotions, and then come out and go on with their trading. Thus multitudes come and go, and those who are able to stay and engage in the services for a longer time, seem not to be at all disturbed by them.

Thus with noise and excitement the day passes on. By two or three o'clock business begins to subside, and sports of various kinds begin. The country people having made their sales, and got through with their "shopping," are leaving for home in groups. The boys of the city fly their kites, spin their tops, and run, and laugh, and shout in their various sports. The young men walk, or ride, or visit, as they may prefer. The more wealthy having finished a late dinner, amuse themselves with dancing or

cards, and all according to their taste seek their pleasure. As the evening approaches, new and still stranger scenes begin. The more common and ignorant portion of the people assemble in large companies in the open air and engage in dancing, which is their great and almost sole amusement. These dances are unlike anything that we are accustomed to call by that name. There are several things characteristic of them all; though there is said to be a great variety of names and kinds of dances. Large numbers of them are regularly organized societies, with their mysterious rites of initiation, and their cabalistic ceremonies, which are said to be truthful representations of the heathen dances of Central Africa, which have been handed down here from generation to generation. Others are entirely informal—the dancing of any promiscuous company that chance may bring together. These dances are uniformly in the open air, though many of them are under cover of a tent or awning belonging to the "*société*." Their music is made by pounding with the palm of the hands upon a drum, which is made by stretching a skin over the head of a small barrel, like a drum-head. To this they have various accompaniments; such as pounding with two sticks upon an old herring or soap-box, the clicking of pieces of iron, singing, clapping of hands, etc. Though to the uninitiated the music thus made seems a monotonous, unintelligible jargon, there is said to be a great variety of tunes which they seem perfectly to understand. I procured from a Haitian musician some of this dancing music. These tunes are like the *real* plantation songs of the South, the productions of excited ignorant minds, having no knowledge of the science of music whatever. This music, executed in the manner already described, has an electrical effect, and immediately collects large groups, who will stand for hours in a charmed circle

surrounding the dancers. Sometimes there will be quite a number engaged in dancing, sometimes half a dozen, and sometimes one or two will enchain the attention of the spectators with their movements. These are the most grotesque imaginable; now a shaking movement somewhat like those of our Shakers—now a peculiar balancing of the body—now dashing off suddenly in a whirling, sailing motion around the entire circle—now with feet fixed upon the ground, moving the body up and down—as the Aztecs uniformly did when told to dance—and continuing this motion more and more vigorously, until it would seem that they must dislocate every bone in the body; and now leaping with great rapidity to a remarkable height in the air, like the bounding of an india-rubber ball. These are among the more common feats. As these dances form the almost sole amusement for the numerous holidays of the Haitians, I have very often witnessed them. They have a very ingenious method of making a foreigner pay for his amusement, after this manner. As soon as he is seen in the crowd, some one of the dancing women begins to move towards him, holding out her hands for a gift; and continues to dance back and forth, before and around him, her hands still extended, until he is "the observed of all observers." After this was understood, I generally had some change ready so as to pay my tribute in the quickest time possible. One night as I was going through the street, I passed an open yard where a company were dancing that seemed more merry and excited than usual, and without any forethought I turned in. I had hardly reached the group before one of the dancing women was before me with open palm. I thrust my hand into my pocket, found I had no change, and the first thing I could get hold of was a two-dollar Haitian bill, which I handed over as soon as possible. It

was the best investment in this line that I ever made. She just glanced to see what it was, and then waiving it in the air, went whirling and sailing around the circle, and among other demonstrations, giving me an opportunity to see some almost incredible feats that I had often heard described, but had never witnessed. Placing a small crockery cup, about the size of a teacup, upon the top of her head, she danced, whirled, and sprung suddenly several feet, and back at the same bound, making apparently the most convulsive jerks possible, the cup meanwhile remaining untouched upon the top of the head. This jumping and jerking was gone through with several times, and far surpassed any feat of jugglery that I had ever witnessed. A colored woman, a member of the Baptist Mission Church in Port-au-Prince, told me she had often seen her mother go through the same feats with a wineglass upon her head. So universal is this custom of dancing among the Haitians upon their fête-days and Sunday, that I have often thought, that including the various grades from the regular balls in the city down to the lowest field-dances, two-thirds, or even a greater proportion, of the people of Hayti must be engaged in dancing. The influence of this habit is all-pervading. Children catch the spirit, and will sway their bodies to and fro, keeping time to the music, when they can scarcely go alone ; and as soon as they have strength to spring clear from the ground without the hazard of a fall, they are ready on any occasion to exhibit their dexterity to a stranger. The music of a drum andfife, especially on a public day, is almost certain to set all the children in a street to hopping ; and I have been greatly amused to see boys with no other dress on than a shirt, who were going along the streets, step, and balance, and whirl, and sail on, keeping time to the music. By sundown upon Sabbath

evening the music of these dancing companies is heard in all directions, and the noise and dance continue until midnight, and often till the break of day. Thus the Sabbath ends with confusion as it began.

Were I to stop here, after what I have said in regard to the politeness, taste in dress, skill in dancing, etc., etc., that I found in Port-au-Prince, I am sure that a very wrong estimate of the character and condition of the people would be formed from what I have written. I have already alluded to the fact that there is here a strange blending of Parisian refinement and civilization with native African barbarism and morals. Having said what I have of the first, my account would not be truthful were I to pass over the last.

I witnessed one large fire in Port-au-Prince. As soon as it began to spread, the merchants who had foreign vessels in port consigned to them, ran immediately to their stores, and tumbling their money into trunks and bags, ran with them to the wharf, in the quickest time possible, and sent them on board these vessels. Many of the captains were unwilling to take the bags and trunks in that way, without knowing their contents, and begged their consignees, if they would have it so, to send some one on board in whose care the property might be left; but they invariably preferred to leave it in that way. A fire is a signal for universal theft and dishonesty. Scarcely an article that is thrown into the streets can be secured, and a man does not know whom to trust. One man intrusted a bag of money to one of his neighbors in the midst of the confusion of the fire, and when he called for it the next day, the man denied having received it, and as there was no proof the owner could not recover it. When I heard this and similar facts, I was not surprised at their readiness to trust foreign captains. The best stores here have a small building adjoining, which is without windows, and

fire-proof, on purpose to have a place where they can store their money and valuables in times of fire. Thieving seems the great bane of the island. Those who are disposed to be industrious have no certainty that they will reap the rewards of their industry. While they are laboring, others are sleeping, who in the dead of the night will prowl around and seize upon the fruits of their toils. Corn, vegetables, fruits, etc., are stolen from the fields where they are growing; pigs, fowls, etc., are stolen from their inclosures. An American negro, who was disposed to be industrious, told me that often while he was at work at one end of his garden, thieves would be watching him and stealing his vegetables and fruits from the other end. This practice is so universal that the law allows any man to shoot down a thief in the act of plundering. I was told of a case where a young man, hearing some one in the act of stealing his bananas, went out in the dark and fired at him, and on going to the spot was startled to find that he had killed one of his most intimate friends. In 1842 the city of Cape Haitien was shaken down by a most terrific earthquake, and probably one-half or two-thirds of its population were instantly killed. Of those who escaped in the general ruin, multitudes from the city and surrounding country rushed to the terrible scene, and engaged in plundering the bodies of the dead and the dying! And yet, paradoxical as it seems, money may be transmitted from Port-au-Prince to any part of the island with the utmost safety. Packages of bills containing thousands of dollars may be intrusted to a native, who will carry it, unmolested, across the country, sleeping with it under his head at night, and deliver every dollar with unfailing certainty. But after it is once delivered and counted, the same man would not hesitate to appropriate a package if an opportunity were offered.

Another Central African characteristic of the Haitians is their almost universal licentiousness. I have taken no pains to obtain statistics, but think I cannot err in saying that a majority of the births upon the island are illegitimate. To live together as husband and wife without a civil or religious marriage ceremony is scarcely less respectable than regular marriage. Many men, among the first in wealth and social position, live in this manner; and the respectability of the connection may be inferred from the fact that when they commence housekeeping they give a party, and subsequently appear together in parties, at church, and other public places, precisely as if they were regularly married. By a law of the island, marriage at any subsequent period makes all the children born in this state legitimate. When the present Emperor was elected President he was living in this state of concubinage, but his subsequent marriage makes the present princess a legitimate successor to the throne. Such a state of things being tolerated among the more respectable of the people, it can readily be understood that among the lower classes the state of morals in this respect is most deplorable, and such as to forbid description.

It is well known that in severing themselves from all connection with the whites, the Haitians renounced their allegiance to the Pope, and therefore the Emperor is the spiritual as well as temporal head of the nation. The Pope having no power or voice in the management of affairs among them, priests of the most desperate and disreputable character have swarmed to the island, who instead of laboring to reform and improve the morals of the people, are largely responsible for the prevailing corruption. The government has to keep a sharp and constant look-out for them, and pass laws to keep them from the most scandalous outrages upon morality. The following document, issued by

one of Soulouque's ministers, a zealous Catholic, the judicial officer highest in authority upon the island, I translate from "*Le Moniteur Haitian*," the government paper, which circulates throughout the island.

TRANSLATION.

"*The Grand Judge, to the Members of the Councils of Notables, in the Communes of the Republic:*

"NOTABLE CITIZENS,—Certain grave abuses, introduced into the country by the clergy, have awakened my attention, and for the interest of religion it was necessary that I should adopt some measures to bring them to an end.

"You know that religion is an object most venerable in the eyes of the people, and that it exerts a salutary influence upon men and upon societies, by lending its support to the laws. Every stigma which is brought upon it is dangerous, and the more so when it is brought upon it by its ministers.

"Many, regardless of the character with which they are clothed, of their proper dignity, and even of common propriety, openly give themselves to acts of trade, to commercial operations, which often engage them in litigation, so that they frequently appear before the bar of the courts contending with their opponents.

"And as if this spectacle, which strikes religion at the heart, were not sufficiently afflicting, many of them keep at the parsonages in their dwellings, in the derisory capacity of housekeepers (*sous la qualification dérisoire de gouvernantes*), young females, and by a course of conduct opposed to good morals, of which they ought to be the living examples, give occasion for public scandals which tend to their disgrace in the eyes of their flocks, and de-

stroys the sublime moral of the gospel which they are charged to preach in all its authority.

"This state of things, gentlemen and citizens, is inconsistent with a society properly constituted. That it may continue no longer, *I charge you to have an eye continually upon the curates of your respective parishes*, and to report (*dénoncer*) to me every violation of this statute which they may commit, that it may not be unpunished.

"They are forbidden hereafter to engage in commercial affairs of any kind, and to retain at the parsonages or in their dwellings, in any capacity whatever, young females, unless they are of an age not to be suspected.

"You will give earnest attention to these instructions and acquaint me of their reception.

"I salute you with consideration.

"J. B. FRANCISQUE."

With such priests to mould the morals of the people, it is easy to judge what those morals must be!

The island of Hayti is occupied by two distinct people, descendants of the old Spanish and French colonies. Its population is estimated at about 600,000 or 700,000. The Haitians, with about two-thirds of the population, possess only about one-third of the territory. Its greatest length from east to west is about 400 miles. Its breadth varies from 40 miles near its eastern extremity to about 150 near its centre, and it embraces, according to Mr. Lindenau, an area of nearly 29,500 square miles. Columbus called the island Hispaniola, and it has also been called St. Domingo, from the city of that name on its south-eastern coast; but Hayti or Haiti (*the mountainous country*) was its original Carib name. The French bestowed upon it the deserved name of *la Reine des Antilles*. All descriptions of its magnificence and beauty, even those of Washington Irving

in his history of Columbus, fall far short of the reality. It seems beyond the power of language to exaggerate its beauties, its productiveness, the loveliness of its climate, and its desirableness as an abode for man. Columbus labored hard to prove to Isabella that he had found here the original garden of Eden; and any one who has wandered over these mountains and plains, breathed this delicious air, and feasted his soul and his eyes upon the scenes everywhere spread out before him, is quite ready to excuse the apparent extravagance of the great discoverer. To a large extent the resources of this island are at present undeveloped, and it presents a wide contrast to its former wealth and productiveness. In 1789, it contained a population of 40,000 whites, 500,000 slaves and 24,000 free colored. Not only its rich plains, but in many parts its mountains were cultivated to their summits. The cultivated lands amounted to 2,289,480 acres; which were divided into 793 plantations of sugar, 3,117 plantations of coffee, 3,160 of indigo, 54 of chocolate, and 623 smaller ones for raising grain, yams, and other vegetable food. Its exports, as stated by the intendant of the colony, were £4,765,229 sterling. An active commerce united it with Europe, and twenty ports of trade were filled with 1,500 vessels, waiting to freight home its rich productions. In riding over the island the mementoes of this prosperity are everywhere to be seen. Large broken kettles, the remains of immense sugar-houses, are strewed along the roads and over the fields. The remains of massive and magnificent gateways, and the ruins of princely dwellings, scattered over the island, are evidences of the highest state of wealth and luxury. But these rich plains and mountains are now almost an uncultivated waste. A few coffee plantations are to be found, which are kept up with the greatest difficulty on account of the impossibility of securing among the natives

the necessary laborers. The most of the people out of the towns live in rudely constructed houses, unfurnished with the usual comforts of life, and but a few degrees above the huts upon the shores of their native Africa. The soil is so exceedingly productive, and there is so much that grows spontaneously, that very little labor indeed is necessary to secure the food necessary to sustain life; and the climate is such that, if so disposed, they need spend very little for clothing. Being thus under no compulsory necessity to labor, industry is the exception, indolence and idleness the rule.

They generally inclose around or near their dwellings a small patch of ground, which is cultivated mostly by the females, and where, with very little labor, they raise coffee, bananas, corn, and other vegetables, for their own consumption, and a small surplus for sale, from the proceeds of which they procure their clothing and such other articles of convenience as they are able or disposed to purchase. I should judge that far the largest part of all the coffee that is exported from the island is raised in these small quantities, and brought to market in small lots upon the backs of mules. The logwood, mahogany, and other exports are mostly procured in small quantities in much the same way—the men of course doing most of this heavy labor.

Bountiful as are the provisions for supplying the wants of man here, there is, incredible as it may seem, a vast deal of suffering for want of the very necessaries of life. The government being in reality an irresponsible despotism, every male citizen is liable to be seized at any moment and forced into the army; so that if he raises a crop there is no certainty but that in the very act of securing it he may be torn away from his family, and the fruits of his labor be left to perish while he is marched away to

the frontier, to return he knows not when. In addition to this, multitudes are so thriftless and improvident that they will not make any provision for the future—they will not even gather those productions that are everywhere so bountifully spread around them. I have rode through wild uncultivated woods, and seen on every hand groves of orange-trees groaning under their delicious golden loads, as I have seen the orchards of western New York weighed down with their heavy burdens. A little further on, I have come upon thickets of coffee-bushes matted over with their rich purple berries. Besides these, tobacco, ginger, and other valuable products grow wild in the same profusion over these mountains, and year after year there waste away and perish like the rank grass of our own prairies. I have wandered over the rich rice and cotton fields of the South, and the prairie and bottom lands of the West, but their bountiful products are meagre compared with those to be seen here.

But bountiful and Eden-like as is this island, the contemplation both of its past history and present state excites only the saddest emotions. The history of Hayti, from its discovery to the present day, is a most melancholy history. When discovered by Columbus it is supposed to have contained more than 1,000,000 of the Carib tribe of Indians; but, incredible as it may appear, in consequence of their wholesale butchery by the Spaniards, and the severe drudgery they were compelled to undergo in the mines, in the short space of sixteen years they were reduced to 60,000. These outrages upon humanity, entailing such a lasting stigma upon the Spanish name, were followed by the well-known introduction of slavery into the island, with all its indescribable cruelties and horrors, and its subsequent fearful end. But the gloomy chapter of its woes does not terminate with the tragic, well-known

"horrors of St. Domingo." From that day to the present it has been an almost uninterrupted scene of conflict and bloodshed. Internal dissensions and desolating civil wars have continued to mark its history; and recently three great and powerful nations have intervened in vain to secure for this ill-starred island the blessings of peace. No soil has so long and so constantly been ensanguined with human blood. Blood marks every page of her history, from the time her beautiful shores first greeted the delighted vision of Columbus until the present day; the blood of the peaceful, inoffensive Caribs—the blood of the wronged and outraged children of Africa—the blood of their butchered masters—the blood of Le Clerc and his noble, but ill-fated army—the blood of Dessalines, Christophe, and of thousands more who have perished in the insurrections and revolutions that have desolated this fair island. Sad, sad indeed has been the fate of the "Queen of the Antilles." I leave it to others to deduce the lessons that her history suggests, and will not attempt to penetrate the dark veil that hides her future.

XII.

A GLIMPSE OF MUNICH.

NOT so quaint as Nurenberg, nor so accessible as Dresden, nor so famous as Florence, nor such a world in town-walls as Paris, Munich has still abundant attractions of its own. After seeing all the other Old or New World capitals, you gaze upon its remarkable structures with the same interest as upon your first palace (Windsor or Versailles), or the castle which made the beginning of your continental experiences.

For the sake of our many countrymen who will take the "Grand Tour," and who may not step aside from the beaten track unless some friend lead the way, and with the "Art-Student" for a text, we would recall pleasant memories of "good King Ludwig's" achievements:—of the art with which he and his predecessors have embellished this once forlorn "Monks' Nest"—of the vast museums of painting and statuary which royal economy lavish only upon art, has collected—of the antique, religious and artistic recreations, which compare so favorably with those of cities renowned for sports and festivals—of the ingenious inventions ripened by the generous bounty and more generous sympathy of royalty*—of the model institutions which relieve the inquisitive stranger from the

* Of this friend of Lola Montez it was said, "He could abandon his throne, but could not abandon Art."

wearisomeness of endless frescoes and accumulated galleries, and the unequalled privileges which kept this warm-hearted lady's enthusiasm at fever heat.

Perhaps the American, who has not seen other European palaces of art, would not do well to begin with this. Glowing with the utilitarianism graven upon our noble commercial enterprise, our vast manufactories, our ever-spreading railways, he might feel as much lost in quiet Munich, as the poor Bastile prisoner whom the new daylight pained, so that he begged the revolutionary mob to spare him the old dungeon. And yet the Model Prison in the Au suburb would interest his philanthropy. Thou, old Bavaria, hast stolen a march upon us! From its cheerful *chateau* almost every prison-horror has been banished: murderers and murderesses there pursue the various handicrafts with open doors and ungrated windows, as if in a college of general industry—now shoemaking, now tailoring, now weaving, now baking—but with a freedom of motion and an absence of restraint hardly imagined elsewhere. It is true, there is restraint; there are means of recapture; there is discipline for the refractory, and coercion for the disobedient. But these symbols of degradation, these incitements to passion, are not perpetually paraded before those who require encouragement, who need to have the Old Adam buried out of sight that the New may experience resurrection.

No more guards are employed than in the old institutions, with their thrice-barred gates, their heavily-ironed windows, their vigilantly-guarded walls: and the marvel of the scene is that even those confined for life are permitted free conversation with their mates in seasons of recreation, and more than anywhere within our knowledge, range freely within the great inclosure.

But thus, one of those rare spirits who make themselves

beloved by those they punish is present with his hopefulness everywhere; nothing is suffered to irritate these excitable passions, and nothing occurs to provoke to fresh outrage minds which may have imagined themselves preyed upon by society. Those not familiar with penitentiary discipline, can hardly imagine how often criminals commit new crimes under the impression that some other prisoner or petty officer is preying upon them, taunting them with past delinquency, depriving them of trifling comforts, or inflicting malicious punishment.

"It was a startling sight," says Miss Howitt, "to see murderers wielding hammers, sawing, and cutting with sharp-edged tools, when you remembered they were murderers, and how some tyrant passion had once aroused the fiend within, though now again he seemed laid to rest by years of quiet toil. Our guide informed us that very rarely did any disobedience or passion show itself among the prisoners after the first few months, or the first year of their imprisonment. The constant employment from early morn to evening; the silence imposed during their hours of toil; the routine, the gradual dying-out of all external interests, seemed to sink them into a passive calm, until industry became their only characteristic. Each prisoner has his daily task, which must be completed. For extra work he receives payment—half of which he may consume, the other half being reserved for him until the expiration of his sentence.* This is also the case with such as are condemned to life-long imprisonment, there being always the possibility of a reprieve for them. On Sundays they are allowed to read books out of the

* From official sources we find the extra-earnings to amount to nearly $22,000 per annum; a single prisoner having been known to receive as high as $350; hardly any of those who receive large sums at graduation have been known to return, and crime in general being on the decrease in Bavaria.

prison library, play at dominoes, and enjoy various simple recreations. There is a school for younger prisoners and a hospital for the sick, and in each room was a kind of monitor whose office was to report upon the conduct of his companions; and this species of mutual watchfulness kept up by the prisoners themselves, seemed to answer remarkably well."

Of the women, she says: "At one particular washing-tub stood four. Our conductor spoke to one of them; two looked up and fairly beamed with smiles; one, a tall and very handsome young girl, continued to wash away with downcast eyes. The fourth, a fat, ill-looking woman, also never looked at the visitors. The two who smiled had remarkably agreeable faces; one with good features and a very mild expression; the other a small woman with a certain anxious expression about her eyes and mouth. The only one who looked evil was the fat old woman.

"As soon as we were in the court, the conductor said, 'Now what do you say about these women?' 'Three out of the four,' we remarked, 'are the only agreeable faces we have seen in the prison; and, judging from this momentary glance at their countenances, we should say, would not be guilty of much crime; perhaps the fat old woman may be so; that tall girl, however, is not only handsome but genteel-looking.' 'That tall young girl murdered her fellow-servant, and cutting up the body, buried it in the garden; the little woman next to her murdered her husband; the handsome, motherly-looking woman next, destroyed her child of seven years old. The fat old woman is in only for a slight offence.' So much for physiognomy!"

"As I returned home," says Miss Howitt, after describing the strange prison scene, "all the faces I met seemed to me, as it were, masks. I saw faces a thousand times

more rude than the countenances of those three unhappy women. I looked at the ladies who accompanied me, and said to myself—Your faces are not nearly so good-looking in expression and features as theirs. I have been looking at my own face, and it seems to me that it, too, might just as well conceal some frightful remembrance of crime. I was thankful for anything to banish the remembrance of the three women, and of those round beautiful hands and arms of the young girl which had once been stained in blood."

Let us pass to a more agreeable but still sad scene. We shall not soon forget the consternation of the *valet de place*, where the stranger would not suffer himself to be hurried by the Dead-House of the Munich Cemetery—where Yankee curiosity persisted in gazing through those large glass-doors into a spacious saloon, where all the newly-deceased are deposited for three days before interment. Every repulsive feature is spared. The lightsome hall exhibited, that lovely spring day, numbers of little biers, on each of which human life lay asleep in a bed of flowers; the little children could hardly be seen for the wreaths and bouquets heaped around them by unforgetting affection. Here was the young mother in a marble sleep, her eyes slightly sunken, the roses around her appearing to reflect themselves in crimson tints upon her pale cheeks, and beside her lay the baby, the occasion and the companion of her last, perhaps only suffering. Here too lay the Grecian-faced student, dressed as if to take his part at the public exhibition, arrayed in all the pride of opening manhood, his tricolor badge crossing his chest, his heavy moustache hiding his sunken lips: far more like sleep than like its still sister.

And, mate to this, was the lovely girl, whose life might possibly have been united with his, as her death was; in

her crossed hands the crucifix, at her sides the tall burning tapers, around her white brow still whiter flowers, a very bed of green giving her graceful form repose. Surely, this was winding a wreath of Christian Hope around the "plumy portal" of death.

There was no babble of unfeeling tongues, no crowding of careless eyes; close by were stately monuments, solemn cloisters, graceful statues and some not so graceful, memorials of every kind to the departed,—everything in harmony with this cheerful yet solemn sight, everything in contrast with our graveyard gloom, especially an antique "Dance of Death" pictured upon a neighboring wall. Within that antechamber of the dread king were priests at prayer: and occasionally, some friendly hand scattered the consecrated water on some sleeper's face; and Protestant as I am, I could bless that reverential spirit: and the whole impression was a pleasing melancholy. In some moods, in failing health or severe calamity, it might be an oppressive sight; but, only the exception would be the injury, and we cannot wish all life arranged to suit the diseased mind, the invalid frame: a motherly Providence takes better care of us than to afflict the many for the benefit of the few.

Munich is world-famed for its frescoes. As every one knows who knows anything of Bavaria, its capital is decorated with miles upon miles of large paintings upon stucco, now covering palace walls, now the exterior of a gallery, now lining the cloisters of a garden or the ceiling of a church—representing connected subjects, here a history of the country, there the great National Epic, here the principal views in Greece, there the Iliad and the Odyssey. Anna, as our authoress herself, hardly alludes to these characteristic exhibitions of Munich art, regarding them as too familiar to need description, or, feeling

that intelligent readers would understand, without minute description, that she was surrounded all the while by these trophies of royal taste.

One melancholy thought has hitherto intruded on the gorgeous spectacle: you not only know its perishableness, you see it is perishing before your eyes, and the touch of your cane, the sweep of your umbrella, may hasten the inevitable doom. Exposed, in some cases, without any defence to storms and wet, to the anger of the elements and the carelessness of man, at one of the principal gates a celebrated painting is now nearly extinct. But, by something better than good fortune, the means of future preservation are now discovered, the more recent works of the kind are secured to posterity, and, as James Martineau remarked, "a new era is created in art."

Stereo-chromic, like lithography, was discovered by a Munich chemist, and has been already applied to the large scenes in Greece by Professor Rottman, and to his historical sketches at Berlin by the illustrious Kaulbach. The painting is made in water-colors, and the invention consists in sprinkling a very subtle solution, fluoric acid, over the surface, which converts colors that might have been wiped away with the moistened hand, into a marble surface, indestructible by fire, moisture, smoke, or mould. In fact, the wall, as I found, was changed into stone, capable of resisting every test that has yet been applied, and promising to continue unchanged through all time. Many inventions of far less value have excited more attraction, and been rewarded with greater praise; yet what an unspeakable blessing would this have been to those beautiful but fading walls of the Vatican, and to many a vanishing piece of art in northern Italy! But such is gratitude. Hardly has the name of the "Supreme Director of Mines," Von Fuchs, been whispered abroad.

Any mention of Munich that omitted *The Bavaria*, would be the leaving St. Peter's out of Rome. The truth is, besides its support of nearly three hundred artists, in marble, fresco, or oil paintings, immense bronze castings are executed with unrivalled success at Munich—a business created by royal enterprise and sustained by royal patronage. Our Munich friends were asking every day, "Have you seen the Bavaria?" and saying, "Our great curiosity is not the Glyptothek, the Pinacothek, nor the Pompeii frescoes, but the Bavarian *Ruhmeshalle*." And one of the richest chapters of Miss Howitt's narrative is the public inauguration of this emblematic monster, probably the largest bronze statue in the world—nobly placed too—in its rear the three ranges of marble columns, within which are to stand the colossal statues of Bavarian heroes, and before it is a vast sloping plain, the race-course, agricultural fair, and arena of public games for all Bavaria.

No idea would seem more far-fetched to us, yet none impresses one more agreeably than this symbolized genius of the country, this virgin-heart of Germany, protected by her guardian lion, promising fame by her uplifted wreaths to high desert, looking graciously down upon the vast multitudes assembled annually to greet success in every department of labor. How she towers eighty-four feet above the plain! the patron of invention, the benefactor of art, the prompter of enterprise, the smiling guardian of a scene where the greatest conceivable victory has been won over a cold soil, a landlocked position, a superstitious, beer-drinking race, a climate unconscious of the fostering sun of Italy, the delicious sky of Greece.

A word merely upon the Pinacothek and the Glyptothek: and yet a word, because, though the Dresden gallery is larger, the Florentine more famous, almost every

other museum, even the Neapolitan Borbonico, is more familiar to us by engraving and description. The charm of the Munich galleries is their selection and arrangement. The Pinacothek is limited to 1,500 pictures, and these the choicest of many collections, arranged in historical schools, filling thirty-two ample halls. The Glyptothek, or statuary repository, had the rare fortune of obtaining a whole room of Egina marbles, the only existing specimens of that early art, and at a less price than was offered by the British Museum. No other art-gallery has such beautiful walls without and within. Miss Howitt dwells with enthusiasm on the exquisite marble stucco of the interior, where school succeeds school, from the Egyptian Sphynx at the entrance to Thorwaldsen at the close—the ceilings by Cornelius, the medallions by Schwanthaler, whom it is worth a visit to Munich to know—but she hardly mentions the noble Grecian front, with its mingled beauty and majesty, surpassing all the other architectural embellishments of the city, celebrated as they are.

And one, not the least, recommendation to a stranger, is the generosity with which all these treasures are spread before his enraptured gaze. The only day in the week when the collection of Prince Leuchtenberg was thrown open to the public proved to be "Green Thursday;" and, to our consternation, the iron gates were closed, and all entrance forbidden because of the religious festival; and the *valet de place* declared that, unless we waited a week, there was no chance. But a simple written request from an unintroduced American opened this casket of more than gold, and a servant of the house was ordered to wait upon the pleasure of a single stranger, who found himself rewarded for this bit of importunity, not only by the study of the celebrated full length of Josephine by Gerard, and of Belisarius bearing his dead conductor in his arms, by

the same French master; but, by two of Canova's best pieces, the Graces and the Magdalen; Schadow's Shepherd with the wounded lamb; three Murillos, one of them considered his best; Rembrandt's portrait of himself; Guercino's Woman taken in Adultery; Raphael's Cardinal; and numerous family relics of Napoleon inherited by Eugène Beauharnais—a collection of about a hundred pieces, but each a gem which money could not purchase, which were gathered not merely with lavish wealth, but by the good fortune of such near relationship to Napoleon at a time when Italy and Spain lay very much at the mercy of the conqueror. A French gentleman, whom we had met repeatedly in different galleries, came in upon our solitude to study the Magdalen of Murillo, which he affirmed to be, without exception, "the picture of the world," whose tears almost seemed, as we gazed, to course down over her furrowed cheeks, and whose resigned penitence left an impression time will not efface.

But the pleasantest part of this charming book to the public will be the Munich Festivals, some of which we witnessed unconsciously in company with this gifted lady. Just before Easter, the great Benedictine Basilica of St. Boniface displayed beneath its organ-loft a vast grotto, faced with a screen of living flowers and green shrubbery. Towering trees confronted the beautiful marble columns of the church, ferns and mosses shaded the stone sepulchre, far within whose artificial blocks reposed a statue of the buried "Lord of Life." There was nothing in the least gloomy in the scene. The warm sunlight flooded the immense area, gilding and frescoes dancing in the superb hues cast by the magnificent painted windows,* the marble floor

* The finest painted glass is produced here. One window at the Au Kirche cost, we were assured, fifteen thousand dollars. Of course, few but princes could make such costly presents.

refreshing the eye wearied by such rich tints. It struck me that this unusually light church became the Resurrection, which was enacted in it by a risen statue the next Sunday, better than any other, because of its cheerfulness, and all its accompaniments; the green-house plants covering the grand altar, the bright walls without, the glistening marbles within, harmonized with the idea of renewed life. If Protestant churches, intended for so different a purpose, are to imitate the Catholic, they might well study this latest school, before they lose the comfort of their service in a darkness as embarrassing to the speaker as the hearer, and acoustic absurdities such as make the Word anything but "the voice of one playing well on a pleasant instrument."

We missed the Washing of the Apostles' Feet, by His Majesty, but the reader need not, as Miss Howitt tells how daintily a dirty job may be done, and confirms the intimation already given, that Catholic ceremonies are most faithfully observed at Munich. It is performed on Holy Thursday, in the Hercules' Hall of the Palace.

After the crowd were admitted, there "tottered in ancient representatives of the twelve apostles, clothed in long violet robes, bound around the waist with white bands striped with red, with violet caps on their heads. On they came, feeble, wrinkled, with white locks falling over their violet apparel, with palsied hands resting on the strong arms that supported them—the oldest a hundred-and-one, the youngest eighty-seven years of age. There was a deal of trouble in mounting them upon their long, snowy throne; that crimson step was a mountain for those feeble feet to climb. A man in black pulled off a black shoe and stocking from the right foot of each. And now the king, ungirding his sword, approaches the oldest apostle, receives the golden ewer, bends himself over the old foot, drops a few drops of water

upon it, receives a snowy napkin from the princess, and lays it daintily over the honored foot; again he bows over the second, and so on through the whole; a priest, with a cloth round his loins, finishing the drying of the feet." (p. 259.)

Then, dinner is served to these twelve antiquities, by twelve footmen, with twelve trays, twelve rolls, and twelve bottles of wine—the principal part of which they are expected to carry home for domestic use—besides a small purse of money hung around the patient neck of each by the hand of His Gracious Majesty.

Munich is the most artificial of all the cities of the world, its customs the quaintest, its realities the most unreal, and, in all its aspects, it forms the strongest contrasts to what we are accustomed to in the New World. Here art is pursued as a business, but there even business is an art; life is a sort of holiday, the buildings are toys, the government a kind of make-believe, religion is a ceremony, and men and women seem to be all engaged in making tableaux, rather than attending to the serious concerns of human existence. Miss Howitt, with her girlish, trusting nature, her love of art, her eager search after the romantic, the picturesque and the quaint, was well adapted to the task she has attempted of giving the world a satisfying glimpse of this most curious city.

One passage in her pleasant volume on Woman's Rights breathes such a healthful spirit, that we cannot forbear closing our article with it:

"The longer I live," says Anna, "the less grows my sympathy with women who are always wishing themselves men. I cannot but believe that all in life that is truly noble, truly good, God bestows upon us women in as unsparing measure as upon men. He only desires us to stretch forth our hands and gather for ourselves the rich

joys of intellect, of nature, of study, of action, of love, and of usefulness, which He has poured forth around us. Let us only cast aside the false, silly veils of prejudice and fashion which ignorance has bound about our eyes; let us lay bare our souls to God's sunshine of truth and love; let us exercise the intelligence which He has bestowed on worthy and noble objects, and this intelligence may become keen as that of men; and the whalebone supports of drawing-room conventionality withering up, we shall stand in humility before God, but proudly and rejoicingly at the side of man! Different always, but not less noble, less richly endowed!

"And all this we may do without losing one jot of our womanly spirit, but rather attain to these blessed gifts through a prayerful and earnest development of those germs of peculiar purity, of tenderest delicacy and refinement, with which our Father has so specially endowed woman. Let us emulate, if you will, the strength of determination which we admire in men, their earnestness and fixedness of purpose, their unvarying energy, their largeness of vision; but let us never sigh after their so-called *privileges*, which, when they are sifted with a thoughtful mind, are found to be the mere husks and chaff of the rich grain belonging to *humanity*, and not alone to men." (p. 455.)

XIII.

HOW THEY LIVE IN HAVANA.

ALMOST every one in Havana imitates St. Paul so far as to live in his "own hired house;" still, there are houses there which are called hotels. In these, however, the stranger must not expect to find even the faintest likeness to Mivart's, or the Hotel Meurice, or the Astor House. The hotel of Havana has not the slightest trait in common with the French hotel, either as it exists upon its native soil, or as modified by English frigidity and reserve, or American gregariousness; or with the English inn, or the American tavern, or the Eastern caravansera. It is nothing more or less than an ordinary boarding-house, though differing widely in its habits and aspect from its counterparts in New York. The number of hotels is very small. There are three only which are kept by Americans; there may be four or five kept by Spaniards. Those Americans who wish to talk Spanish and eat Spanish, may go to one of the last, *La Noblesa Vascagonda*, for instance; but the probabilities are, that after a day's experience of garlic and oil, they will complete their Castilian accomplishments by "walking Spanish" into new quarters. In any house in Havana, public or private, Spanish, French, German, or American, enough vernacular conversation and cookery to satisfy any reasonable taste may be had for the asking; and as the habits and

character of the people can be closely observed without sharing their bed and board—the bed being in fact a board—the traveller will find the equilibrium of his mind and body preserved, and no advantage lost, by committing himself to the care of an American host.

When in our last number the reader and the writer stopped in their walk through the narrow, dirty alleys which the Habaneros call *calles*, and which take the place of our broad and dirty streets, it was before the huge door of our hotel. As this building is a fair specimen of the better class of houses in Havana, being in fact the former residence of a wealthy Spaniard, let us look at it somewhat in detail. The gateway is vast enough for that of a fortress, and is surrounded with ornamental tracery, in which the influence of Moorish taste upon the builder is very evident. This gateway is, save a small window at its side, the only external aperture in the lower story, which is nearly twenty-five feet in height. It is closed by a huge bivalve door of treble mahogany, thickly studded with brass nobs, which are the heads of the bolts which bind it together. One leaf stands open; we enter, and find ourselves at one end of an oblong court-yard, paved with flat stones. On our left stands the high-wheeled *volante*, which is sure to be found in this part of the house of any person even "well to do," and behind it is the pallet on which the porter sleeps; for the ponderous gate admits of no latch-key, and whoever comes in after ten o'clock at night must rouse the porter, who is generally a soldier upon half-pay, well used to disturbed slumbers. As we stand in the gateway we see that the walls are between two and three feet thick, and are built not in layers, but with an irregular mixture of stones and mortar. At the end of the court-yard, half hidden behind an arch, are two horses, which have their stable, as we shall see,

directly under the dining-room. Around the court-yard are the apartments of the negroes, and the store-rooms. From the middle springs a tall, slender catalpa tree, branchless, except near its top, which almost reaches that of the house, where its broad thin leaves cast their delicate shade upon the gallery which we see running round the court above our heads. Close by the tree is the mouth of a large cistern, long unused. We turn to the left, and ascend a broad stone staircase with a heavy balustrade. On the first landing stands a puzzling piece of mahogany furniture; for it is too high for a refrigerator, and too low for a shower-bath. It is a filter. Opened, it discloses a large hemispherical stone basin, from the lower surface of which the water drips rapidly in great pellucid drops into an earthen vessel below. This natural filter far surpasses, in efficacy, any artificial contrivance for the same purpose—even those to which the "American Institute has awarded a gold medal." And the water which is thus filtered, and which is brought into the city by an aqueduct, is, to confess the truth, purer and more palatable than the Croton. Another flight of the staircase leads us to the floor of the balcony, upon which open all the principal apartments of the house. A broad platform before us has a floor of cement, hard enough to be polished like marble. On one side is a cane settee, on the other a huge Spanish arm-chair, with bottom, sides, and back of unyielding leather—such a chair as the fortunate possessor of Pellicier's "Don Quixote," published in Madrid in 1798, will find in the admirably characteristic illustrations of that edition. Here is the entrance to the drawing-room, a large apartment fronting on the street, and the full width of the house, about fifty feet in length. Its floor is of tessellated marble. Its furniture seems penuriously meagre and mean to those who are accus-

tomed to the overloaded rooms of the North. A piano-forte, a book-table, upon which no books are, a cane-bottomed sofa, a few ordinary chairs, and half a dozen or more huge cane Boston-rockers, are the sum of its contents. Its lofty roof is unceiled, and shows beams rather fantastically carved. The windows, reaching from the floor nearly to the roof, open upon a balcony which seems to overhang the middle of the narrow street. They are all open now; but we notice that they do not close with sashes, but with heavy shutters; in each of which, about six feet from the floor, is a glazed aperture about nine inches square. Such a thing as a glazed window-sash does not exist in Cuba. Sleeping chambers open upon the gallery around the court, which we noticed from below; and on the side of the quadrangle, opposite to the drawing-room, is the dining-room, which is nothing more than a wide platform thrown across the court, and open to the air through arches. Beyond this, the gallery again leads to other sleeping-rooms, to offices, and to the kitchen, where all the cooking is done with charcoal, in small furnaces. Some houses have a lower gallery opening on the first landing of the staircase, and leading to other sleeping apartments. From the upper gallery, a steep flight of steps leads to the heavily-tiled roof, whence we ascend to the top of one of the square elevations we have already noticed. The furnishing of the bedchambers is of the same meagreness as that of the drawing-room. A cot, or a simple four-post bedstead, upon the sack-bottom of which no bed is laid, but only a quilt or two, a wardrobe, a washstand, and the inevitable rocking-chair, all of rather homely materials, are what we find. This paucity and poverty of furniture is a Cuban trait, and is indicative of no frugality. The man whose *volante* and harness have a thousand dollars' worth of silver worked

into their decorations, and whose *calesero* (coachman) carries enough of bullion about him to purchase his freedom, will not have so much or so expensive furniture in his house as the New Yorker who considers himself in very moderate circumstances. The very palace itself is no exception to this remark. And the reason is simply one of climate. A common cane-bottomed chair or sofa is more comfortable here than one with a stuffed damask, plush, or hair-seat. A bed or a mattress would be a nuisance; curtains, an abomination. Even the indispensable mosquito bar is oppressive. A carpet would soon be alive, and walk off the floor of itself. Every shelter for an insect is avoided. And yet, in spite of this care, a bit of cake left upon a table will, in a few minutes, swarm with ants; cockroaches, half a span long, trot through your bedchamber; you cannot bathe without finding spiders upon your clothes when you require them again; and scorpions will wander "up-stairs, down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber." They have ants here which eat down houses; others so large that they kill chickens by attacking them in the throat; indeed, this little insect, so much the favorite of moralists, swarms here to that degree, that one who had not the fear of Dr. Johnson before his eyes, might find in the fact a reason for calling Cuba the queen of the Anthilles. Here we have the small tarantula, and another spider almost equally venomous, whose huge and hideous body is about two inches in diameter; and although the body of the scorpion is hardly larger than a pigeon's egg, and its bite very rarely fatal, still they have an unpleasant way of seeking shelter in boots and shoes, and resenting with spirit any interference with their domiciliary arrangements. As to other insects of a more domestic character—household Macbeths, who murder sleep—I can say nothing. It was my good fortune

to rest with undisturbed slumbers. One room escaped our attention as we passed from the staircase to the drawing-room, for our backs were towards it. It is a small oratory, which opens upon the platform at the head of the stairs. The door is richly carved and gilt, as is the little altar, over which is a well-colored Virgin and Child, by some imitator of Murillo. But the house is in the hands of heretics now, and the oratory is made a place for the safe-keeping of valuable articles; among which lies a set of harness loaded down with silver.

The houses in Havana are never more than two stories high, and, as we before remarked, some of the finest are but one. The internal arrangements of these correspond very nearly to those of their loftier companions; the single floor in these being divided as the second is in those. As the drawing-room is always upon the street, and as that is always so narrow, the ponderous gratings which in these single-storied houses are necessary for the protection—not of the window-sashes, for there are none, but of the inmates—seem to be made for their safe-keeping, rather than their comfort. The effect of these huge bars of iron bowed before windows which pierce massive walls, is very strange and somewhat unpleasant. They seem very inconsistent with the light color and otherwise gay appearance of the buildings they protect. In passing through one narrow street, the houses in which are chiefly of this structure, it seemed to me as if I were walking in a city of pea-green prisons. But the penitentiary look of these houses is not the most remarkable aspect which they present to the European or American visitor. Their inhabitants, when occupying the front rooms, seem to be living in the very street; and as far as privacy is concerned, they might as well do so. It must be remembered that the causeway is not wide enough for two persons to stand

upon it abreast, that the wall of the house is invariably flush with the street, and that two, or three, or four huge windows open to the ground from the drawing-room. Fancy yourself, then, taking an evening stroll through the city. You come at every step upon an open window, through which it is impossible that you should not see the innermost recesses of the lighted room. There is the little slipper, which the dark-eyed daughter of the house let lazily drop from her pretty foot as she lay upon the cane-bottomed sofa, eating *dulces* after dinner. Upon the table in yonder corner, is a small package of paper *cigaritos*, in most annoying proximity to a fan and a black mantilla. The *señorita* who dropped the slipper sits now in one of the double rows of rocking-chairs which stretch away from the window, her little foot bare of stocking as well as shoe; and the *señora* who will take up the *cigaritos* sits opposite. Both are rocking as if they were paid at so much the vibration, while they gaze listlessly but steadily into the street. If you are fresh from the North, and reasonably modest about intruding upon other people's privacy, you will be somewhat startled at thus finding yourself made one of the family, whether you will or no. But if you show your surprise, you will be looked upon as ignorant or low-bred; and should you turn away your head, the ladies will think you mean to slight them. If you wish to appear but civil, you should look respectfully but not admiringly upon the *señorita*, as long as your pace leaves her within your sight. If you would be gallant, you may stop, lift your hat, and tell her, in your very best Castilian, that you cast yourself at her adorable little feet; and she will look pleased, and the *señora* will thank you, and forgive you the omission of *usted* in your speech. The least you can do is to go on about your business, as if your walk were by the side of a dead wall. It seems, in-

deed, very droll, to pass house after house, and looking into all, as if you stood in the very room, see the family, more or less numerously represented, sitting in the eternal cane-bottomed Boston-rockers, in two rows which stretch at right angles with the street, from each side of the window far into the apartment, and all rocking as if a vibratory motion were a penance enjoined for original sin. This is the way in which the Habaneros pass their evenings. But, if you venture on compliment, although the lady should have no watchful *dueña* near, do not presume upon the gracious manner in which your gallantry is received, or even acknowledged; else, some fine evening as you pass the *Campo Marte*, you may feel the point of a stiletto between your ribs. If the lady wait for you to address her, be circumspect, let her manner be as gracious as it may; but if she begin the conversation, you may step in and finish it, and the manner of your reception will depend entirely upon your tact, the reasonableness of your expectations, and the kindness of her disposition.

You live at Havana, thus: You rise at six o'clock; to remain longer in bed would be to sacrifice the pleasantest part of the day. While you are dressing, a slave brings you coffee, which is drunk here three times a day. Drink it, even if you never drink it at home. Here, it is not the beverage it is there, for you are not the same man. It is always safe, and generally agreeable, to assume the habits of life of the country in which you find yourself. Your coffee will be delicious, with but one drawback; its delicate aromatic flavor is deteriorated, vulgarized, by the sugar. Refined sugar is unknown in Cuba, where the best that is used has a coarse, impure taste, which you would gladly exchange for the flavor of the syrup in which, at home, you dip your double slice of buttered buckwheat cake. You wonder that the Habaneros do not refine their

sugar. If you begin the day thus wondering, you will go through it in a state of amazement. The Habaneros *do* nothing that they can do without doing. Your coffee and your toilet finished, you have your time till nine o'clock before you. All Havana breakfasts at nine o'clock. Before that hour, a good portion of the day's business is done, and the Habanero, who was probably in his office by six o'clock, goes home to breakfast, as we go home to dinner. The ladies go to Mass about half-past seven o'clock. At any of the numerous churches you may always at this hour find a score of them upon their knees near the altar. As you walk around and look at the vile daubs of pictures, and the bones and teeth of saints preserved in alcohol, like two-headed snakes in an apothecary's shop, these devout ladies will gaze modestly, but calmly at you, with great black eyes, and give their little hands such a piquant flirt, as they tell their beads, that you cannot avoid admiring their dimpled prettiness, and the contrast between them and the black dress which every Havanese lady of position wears at church. On ordinary and saints' days, which occur once or twice a week, the attendance is much more numerous; and on these occasions, the young gallants of the city go—not to church; for in Havana no gentleman, unless he is a priest, goes to church—but to the church doors, round which, as Mass is about finished, they cluster, and as the ladies come out, they hand them to their *volantes*. This is a courtesy which, in Havana, any gentleman may offer any lady. You encounter a lady whom you have never seen before, coming from her own house, from a church or a shop, and about to step into her *volante;* you doff your hat, present your hand, conduct her to her seat, she thanks you graciously, and both of you go your ways, feeling the happier for the service rendered and the acknowledgment

made. A lady in Havana takes every proffered courtesy kindly, and thanks you for it. She does not stalk up to your seat in public places, and, with sulky doggedness, silently demand that you should give up to her what you have paid for and secured, and after you have given it, take no more notice of you than if you were a cur which had been driven from her path. She does not, if you offer your hand or your arm to assist her, shrink within herself, and look at you as if you were a leper or a branded felon, because you have never been "introduced." If she be pretty and you tell her so, she thanks you for admiring her; and I have yet to learn that this disposition on her part lessens her pleasure in receiving attention and admiration, or yours in giving it.

Breakfast is almost as important a meal with the Habanero as dinner. It is hearty; decidedly *à la fourchette*, almost *à la fourche* with some of the merchants who have, for three hours before it, been on the wharf—of which, more anon. Indeed, invitations to breakfast are quite as common as invitations to dinner; and the ordinary breakfast-table, save in the absence of preliminary soup, and supplemental dessert, differs little from the ordinary dinner-table. Before breakfast is the proper time to eat oranges, which is done thus. The skin is pared off with a sharp, rough-edged knife, leaving a thin layer of white leathery underskin still around the fruit. A small slice is then cut from one end, and the pulp is sucked from the incision; successive slices being removed as the process advances. It is well to remember this. Those who have eaten an orange in this way, will never eat one in any other. Only the thick-skinned Havana fruit, however, can support the operation. An orange or two rather gives zest to the appetite for breakfast, and although by nine o'clock it is oppressively hot, in spite of the land-breeze which has

sprung up, you look at the well-loaded table with desiring eyes. On it you will find fish, poultry, fried eggs, ragouts, chops, plantains deliciously stewed in wine and jelly, as well as roasted whole and fried in slices, yams, rice and rolls. The native rice has a rich, sweet flavor, which is far superior to that of the product of our Southern States. It is darker and smaller grained. Rolls are the only form in which bread appears; and this staff of life with us, is one of the luxuries of a Havanese table. Almost every barrel of flour used on the Island is brought from Spain, as the import duty on American flour is nine dollars a barrel. With the poorer classes, rice takes the place of wheaten flour, and plantains answer the purpose of all other vegetables. There is yet another occupant of the breakfast-table which finds great favor with all natives and many foreigners; it is the *aguacate*, or alligator pear. It is somewhat of the shape, and generally three or four times the size of the ordinary pear. Its outer skin is tough, and of a bright green color; in the centre is a smooth stone, about as large in proportion as that of a peach; between the two is a soft oleaginous substance which is made into a salad, or eaten "neat," with expressions of ecstatic pleasure by those who were born to the taste or have acquired it. As for me, my attempts to eat it only produced disgust. Its taste to the uninitiated, can be likened to nothing else than that of tallow faintly sweetened, about to that vague indefinite degree to which the parsimonious hand of the ordinary genteel boarding-house keeper sugars the pale, watery custards which grace the end of her Sunday dinner. Fasting and prayer might beget a relish for this greasy fruit; but I can conceive no other mode of attaining that gastronomic virtue.

At breakfast no coffee or tea is offered; but at every other plate stands a bottle of red Bordeaux or Catalonian

wine, of which all partake as freely as if it were water. Do you shrink from drinking it so early in the day, or from drinking it at all? You are unwise. Take it, asking no questions, as you did with the coffee three hours ago. Though at the North such potations at such an hour would make your eyes ache and your head swim, here you will feel from them only beneficial effects; or, more correctly, will know nothing of them, save to feel their want if you should omit them. After breakfast, coffee comes again; over which it is the fashion to sit and chat awhile, as we do over our after-dinner wine. Drink that, too, "for the stomach's sake."

The stranger is told that he should house himself in Havana between ten o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon; and in the summer it will be well for him to avoid the sun for about two hours before and after midday. The heat, though seeming at first not so scorching as that of many a July day in the northern cities of the Union, has a latent, penetrating power, which seems to wilt your brain and dry up the marrow in your bones. But in the autumn, winter, and spring, a quiet walk may be safely enjoyed in the shadow of the houses, whose close proximity to the street always gives grateful shelter to some portion of it, save at midday. The Habaneros themselves walk their streets at all times. But do not imagine that they locomote after the fashion of an American in Broadway. A man who should walk in Havana as most men do in New York, would be thought stark mad. The shopkeepers would actually get up from the boxes and bales upon which they stretch themselves, waiting for customers, and stare at him in silent wonder. The Spaniards are decidedly not "fast." They have a proverb which runs in this wise, "*el que se apresura se muere, y el que no, tambien;*" (he who hurries dies, and

he who does not, dies too.) This is their rule of action—or inaction. In this spirit they live and move, and have their being: that is, they live and have their being without moving. As we leave our hotel for a stroll, we see a score or so of men, who seem also strolling. Not a bit of it; they are going to business. There is a strapping negress with fruit for sale, which she carries on a board upon her head. She strolls too; her laggard step beating the rhythm of her drawling, nasal cry. She is hatless, shoeless, stockingless; less everything but the one garment, which hangs half off her bosom, all open at her back, and reaches but little below the calf of her leg. Do not pity her on this account. She has all she feels the need of; more would be superfluity. She is earning something towards purchasing a lottery ticket which may give her freedom; and it is more than likely that at home she has the means of appearing on saints' days in all the bravery of clouds of cotton lace, glass beads, pink shoes, and a fan. Look at her full, round arms, polished shoulders and dimpled back. Those are not the traits of physical wretchedness. See, she stops to speak to that porter, who is carrying a box upon his head, which seems as if it would press him into the earth. His only garment is a pair of trowsers, which reach from the waist to the knee; the sweat pours in streams from off his broad, muscular back, making it glisten in the sun like that of a Hercules in bronze. But see his merry grin of recognition. Pass slowly by the pair, and you will see that their interview is graced by a "million of manners." He is dignified and deferential, she pleased and gracious. *Señor* and *Señorita* pass freely between these poor burden-bearers, and the slave assures the slave that he is her devoted servant. They part with compliment; and, as they cannot bow and courtesy, a wave of the hand, which most actors might envy for its

unaffected grace; and each toils on, the happier for the interview. Surely there are lessons of content and courtesy to be learned from a Cuban slave. But hardly have they parted, when one of them is made to feel the bitterness of bondage under tyrants. A little officer of the civil guard turns a corner suddenly upon the porter: little officers of the civil guard are always turning corners suddenly in Havana, so are little officers and little privates of infantry, cavalry, and artillery; the place swarms with them. This one comes suddenly upon the poor porter, who, toiling along upon the narrow causeway, cannot give place so quickly as his officership thinks is due to his dignity, and he therefore whips out his sword and strikes the poor slave two or three blows with the flat of it, curses him, and sending the weapon home in the sheath with a valorous clang, passes on with the air of a man who has nobly sustained his position. It makes one's fingers tingle and produces an itching sensation in the toe of one's boot, to see outrages like this perpetrated, as they hourly are in Havana; and it is but justice to the Spaniards to say, that they do not confine such demonstrations to the slaves, but treat any one of their own countrymen, particularly any creole, who chances to be in custody, for a real or fancied offence, in exactly the same way.

Yonder comes a body of men of wretched exterior. They walk in pairs; and the clank of iron as they step, the soldiers who lead and follow the column, tell us that they are galley-slaves; men condemned for civil and political offences to the *presidio.* They eat just enough to keep them alive; they sleep upon the stones; they work as hard as Spaniards can be made to work; he is happy among them who possesses an old cotton handkerchief with which he can wind his gyves so that they may not gall him. It makes one heart-sick to look upon them; and yet they

have one comfort—yes, a luxury. In one way or another, past conjecture, they manage to get money enough to buy cigars, and the enjoyment is not denied them. A Spaniard knows no crime so black that it should be visited by the deprivation of tobacco. The convict who is deprived of the ordinary comforts, or even the necessities of life, may enjoy his cigar, if he can beg or borrow it: if he stole it, the offence would be regarded as venial. At the doorway of most of the shops hang little sheet-iron boxes, filled with lighted coals, at which the passers-by may light cigars; and on the newel-post of the balustrade of the staircase of every house stands a small chafing-dish for the same purpose. Fire for his cigar is the only thing for which a Spaniard does not think it necessary to ask and thank with ceremonious courtesy. If he have permitted his cigar to go out, he steps up to the first man he meets, nobleman or galley-slave, as the case may be, and the latter silently hands his smoking weed—for it is impossible that two Spaniards should meet and not have one lighted cigar between them; the light obtained, the lightee returns the cigar to the lightor in silence. A short and suddenly-checked motion of the hand, as the cigar is extended, is the only acknowledgment of the courtesy. This is never omitted, however, even when the person obliged has turned away his head to resume an absorbing conversation. Women smoke as well as men, but it is becoming bad *ton* for the younger ladies of position to use tobacco; and though in a full railroad car I have seen every person, man, woman, and child, including the American conductor, smoking, except myself, it was evident that none of the women were of the higher classes. To placard "No smoking allowed," and enforce it, would ruin the road.

During the day, ladies are rarely or never seen in the streets of Havana; and never walking, unless perchance

you catch a glimpse of one with a mantilla thrown over her head and using her fan as a parasol, while she trips along to have a bit of gossip with her next neighbor. The men are not noteworthy in appearance, save for their swarthiness and their slothful movements. The consequence is a striking incongruity in appearance between the strange, fantastic Eastern air of the city, and the very proper and Parisian-looking people who inhabit it. The *volantes* and the *caleseros* alone have an air which would be out of place in any other city. The *volante*, or *quitrin*, is exactly like a large gig, with the body in front of the huge wheels, and resting upon the shafts between the wheels and the saddle. It is drawn by one horse, or two, or three, always harnessed abreast. It is built for two persons; but it is common to see three fat Spanish women seated in one, especially round the grand plaza, and upon the *paseo*. The *calesero* mounts postilion-wise upon the horse. His dress consists of a bright cloth or velvet jacket, richly trimmed with lace, in which the arms of his master are often worked, a laced hat with a cockade, and white linen trowsers, over which enormous boot-legs rise almost to his hips. His lace is gold, he wears massive silver spurs of formidable dimensions, and his boot-legs are covered with buckles and etceteras of the same material. He delights in a gaily-embroidered cambric handkerchief, which he is always sure to display to the best advantage from the side-pocket of his jacket. But amid all this magnificence, this carrying about of bullion, this warlike encasement of cucumber shins in boot-legs, the poor blackey's feet are bare; at least, on the top. His boot-legs have no feet; they are magnificent shams, strapped over his trowsers. He wears low-cut shoes, perhaps, but no stockings, and between the edge of the shoe and the termination of his boot, is six inches by four of unmitigated ebony foot. Often enough

he is without shoes as well as stockings; and yet, unless he is a public *calesero*, and a very successful one at that, he wears his stupendous boot-legs. The horses are small and have very little action; and as their long tails are plaited tightly and looped up to the saddle, to prevent them from swashing about the liquid mud which floods the streets when there is rain, they have a very mean and rat-like appearance. They are, however, not without spirit and a power of endurance. American horses are a luxury indulged in only by the wealthiest. At the livery-stables the hire of a *volante*, with an American horse, is nearly twice as much as that of one with a horse of the country. The jockeys give them a name which means "horses which hold up their heads." It is not strange that an upright carriage of the head in man or beast should strike a Cuban Spaniard as a peculiarity.

It is just the time now to eat a pine; and luckily here is the *Dominica*, the *café* which figured so largely in the exaggerated accounts of indignities offered to the remains of the misguided fifty who were shot under the walls of Fort Atares. It is a large building, of a single story, opening on three sides through wide and lofty arches upon an inner court, in the midst of which is a fountain. Its single floor is of tessellated marble. The pine which the waiter placed before us so courteously, and which it is almost needless to say we eat by tearing it in pieces with a silver fork, is truly excellent, but not so much more luscious than some which we remember to have eaten at the North, as we expected to find it. The truth is, that occasionally as fine a pine can be procured in New York as the market of Havana will ordinarily afford; but there such a pine costs six shillings, and is rarely seen; here it may be had at any time for six cents.

There are few visitants to this famous *café* at this time

of day, and it is not surprising that every head should be raised as yonder tall, slovenly figure enters. "*Los Californianos!*" is passed around. True enough, he is one of the same tribe by which we were encountered ere we had reached the shore. A steamer arrived this morning from Chagres, and as that from New York is not expected until to-morrow, a hundred and fifty or two hundred of these Jasons are turned loose upon the city. Singly, in pairs, and in companies, they rove about the place, utterly indifferent as to their forlorn appearance, and with an ill-disguised contempt for the people around them, which increases every hour. This one, as he stands for a moment alone on the threshold of the door, his hands thrust deeply into the pockets of his baggy sack-coat; his trowsers threatening to tumble in a heap about his heels; his boots virgin of blacking but not of Chagres mud, and turned up at the toes like the front of a wood-sled; his matted beard hiding his mouth but not its sneer; his hat so shapeless and so greasy that it is fit only for the use of the soap-boiler—as he stands thus, he looks with the quiet unconcern of native independence and conscious wealth—for ten thousand dollars is wealth to him—upon the people who regard him as little better than a pirate and an ogre. Catch him eating pines and ices! He comes in to "liquor"; and regretting that none of his companions were with him when he stumbled unexpectedly upon this "bar-room," he whets his thirst, while awaiting their arrival, by a slight preliminary potation, consisting of a quarter of a pint of brandy and two tablespoonfuls of water. The excellent quality of the spirit tends somewhat to elevate the country in his estimation, and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he turns around with a complacent smile, and resumes his bold scrutiny of the other visitants of the place—not seeking to suppress a broad grin as he notices

many of them eating thin slices of crisp cake, which they dip daintily into the huge tumblers of lemonade from which they occasionally sip a little of the refreshing liquid with a spoon, or suck it through a silver tube. Though in appearance he is a fair type of the Californian, as he is known in the south and west, there are occasional varieties of the genus which differ from him materially. Look through one of the doors into the street, and see that pair, one of whom, not unlike our first acquaintance, stands staring at some object new to him. His companion differs from him equally in manner and in dress. He wears a cutaway coat, a waistcoat, a cravat; he has blacked his boots; and his trowsers, which once were black, are thrust into them only because the bottom rims are ragged. More wonderful than all, he wears a tolerably clean shirt, kept, doubtless, to provide against a contingency, and put on in honor of the ladies he vainly expected to meet in Havana. He is evidently a city man. His beard is reduced to a moustache and a peaked tuft upon his chin. He wears a cap which mayhap was bought at Genin's, and carries a well-preserved umbrella under his arm. He thinks it "ungenteel" to stare, and with folded arms he stalks on in dignified propriety, while the other satisfies his curiosity. He is evidently some young lawyer or merchant's clerk, who was more devoted to his moustache and the opera than to clients or customers, and who foolishly thought he could make that fortune in California which did not "turn up" ready-made at home. He has failed; but had he succeeded in his wishes, his success would have been of little service to him. Ready-made fortunes, like ready-made clothes, rarely fit those who get them.

By this time the place seems to swarm with Californians. The Spaniards begin to entertain fears that they may hold a mass meeting on the grand plaza, and organize a revo-

lution. They pervade the city, and as they are bent on pleasure and have very little coined money, you may see them in the silver-plate shops and the exchange offices selling gold dust. They drive a sharp bargain, and sell only as much as they must part with to supply their present need; for the government prevents the exportation of gold by giving the ounce (doubloon), which is actually worth but sixteen dollars, the legal value of seventeen. I remember one of them, thin-faced, with straight yellow beard and hair; a fellow like Falstaff's friend, Justice Shallow, "so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible." He stood listlessly behind two others who were selling dust to an old Spaniard, who took no notice of him until he found that his companions turned continually around to consult him, for he was the sharpest and the richest of the party. In spite of the miscellaneous condition of their wardrobes, these men have a certain manliness of manner, which contrasts favorably with the air of those around them, and which, aided not a little by the full growth of that manly ornament, the beard, makes them not unpleasing objects of contemplation—at a distance.

Having put money in their purses, their first desire after "a drink all round," is for a drive. They have a contempt for the *volante*, which they call "a damned parson's gig with the wheels behind." Some of them are obliged to take up with the despised vehicle; but as many as can, get into an old barouche, which for years has been getting mouldy in some out-of-the-way stable. There are but three other four-wheeled vehicles in the city, to wit, the state carriages of the Captain-General, and of a foreign dignitary; and after being reluctantly convinced that neither of those gentlemen would "hire out" their carriages, half a dozen of our California friends take this, and sitting

in it and out of it in all possible and impossible attitudes of nonchalance, they drive about the town and the suburbs, through the *paseos*, to the Bishop's Garden; everywhere but to the baths; not neglecting to stop and drink at every other *posada*, and make themselves fit subjects for the cholera as they go up the Mississippi.

Everybody dines in Havana at three o'clock. There is nothing remarkable at dinner, except that the fish, though firm, is insipid, and the beef dark-colored, and of a strong flavor. Fish, in great variety and abundance, are to be found in the fish-market of Havana, of which, till lately, Señor Marty, the manager of the opera, had the entire possession, by monopoly. But all the varieties are almost equally tasteless. This is accounted for by some, from the fact that all the fish for Havana are taken upon the coral-reefs, the lime in which has this effect upon them. How much of a reason this may be, I will not pretend to say; but I have remarked that trout, the highest flavored of all fish, are never found in a brook which flows over lime-stone rocks. Beef always must remain bad in Havana, until the Cubans are taught how to raise it, and how to butcher it. It is ill-fed, over-driven, improperly killed, and instead of being divided into proper joints, is cut into strips, with the grain. There are one or two butchers, however, who cut joints for the few American and English tables in the city. Coffee concludes dinner; after which no Habanero does anything but go to the *paseo*, the grand plaza, the theatre, the café, or a cock-fight.

On Sundays and saints' days, the ladies drive upon the *paseo* Isabella II., for an hour and a half before sundown. They go in full dress, and without hats. No lady in Havana ever wears a hat, except some person of high fashion and fortune, who may wear a very costly one in a ball-room. Two always, and sometimes three, occupy one

volante; but it is not the custom for a gentleman to share the seat with a lady. The *volantes* thus filled, and with their tops thrown down, pass slowly up one, and down another, of the long avenues of the *paseo*, which are sometimes so full, that the checking of one horse stops the whole line. The gentlemen walk at the sides, or crowd together at the ends of the avenues, where they scrutinize the ladies as they pass, without reserve. Should one admire matron or maid, he tells his admiration, and his avowal is graciously received. This general custom of driving in full dress, affords continual opportunities to judge of the pretensions of the fair Habaneros to beauty. I became reluctantly convinced that personal charms are rare among them, especially in the higher classes. I saw but one of gentle blood, and but three or four among the middle class, who would be made the marks for opera-glasses in New York. The ladies, Creoles and Spaniards, generally have bright black eyes, and dark glossy hair, but the mouth is apt to be large and heavy, and the eyes are rarely expressive or finely formed. Their figures incline too often to excessive fulness or its opposite. Their hands and feet are small; but they spoil the appearance of the latter by wearing shoes which are too short, by which they are made to look clubbed and ungraceful. They dress more hideously than it is possible to conceive. Their fashions are, of course, Parisian; but their combinations of colors would drive a French *modiste* mad. An orange-colored robe with maroon flounces, or the same flounces upon a green robe; or a French gray robe with rose-colored flounces, are not uncommon. Their fans are magnificent, and it is needless to say what an important part of the female paraphernalia they are here, as in Spain. Some ladies have a hundred, and more.

On two or three evenings a week, one of the regimen-

tal bands plays in the grand plaza, before the palace. At this time the square is surrounded with a double row of *volantes* filled with ladies in full dress. Gentlemen walk in the square and pay their respects to such of their fair friends as they may recognize. This answers the purpose of our evening visits. Society, as we understand it, does not exist in Havana. Set balls and *fêtes*, the *paseo*, the grand plaza, and the theatre, take its place. The music over, the ladies drive home, and soon the streets are almost deserted. At half-past eight o'clock the watchmen make their appearance. Each one is armed with a lance, a long knife, and a pair of pistols, and carries a lantern; and thus they bristle through the city, blowing a whistle, and calling the time and the weather at every half-hour. Their orders are "to comprehend all vagrom men," and they are not slow to obey them. The police of the city, especially at night, is very rigid, and any man in the street after ten o'clock, is liable to be called to an account. This, among other things about the place, smacks of antiquity; and as you are dozing off into your first sleep and beginning to think uncertain thoughts, the long drawn nasal cry of the watchman will mingle with your fancies, and take you back, perchance, in dreams, to Messina, and *Dogberry*, who had "two coats and everything handsome," and *Verges*, who was "as honest as any man who was no honester than he;" and to that soldierly bachelor *Benedick*, and the lady *Beatrice*, who loved him from the beginning, even while she jeered and flouted him; and to gentle *Hero*, "done to death by slanderous tongues:" and if it should be so, you will never patiently see the play played out again, even though Ellen Tree were *Beatrice*, Wallack *Benedick*, and Burton *Dogberry*. One such ideal vision kills stage effect forever.

XIV.

WOOD-NOTES.

"Now tramp."—*Alpine Chorus.*

PREFACE NO. I.—ACCESSORIES.

THESE I describe, not to make words, but because there is no absurdity, but much reason, in showing (as I will by these "accessories" show) what set of circumstances, under my own control, I gather around me and successfully use to facilitate composition. I desire to exhibit, as transparently as I can, the working of the machine, as well as the product furnished; as a certain confectioner in Broadway grinds his chocolate in the sight of all the people, on a slab traversed by four great mullers, which do their work in his front window.

1. Place. A fourth-story room; windows looking southward over the mingled house and tree-tops of a Puritan city, and westward (just at present), at the solemn ranks of a vast slow-moving army of heavy thunderous clouds, *débouching* upon the hither slopes of the mountain range in that quarter of the horizon. The room is high, with gloomy purple walls painted in distemper, by my artist predecessor in occupancy; and the only furniture having any relation to this present writing is my chair, table and stationery, my books, which stand silent, and

with their backs, according to the uncivil custom of their kind, towards me, their owner, and the piano.

2. Time. Five P. M.; day's work done; at least the perfunctory portion of it is done—the treadmill work. That which remains is voluntary, and compares with the repetitious bread-earning morning toil, as do the discursive meandering investigations of children in the woods, or of leisurely shore-going adventurers in boats, with the treadmolendinar (I defy criticism; there is both etymology and authority for the adjective. Besides, an adjective I must have, and could I say treadmillian?) routine of the convict. At such a time the intellect, unless overworked to stupidity, expands and ascends as did the liberated Afrite whom the fisherman freed from the brazen jar into which Solomon had be*jug*gled him.

3. Circumstances: of which, First:—I have played three well-fought games of chess; a Giuoco Piano, a King's Bishop's Gambit, and a King's Pawn. One; whereof, that the intellectual excitement ensuing might be of a pleasant complexion, I took pains toube victor in two, and after a sharp contest did it. Second; I played a nocturne for piano-forte, that a due proportion of sombre fancies might be evoked to mingle with the combative and harshly vivid sensations remaining from the violent strife over the chess-board. Third; I partook, and still at this present writing, do from time to time partake, of a certain confection, which I know by experience to possess a power of pleasurably stimulating the mental activity of the judicious eater. I had intended not to name the luxury, lest I should be suspected of covert advertising; and lest, too, I should direct the steps of some abstemious one to a harmful pleasure; but that I may shun the still more offensive imputation which I see in the distance, of praising port wine—or brandy—or cordial-

drops (vile vehicles of vile specimens of vile fluids !), I must explain.

"Chocolate cream-drops," then, are my "particular wanity." Discovered by chance, while wandering in the wilderness of sweets at Taylor's or Thompson's, the imperial confiture forthwith dethroned my preceding base-born idols—"stick-candy," lozenges, "pipe," vanilla cream, gum-arabic drops—and for years has been the sole candy of my thoughts. In spite of a queer catalogue of adulterate matters from time to time discovered, from the list of which in my pocket-book I transcribe, viz, "cinnamon; pine sticks; hard coal; cotton; quartz rock; sand-stone ditto; cheap maple sugar; coarse brown paper wads; gum-arabic; india-rubber (vulcanized); lead ore;" in spite of all, I am yet enchained by the aromatic fragrance, the inappreciable delicacy of flavor, the voluptuous mingling and melting of perfume and sweet, and—not bitter; yet no other word is so near my meaning. By them I am enchained; and yet more by the mysterious enlightenment and free-flowing half-inspiration which a moderate indulgence in the peerless sweet breathes over the intellect.

But I must not diverge so far. All this time I am only beginning to get ready to commence. The confessions of an American Candy Eater are yet to be written. Perhaps, if nobody steals my thought, I may some time perform that duty. In the meanwhile, I have given the immediate circumstances which with me, at present, are most favorable to rapid and pleasant writing.

"Bad's the best then." (*Quisquis loquitur.*) On that point, Quisquis, there are differences of opinion. I am doing as well as I can. Are you? (*Exit Quis. refuted.*)

It was not undesignedly that I said, with quasi tautological iteration, "beginning to get ready to commence." The first, "beginning," is done. The second, "getting

ready," is an *excursus* into far other regions of thought; for whereas preface No. 1 was a statement of almost mechanical stimuli to composition,

PREFACE NO. 2

is to be an endeavor to analyze and explain a principle or group of principles which is or are to account for pleasures arising from the contemplation and narration of subject-matter, such in specific character as the subject-matter of my main discourse, viz., youthful experiences, in themselves of no great rarity or significance, but evoked into definite statements under the conditions consequent upon their long existence within the dim realms of the actor's memory. The *specific* character of the subject, I say; not the particular experiences, nor their contemporary exterior circumstances; but the intensified interest attaching to them, when they are called up through the mists that rise over the gulf of fallen youthful years, seem as phantoms of past delights, smiling to us from "Cloudland—gorgeous land"—across a distance as accessible as the early eternity of God.

The chief causes of the pleasure of which I have spoken are, I believe, two; which I shall number and subdivide, for the sake of lucid arrangement, as follows:

1. The contemporary relations to the mind of the events remembered; under which I distinguish

a. The importance of any given event as compared with the body of experience already collected. Such event is larger in comparison with such experience than any following event; and this proportion of excess increases as the sum of experience anteriorly gathered diminishes, viz., towards birth. And

b. The impressibility of the mind. So that, continuing to use the metaphor inaugurated in the word "impres-

sibility," we have, taking circumstances *a* and *b* together, the notion of a heavy mass impinging upon a soft body, and the resulting idea of a deep impression.

This completes the illustrative analysis intended only as to the *distinctness* of the memory. It remains to inquire why these remembrances (if not grievous in themselves), when summoned into the court of our present thoughts, appear in the witness-box so decidedly to possess the favorable regards of the court, and to testify so invariably and so credibly to the delightful nature of the matters in evidence.

For this also are reasons twain, viz., *a.* The condition of the individual during the experiences in question. Body and mind are (comparatively) pure and healthy. The elastic growth of the physical frame is not yet clogged or distorted by the physiological crimes—the errors and excesses in food, drink, garment, work, play, rest—the social sorceries which so often conjure up clouds for morning, and gloom for the noontide, and thick and early darkness for the sunset, of the life which dawned in fulness of joy. A constitutional happiness is thus furnished to the mind; and the inner light of the glad young soul bathes all the objects along its road.

b. A natural consequence (for I must positively call in my skirmishers, and advance the main body of my paper) is, that the disagreeable parts of our recollections, which by virtue of our youthful power of resistance to sorrow, made originally but faint impressions in comparison with the salient splendors of our happiness, fade the sooner; so that now, when we look upon the pictures which are all that is left us of youth,

"The shadows all are fled,"

and we gaze out from among the dim labyrinths of strife

and toil and vexation, within which our manhood has so imperceptibly become entangled and beset, to sunny gardens where we went and came in safety and delight, neither knowing nor fearing evil or sorrow.

There comes that odious Quisquis again, the "sharp but vulgar," with an aphorism importing that "much ruffle" stands in an inverse ratio, both of quantity and quality, to the linen substratum in which it inheres. He thinks that through so large a gate the little city behind will pop out and run away; and mixes up his talk with absurd and incoherent references to "mountains" and "mice."

To Quisquis I answer thus (not stopping to regard any charges of sophistication or inconsistency which he may trump up against such answer); that I have written up to this point, two distinct though short treatises; and that now I am about to commence a third, having absolutely "no connection with the store above"—no relation whatever to either of the former, either in matter or manner. This, however, I merely say to Quisquis, with whom I "canna be fashed;" for between the reader and me, there *is* something in what the fellow says.

But now, having "tarried a little, that I might make an end the sooner,"

"Via the curtain that shadowed Borgia!"—

I will commence, by recommencing the narration which I began, and of which I presented the central idea, in the two words of my motto.

PREFACE NO. 3.

There were two of us—Harry and I. Both were "good *boys* struggling with the storms of fate"—a condition sometimes known as that of suspension from college. Our

design was, as may already have been conjectured, to "tramp;" our direction northward, and the time allowed, about five weeks. We computed that within that time we could (with intercalary helps by rail and stage) walk to Umbagog Lake (which is near, oh, ungeographical reader, to Canada, or the boundary between New Hampshire and Maine), pass some days in woodland sports there and thereabouts, and return.

A summary description of our preparation and outfit will not be superfluous, and may haply help some adventurous pedestrian. We considered, then, that we ought to walk our thirty miles a day, without trouble; and inasmuch as our sedentary collegiate (and rusticate) life had thrown our legs a little "out of drawing," we took a course of preliminary training, which in my own case was briefly as follows. I purchased the heavy cowhide boots in which I intended to travel, and gave them a terrible basting with an artificial and water-defying compound, of which the "great fundamental principles" were india-rubber and tallow. Them then, daily at five A. M., I did indue, and the same from and after the said five did diligently propel over distances, and at speeds, increasing from half a mile on a moderate walk to five or six miles on a good swinging trot of seven miles an hour. Here I will interpolate one caution to all anteprandial exercises, viz., to eat a cracker, or half a slice of bread, or something of that refreshing nature, before starting. This little smack will marvellously fortify the stomach, which else would often yield to the combined effects of emptiness and fatigue, and so incapacitate the enterprising gymnast both from breaking his fast, and from comfortably doing his day's work. At least such is my experience.

While I was thus coursing about, "over the mountain and over the moor," the blacksmith and trunkmaker were

preparing me a knapsack, on my own plan, as follows. 1. A skeleton of stout steel wire, clasped together at the corners, where necessary, such in shape and size as would be formed by adapting the wire to *all* the *edges* of a box one foot high, fourteen inches long, and three inches thick. 2. A cover of stout russet leather, sewed strongly and tight everywhere, except across one of the longer narrow sides of the sack which served as a mouth. Over this the leathern cover spread in a flap which fell some way over the further edge, and was fastened by two short straps, to buckles sewed upon the corresponding broadside of the sack. Imagine it in that condition, resting upon my shoulders, flap and buckles outward. It is sustained there by two other straps, of which each is sewed to the upper edge of that broadside of the knapsack which is next me, passes forward over the shoulder on the same side, down, still on the same side, under the arm, and buckles to the lower edge of the same side of the knapsack to which it is sewed. Cross-belts are a plague. The sack, arranged as I have described, was donned and doffed more quickly than a jacket, and sat lightly and easily upon me.

In this I stowed my travelling outfit of clothes, stationery, and a few materials for making coarse artificial flies.

Such had been my preparations; and after dinner one day in the beginning of June, just as I was despairing of Harry's advent that day, and was arranging my fishing-tackle for a little sport in the Connecticut, the doubtful steps of a stranger came experimenting up the dark stairway which led to my room; a sharp knock rattled upon the wrong door, and, responsive to my intuitively welcoming shout of "Come!" Harry opened, successively, into a dentist's and an attorney's offices, tried the locked garret-door, and ultimately, by a process of exhaustion, found

and entered my room, and greeted me with a scientific sophomoric howl, a short war-dance, and a violent shaking of the hand.

Our costumes were wonderful. Mine was as follows: blue check shirt, curious antique coat and pants, black glazed cap, finished with sheath-knife in belt around waist. Harry's along with mine, exemplified that unity in variety which is one of the remotest and least appreciated, but most satisfactory conditions of beauty—the beauty, at least, of arrangement. For glazed cap, read chaotic felt hat; for blue check, red flannel; and with minor differences, *e. g.*, in the wrinkles of boots, color and patches of garments, and character of knapsack (in which last regard, though I say it that shouldn't say it, the steel frame gave me a decided advantage over Harry), we, like "young Celadon and his Amelia," were "a matchless pair." That "Celadon," by the way, always afflicted me, by means of the notion lurking about it, that friend Thomson meant to say "Caledon," which is a much more mouth-filling word, but failed, through ignorance or carelessness, leaving the present meaching trisyllable, with its associated ideas of celery, celandine, and colanders—three as wish-washy and diluted notions as we shall readily find.

Well, an hour or two sufficed to write a couple of letters, to procure a certain amount of dollars and of change, and to bid a brief and stern farewell to my dingy old room, to the busy world below, and the people generally in that neighborhood, none of whom, so far as my memory serves me, deigned any reply. We were the cynosure of all eyes—a double star of the first magnitude—as we strolled down Hill street to the station, in a very Californian style, boot-tops outside, knapsacks slung, sheath-knives sticking viciously out from our girdles, and fishing-rods in hand.

We went by railroad or on foot, without any very re-

markable experiences, by Springfield and Worcester to Meredith Bridge, at the lower end of Lake Winnipiseogee. We amused ourselves in a quiet way by entering extraordinary names upon the hotel registers, and by talking together of our large Southern property, and of the many fearful scenes through which we had passed; recounting fights, hunts, and gambling adventures with a fluency and fulness of incident and description that set the tavern loafers all agape, and produced a very deep impression upon the inquiring mind of one postmaster, in particular. It was with sincere grief, as he informed us personally, that he heard of our resolution to depart. And his sorrow was a patriarchal one—not for himself alone, but for the community whose letters he handled, as if they all were about to lose welcome guests. Said he: "We're a very intelligent community here—*very* intelligent. We're all fond of gathering useful information; and when well-informed strangers *do* visit us, we enjoy their company very much. Couldn't you possibly stay a day or two longer?" We couldn't, possibly! for we were wondering already how the natives could hold the enormous stories which they had swallowed, and we anticipated a reaction, within the sphere of whose influence we did not desire to come.

From Meredith Bridge we walked to Senter Harbor, and thence, after some days' loitering around the lovely waters of Winnipiseogee, Squam, and Little Squam, not forgetting White Oak Pond, a feeder of the last, and famed for great pickerel. But henceforward I shall not describe journal-wise the daily course of our adventures. I will only reproduce the few scenes which are clearest in my memory, throwing them, for the sake of convenient composition and arrangement, into short chapters.

I.—THE MOUNTAIN.

We undertook the ascent of Mount Washington, from Crawford's, before the mountain paths had been worked over and set in summer order, and without a guide. We only carried matches, food, tin cups, and a small portion of horrid New Hampshire brandy. An hour or two took us to the summit of Mount Crawford, that mighty out-sentinel of the giant brethren of the White Hills, who keeps watch upon the Saco and its narrow meadows, nearest Crawford's House; and there we rested and looked about. The deep narrow valley was behind us, almost under our feet. All around us was a sea of mountain-tops; and among them Mount Washington stood grandly up in the north-east, dark blue, flecked with snow spots, distant, dim, and cold. After crossing the top of Mount Crawford, the path disappeared. Worn and washed away by spring torrents, it had not yet received its annual grading; and we were therefore left without other guide towards the secrets of the mountains than the distant view of the purple and white diadem of their gigantic king.

After a consultation had, we determined upon taking a "bee line" for our destination; and on we went. Up the ridge of a young mountain who had climbed the shoulders of his big uncle Crawford to get a look at the world; down the other side, through rocks, bushes, briers, and bogs; into a narrow dell floored with an indefinite depth of unstable boggy material, which warned us of the fate of Red Ringan's blackguard brethren in the ballad of Lord Soulis:—

> "'We stabled them sure, in Tarras Muir;
> We stabled them sure,' quo' he.
> 'But ere we could cross the quaking moss,
> They all were lost but me.'"

But we thumped across, and went on. Then we scratched our way through a spiteful little forest of thick-set sumach bushes and alders, full of dead and fallen sticks lying across one another at all angles, and making a pretty intricate breastwork, of the same general character with that raised by the French and Indians, in the year of grace 1758, in front of Abercrombie, as he was advancing to the attack of Ticonderoga. This also we passed; and having climbed a long and steep ascent, were brought to a stand; first, by reason of great expenditure of breath, and second, by a trifling chasm of a mile or so in length, eighty or a hundred rods wide, and some four hundred feet deep, whose sides approximated perpendicularity and fully attained angularity. It seemed a base vacillation to go round, particularly as we did not know how far "round" might be, since our chasm turned a corner and went out of sight behind a mountain at each end, so that we were nearly at the tip of a vast promontory. Neither could we hope to jump across. For although a certain Swiss monk is said to have jumped nearly as far over an unbridged torrent, yet there was a lady in the case, which encouraged him. He was, in fact, carrying a damsel with whom he had run off; and was closely pursued by a party of inquiring friends, who proposed to bury them alive, after scraping his tonsure off with a blunt knife, or to make them uncomfortable in some other good orthodox way. The monk, it will be perceived, had great inducements to jump; and he did jump, and that to good purpose; for he got safe off amongst the hills with his sweetheart, and is there yet, for all I know. But we had for stimulus only the barren honor of climbing Mount Washington, who looked at us without changing countenance, and apparently without much interest. So reflecting, we resolved to climb unobtrusively down this side of the chasm,

and up the other; which we did with the loss of some part of our fingers, and of the largest part of our patience; for the chasm seemed positively to have been put there to trap us in particular. Having now accomplished this further portion of our journey, we did not seem to have improved our prospects; for whereas, before, we had only a chasm in front, a short inspection convinced us that we were now supplied with that article all round, except where a ridgy and crooked isthmus connected our peninsula with a dozen or so of miscellaneous mountains, in a direction nearly opposite to that of our route. Our new position was, in a military point of view, exceedingly strong; impregnable, in fact, except to heavy artillery on the neighboring peaks; and as we had no reason to suppose that any potentate contemplated mounting batteries thereupon, we might consider ourselves quite safe. But this did not further our main object. Our military position was of no more use to us in ascending Mount Washington, than a tail is to a toad. And we now began to receive telling volleys from other batteries than those of earthly powers, namely, from those of the sun, whose rays fell upon us, uncounteracted by any breeze.

An inquiry now for the first time suggested itself, as to the intrinsic value of this ascent. Abstractly, the elevation of our corporeal frames over certain rocks known as Mount Washington, did not seem so *very* distinguished an achievement. Our way to the summit was far from clear. We were on the apex of a hill, with an entire horizon of apices all around us, cut and split apart by an inextricable tangle of vast and precipitous ravines. Would it not do just as well to amuse ourselves by rolling rocks down the mountain? We thought it would; and with considerable exertion, dislodged two or three huge ones of a ton's weight or more, and trundled them

over. They leaped down with very little noise, falling from rock to rock with dead heavy *thuds*, and striking out sparks and smoke from every point they hit. Then we explored our peninsula, and christened it Mount Washington; an act of the same class with Alexander's solution of the Gordian knot, and Charlemagne's crowning himself. I think it was Charlemagne—for in all three an arrogant yet noble inspiration of genius extemporized the fulfilment of an enterprise otherwise impracticable. Then we rested a little; resolved suddenly, being rested, that after all, we *would* reach the "*old* original" Mount Washington; reserving the "original" mount, in case of failure. And in pursuance of this resolve, we once more set our faces towards the calm brow of the distant alpine king, and resumed our nursery-rhyme progress:

> "Here we go up, up, up,
> And here we go down, down, downy;
> Here we go backwards and forwards,
> And here we go round and roundy."

Down in the bottom of the first dell into which we plunged, which, at its depth, was just a narrow rift in the rocks, laid in great steps, all slimy with trickling water and slippery moss, we found a lovely little spring. It gushed out in a bubbling spurt from a cleft under an enormous "boulder *in situ*," as Harry learnedly called it, as if it were sadly squeezed, underground, and glad to get out as fast as it could. And moreover, comparing our weariness, and the extreme heat of the hills, with the fresh earthy coolness of the water, it certainly seemed colder than any we had ever seen. We lay down to it. Out came the tin cups, more welcome than golden goblet to Sardanapalus or Belshazzar; and we drank, then and there, being in a profuse perspiration, lying upon cold

damp stone, and under the chilled thick stratum of cold air that settles down in the depths of such ravines, fifteen half-pints of ice-cold spring-water, I swallowing eight—two quarts—and Harry seven. We qualified the fool-hardy draught neither with deliberation nor with brandy. The thirst of such climbing on such days is intense; and although I fully recognized the danger of sudden death, couching as it were in the clear depths of the chilly fountain, yet cupful after cupful went unsatisfyingly down my throat, until instantaneous repletion came with the very last swallow. Neither of us felt any harm then or afterwards, but I advise no one to tempt the water sprites so far; neither is it other than mysterious that even our perfect health and elastic physical forces did not collapse on the instant. But alive and refreshed, thoughtless and thankless, we arose and went on. We struggled forward for two or three hours more, approaching slowly, but not safely, to the goal of our endeavors. We could see more plainly the great rifts and gullies leading up the scathed flanks of Mount Washington, and the large snow-drifts remaining about his crest. We sat down, after a time, wearied and exhausted, upon a peak apparently about as high as the old monarch himself, not more than two or three miles away from him, to rest and to gaze. We had risen so high that here and there small clouds were scudding along the mountain-side below us, and we even passed through one which swept by us—a cold transitory mist—on its windy chase up the hills; and the air, in spite of the clear bright sunshine, was cold and piercing. We sat, however, in the indifferent stupidity of extreme fatigue, an hour or two, until the sun was well down the western sky, and behind a great bank of clouds which had been gathering in the horizon. Then we came to the definite conclusion that the best thing for us was to

get back to the tavern as soon as possible. So, chilled, stiff, hungry, and tired, we rose and attempted to return; but fell forthwith into an ambush set against us by the Princes of the Powers of the Air, which quickly reduced the scope of our thoughts from distant enterprise to immediate safety. We had been delighting ourselves with watching the gathering of the clouds around the great central peak. Eddying and intervolving, vast fleecy hosts now deployed and manœuvred upon its inaccessible flanks. Sometimes they swept on in long unbroken line, hiding all the summit. Again, they opened out, and plunged down and away to one side or the other, leaving the grim old king in his dark repose, alone. But this magnificent display operated as a "reconnoissance in force," to occupy the attention of us travellers in front, while the true and dangerous attack came upon us in flank. As we gazed in delight upon the thickening storm battalions around the brow of the mountain monarch, the air grew damp and cold around us. The slanting remains of sun-light faded into deep shadow. The light troops of a vast army of dense mists sweeping low over our heads, came shutting off the last light, and even as we looked in wonder, the wonder faded into fear, as the main body of the cloudy host charged upon us. It was a cold thick fog; the coldest and solidest I ever felt; apparently filled, indeed, with little particles of snow, which smote upon our thin summer clothing and chilled us through and through in an instant. Thicker and thicker it poured past, in interminable volumes, taking our remaining strength away with the warmth of our bodies, and our courage with our strength. We thought, in this perplexity, to follow the ridge on one of whose summits we were, downwards, and to grope our way out to the valley of the Saco by following the fall of the ravines. We could not see twenty feet. The dark-

ness, as the sun fell, momently increased. Our little local recollections having been frightened away by the mist—thoroughly befogged in a double sense—we had quite forgotten which way the ridge sloped downwards. Having followed it some distance in one direction, and coming to an ascent, we concluded that we were going wrong, and went the other way. Undertaking this time to be persevering, we kept on until we got fairly away from the neighborhood of our resting-place, followed one or two cross ridges which offered a fallacious prospect of leading us somewhither, and just as night fell, were thoroughly lost, colder, wearier, hungrier, and more scared, than ever. We could not now see a step; and moreover, had been for an hour stumbling and even falling, from the weakness of excessive fatigue. But we dared not sit or lie down, lest the numbing sleep of the frost-cloud should take our lives away on its white cold wings. So we even betook ourselves to quadrupedal progressions. We crawled cautiously along, lowering each hand and knee with a separate care, to avoid cuts and scratches, and feeling out forward into the gloom, which seemed to press close upon our eyelids, so dense and palpable was it. We spoke to each other continually, lest we should become separated. Over and over again I put forth my hand for the next step, and upon quietly dropping it, found nothing under it. That was a sign that I was within six inches of *some* precipice. Then I called a halt, and cautiously advanced one foot over the brink. If I could reach a footing below, we crawled down; if not, we coasted along the edge, or tried another course. Over how many hundred feet of sheer descent, I may have hung by the slippery hold of one hand and one knee—over what dark and empty depths, floored with edged and pitiless ledges of teeth, of sharp primeval stone, I put out helpless hand or foot into the

ghastly gloom—I know not, nor do I care to know. But the helplessness of the unseen gesture yet burdens my memory. It has often haunted my rest. For years, if any slight disorder superinduced a dreaming condition, I was in dreams at intervals driven by cold mists or viewless winds, through interminable chasms walled up to heaven, where I saw that seeking gesture repeated to infinity. Over every ledge would then be put forth a helpless hand; pointing to me, clutching at the thick mist, holding wide-spread fingers stretched stiffly out, sweeping slowly hither and thither, vibrating up and down in frantic indecision; indicating dreadful variations upon the solitary theme of utter and desperate loss and helplessness.

So we wandered; until it became evident, as indeed it would have been before, if we had reasoned deliberately, that we should shortly become absolutely unable even to crawl, and should then of necessity fall over a crag, or stiffen and die. We therefore felt about for a soft rock; and having found one which, if not actually soft, was at least rather smoother than most, and, moreover, a little sheltered from the wind-driven frost-fog, we slept and watched alternately, in miserable five or ten minute snatches, until some time in the latter part of the night; spending the time allotted to watching in thrashing the arms about, kicking, stamping, and the other doleful manœuvres which are useful in fighting against severe cold and overpowering drowsiness. At last, after an indefinite quantity—it might, so far as my perception of the passage of time was concerned, have been a week—of wretched dozing and waking, the last detachment of the dreadful fog scudded over us. The moon and stars shone out, most glorious and welcome to behold. We drained the remainder of our brandy, summoned the remainder of our strength, and resumed

our last plan of getting out of the mountains by following the fall of the water-courses. We climbed, with many falls and much danger, all stiff and chilled as we were—hardly retaining any sensation beyond our elbows and knees, and articulating only with difficulty—down into a ravine, along whose lowest rift we stumbled, sometimes in shadow and sometimes in the uncertain gleam of the moonlight, but free at least from the deadly cold and impenetrable darkness of the terrible frost-fog.

Our scheme was successful. After several hours' wandering, we finally came out, at late breakfast-time, upon a narrow meadow in the valley of the Saco, a little above Crawford's House. A day's rest sufficed us to repair damages. As for Mount Washington, people who want to ascend it, may. For my own part, I don't think it anything to boast of.

II. THE FOREST.

We slept at a little farm-house in the woods, in Milan township, half way between the Connecticut and the Androscoggin. At departing in the morning, we told our host that we should follow the river up through woods to Errol, to Bragg's tavern. "Wal," said he, "that are's easy enough. Got any fireworks?" "Fireworks?" I queried back again, "No." Pin-wheels whizzing round on tree-trunks, and squibs and double-headers popping about among dry leaves, seemed not precisely true forestry. Rockets might announce our whereabouts; but, on the whole, the idea of fireworks, as part of a woodsman's outfit, seemed rather odd. But our friend answered, in seeming surprise, "No? Hain't ye? Wait a minit." So he

entered the house and speedily returned with a box of matches, which he delivered to us, accompanying them with earnest exhortations never to go into the woods without fireworks. This, as now explained, seemed good advice; and we pocketed it and the matches, and departed.

We came, about noon, as per direction, to a lonely log-house in a corn-patch. The road had degenerated into a mere path, and might, if we had pursued it far enough, have ended, like the western highway, in a squirrel-track, and run up a tree. At the log-hut we got dinner—a true forester's meal: bear's-meat, honey, milk, potatoes, and bread and butter—a most refreshing and appetizing refection, for which we were charged the sum of ten cents each; a different amount, I trow, from that which Windust or Taylor would exact for viands as rare, and in like quantity and quality. We, however, insisted upon paying the usual tavern-fee, twenty-five cents each; in return for which we received careful directions, two or three biscuit, and a lump of bear's-meat. We refused more provisions, which the kindly house-mother would have pressed upon us, as it was only fifteen miles to Bragg's in Errol, the place where we intended to sup.

Our travelling directions were clear, namely: to follow up the right (or west) bank of the Androscoggin, on which we were, for about three miles, to circumambulate Indian Pond, which was described to us, to cross the river at the Seven Islands, and find a straight and easy path a little way back from the river bank on the other side. So we departed; found the pond and the islands; made a raft of loose logs and withes, put our clothes and knapsacks thereon, and swam the river; not without some dim apprehensions of a nip of the toe from a snapping-turtle; redressed, and plunged into the woods in search of the "straight and easy path."

We moved into the forest at a right-angle from the course of the river, and walked straight forward about two miles, without finding any path of any kind, except sundry labyrinthine cart-tracks which generally came round into themselves again within ten rods, in a manner tending somewhat to perplex the unwary. These paths ramble about without apparent purpose; but careful inspection shows, here and there, within a few feet of their edge, the close-cut stump of some large tree. The insidious lumbermen have thus ruminated through the woods, as it were, slyly circulating from tree to tree, surprising and slaying the old forest giants by coming upon them through these hidden and stealthy routes.

Having thus ventured into the depths of the forest as far as we dared, observing our due right line of march by "sighting" at such trees as were in range of our course, and having failed as aforesaid, we stopped short in our tracks, faced square about, and went, like the burglarious Sawney, "bock agen." Then we followed the river-bank a little way, and made another useless dash off into the forest, in search of the "straight and easy path." In several such explorations we wasted the afternoon; and night overtook us in the woods. By good fortune, we came, in the midst of our uncomfortable speculations, upon the comfort of *al fresco* bedchambers, upon a "logging-camp"—a close-built snug log-hut erected by lumbermen for residence during their winter work. This we speedily entered; but being yet raw in woodcraft, and without an axe, we only made an insufficient fire inside with such chips and sticks as lay about the small cleared space in which the hut stood, and lay down with our feet towards the blaze, on the hard matted carpet of dry spruce twigs. We ate the small relics of our provisions; for, in confident expectation of supping in Errol, we foolishly threw away

the *viaticum* which had been given us at dinner, except the lump of meat, and a biscuit. Of that wastefulness we repented that evening, and repented more next day.

We slept cold and uneasily, waking often ; each, as he waked, replenishing the fire. Our beds were as hard as a floor. We had no covering but our clothes. The night air was chilly and damp, and more so from the fogs that crept up out of the river and thickened the atmosphere. With the first light of the morning, we arose and prepared to go forward. The dreary, gray air, seemed as cold as winter. Wet and raw, it clasped us close, settled upon our garments, cleaved stickily to our flesh, and defied our shivering efforts to repel its attacks by the warmth of the fire. A warm night's rest will, of itself, supply no inconsiderable power of resistance to cold ; but our animal warmth had been undergoing a process of exhaustion all night long ; and it was with a very shrivelled and stiffened feeling that we commenced our breakfastless and indefinite walk. We made one more foolish attempt to discover the visionary path which it had been the object of our wasted afternoon to find ; and then resolved, as we ought to have done the day before at noon, to hold straight up the river bank until we should come to Errol. So, for some hours we did, but our progress was slow. Empty stomachs and sleepless nights are not good preparations for long walks. Besides, Harry's ankles, which had been becoming weak for several days, under the unaccustomed labor of so much travel over such rugged routes, began to fail. He walked weakly and slowly, stumbled at the slightest obstacle, and even fell flat down without stumbling, from sheer inability to contract the muscles of the leg and foot. Struggling along, we worked our difficult way onwards until nearly noon, when suddenly we came through a perplexing thicket of blackberry briers, out upon the steep bank of a

filthy, muddy creek, that came slowly down from one side of the river valley, through a wide, flat, alder swamp. As is natural (ἄρά γε, as Prof. H. would say that Homer would say), our enterprise had diminished with our strength. Neither of us dared wade this Styx-like stream. Its slow, brown current, told of deep, soft mud below; and if either of us, boldly venturing forward, should sink therein, it was pretty evident that, unless he should help himself out, he would stay there; for small aid could come from such "weary wights forlorn." We looked at the sticky Styx in despairing mood. Harry sat down upon the ground, and announced that he should decidedly not attempt crossing any such brook as that. I urged him to come up the country a little, and seek a ford; but, upon brief consideration, he refused—explaining that, in fact, he would not go any whither. He proposed, unless washed off or carried away, to die upon the spot; for walk further he neither could nor would. Nor was he unreasonable. He had come the last half mile only by leaning upon my shoulder; and even if his spirit had been willing, his flesh was entirely too weak to reinforce it.

But now what was to be done? If Harry was weak, I was not strong. Neither of us had eaten more than a mouthful or two since the day before at noon. Our various rambles in the forest, if laid off in a straight line, could not have measured much less than thirty miles; and that not of smooth walking over a cleared road, but of crawling, stooping, shoving, scratching, squeezing, jumping, climbing, and many another manœuvre unknown to the machine-gymnast; for such a vile tangle of a forest, full of stumps, stones, briers, hills, bogs, and all imaginable impediments, I am sure never was penetrated before. This thirty miles of agility, therefore, being equal to (say) fifty of ordinary walking, had pretty well exhausted us both. The deep

creek flowed stupidly along, not more than a rod wide, but as impassable to us as if it had been the Pacific Ocean.

At last, I told Harry that I would go forward myself without him. I left my knapsack in his charge, that I might be the lighter for pushing into Errol. I gave him matches to make a fire, in case evening should find him there. I told him that unless I died in the woods (which I specified that I could not think myself to have been allowed to grow up to my present age and size—to say nothing of general accomplishments—for the purpose of doing), I would reach Errol, from which we could not be more than six or eight miles distant, that evening, and would send a boat back for him. Lastly, to make his discovery the surer, I specially charged him to stay precisely where he was, lest the coming aid should fail to find him. This he promised to do; and thereupon I left him sitting alone upon the steep bank at the confluence of the creek and the Androscoggin, and followed the former back into the woods. After ascending it for a mile or so, I found a "logging road," which entered the swamp on the hither side, and which I thought I could see entering the opposite woods. Here I crossed; the bottom of the creek being as hard as a floor, which very likely it was all the way down. Now again I fancied that this path would lead me straight to Errol; but forthwith it began to twist and turn, and at last diverged five ways at once, whereupon I deserted it, and turned again towards the river.

Now I began to be faint. The cold had departed with early morning, and now the mid-day rays of a sun unreasonably powerful even for June, fell down among the trees, and stagnated in the hot windless shade beneath. Not a breath lifted the leaves. If there was any breeze outside of the forest, it did not reach me.

My limbs became unsteady; I grew drowsy as I stepped. Those old woods, never cleared, are difficult to traverse. The land lies in steep and rugged ridges, running athwart the course of the river. Every step was beset; each foot of ground harbored its own separate impediment. A stump, a fallen and prickly fir tree-top, a dense brambly thicket, a bog, with a black surface of shiny black water, or shiny black mud, studded with waggling, treacherous hummocks of wiry grass; a deceitful pit just deep enough to cause astonishment and anger at the jar of an unexpectedly long step, or suddenly to horizontalize the weary walker, upon a prickly rope of green brier vines, and to cause the rending of his flesh or his garment upon a ragged stick or a sharp stone; a thick swamp-oak tree, with lower boughs jealously shadowing down to the ground; a great nest of granite rocks, with edges raw and sharp, in case of the quick gripe of any human hand, or an encounter with any human shin; all these, and many more hedged up my path. The peculiar sensation of thorough emptiness too long continued, began to appear in my stomach. Whereas that organ should have been resting from the comfortable exercise of managing a nice breakfast, it had in fact now been uneasily and growlingly empty since the day before. Constant exercise, the dry, shrivelling weariness of cold sleep, copious perspiration from violent exertion under still hot sunbeams, and in the stagnant vapory air of the low, thick-growing woodland, had first exhausted my muscles. They forthwith drew through the blood, upon the stomach; saying, as it were, "At sight, pay to the right (or left, as the case may be) leg, or bearer, so much strength." But the institution drawn upon, not having been put in funds by the central house charged with the supervision of both the parties to this transaction, had to

answer, "No effects;" and the protestation of this draft naturally disturbed existing business arrangements. My stomach, in fact, having become desperate at the gloomy prospect, and the deficiency of assets, seemed to have "absquatulated," leaving a vast and aching void, and clamorous creditors. I tied my handkerchief tightly around my waist, which in some measure relieved the dreadful gnawing which I began to feel.

More wearily and feebly I ascended each hill, and almost fell down the descent on the other side. To gnawing hunger now was superadded intense thirst. Of drinks, however, I had great choice—namely, between the soup of decayed wood, and festering last year's leaves that crept along each little ravine, and the warm water of the river. Each, in turn, I drank greedily; each, as soon as swallowed, came back by the way it had gone down. A few such experiments sufficed to satisfy me that that drink did not agree with me, and likewise pretty well to exhaust the small remnant of my strength. I sat down on rock, log, or ground, at every few steps; and every delay seemed sweeter. I hardly cared to make the effort necessary to get out of the woods, if I had seen houses and helpers within a hundred rods. I began to grow light-headed from the combined effects of fatigue, hunger, thirst, and heat. I beguiled the way with grotesque monologue, quips and quirks, silly laughter, or recitations of scraps of prose or poetry, as they wandered through my mind. Why was I, I inquired of myself, like the starling in Sterne? Because, I replied again, "I can't get out." What, I asked, varying my conundrum from the punnic to the anagrammatic species, is the difference between me and the elect? That, I replied, they are predestinated, and I pedestrinated, to be saved. And so on into the depths of bathos and of inane absurdity. Then I pleased

myself with select recitations from Macaulay's martial lyrics of "Horatius" and "The Battle of the Lake Regillus." It occurred to me that Mr. M., in the former "Lay," had used a somewhat profane illustration, not heretofore criticised, in the following lines, describing the fall of the bridge:

> "And like a d—n, the mighty wreck
> Lay right athwart the stream."

Then all at once Hood's ghastly lines rose up in my mind:

> "Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord!
> But the beggarman, where was he?
> There was naught of him but some ribbons of rags
> Beneath the gallows tree."

And with the words the fearful picture limned itself before me—the low-browed villain perched upon his horrid tree, white with a remorse and an agony of loneliness so keen as to bite even through the crust of long years of crime and violence; the pattering, thronging gallop, the fierce hungry eyes, the lean and savage forms, the eager snarling whine of the wild dogs as they tore along upon their scent of human blood. I will not further enounce the diorama of horrors that passed across my sight as I tottered foolishly about, or sat resting against a rock or a tree. But so high ran the morbid activity of my imagination, that even the low ripple of the rapid river just by, suggested to me the coming of the death-hounds; and scarcely did I reassure myself by watching as deliberately as I could the utter and desolate stillness that brooded in the listless air, and spread miles and miles away, unbroken by song of bird or cry of beast, by any sound save the rippling river, my own crackling steps, and my mindless words and laughter. It was long past noon. I almost

resolved to lie down and wait, rather than longer to endure the struggle of climbing and walking further, under the over-mastering and accumulating load of faintness and fatigue. As I worked stupidly along, just on the edge of the river bank, I looked forward and saw, across the wide sweep of water, in a bend of the river, upon whose outer side I was journeying, a square cleared lot, planted down among the woods on a long sloping hillside. Away in a trice hurried the uncomfortable visions that had haunted me. Clearings implied axes, axes men, men houses, houses Jim Bragg's tavern; and using logic as an antidote to real and imaginary ills, I gathered up the tattered remnant of my resolution and my strength, and put my best foot foremost for a last effort. It might have been half a mile; and another half mile I think I could not have gone. Upon coming out from the hot deep shadow of the woods into the hotter open sunshine, the bright beams from the west smote me with irresistible force. I had just time to look hurriedly from the vantage-ground of the open field, to the north-west, up the river. I barely saw the highway, the bridge, houses on the other side; and directing my failing footsteps to a clump of small trees, I fell prone beneath their shadow, among briers, charcoal, turf, and dirt, laid my handkerchief over my face to keep off the mosquitoes, straightened my limbs to their utmost extent, and lay as if dead, save for breathing, for an hour. Then I rose, crossed the field, climbed into the highway, crossed the bridge, entered the bar-room, stumbled into a chair, told anybody —I saw two or three people, but distinguished nothing accurately—to give me some bread and milk, and then to send a boat down the river after Harry, the place of whose sojourn I described. My appearance, which must have been ghastly enough, created quite a stir. The food I

had asked was quickly brought; but I could not eat a single mouthful. At the recommendation of the landlord I went straight to bed, and succeeded in sleeping an hour or two.

In the course of the evening I awoke; came down stairs and lingered about the door in delicious rest, delicious moonlight; inquired for Harry. There was as yet no news. In a little while, however, the messenger by the way of the river returned alone. He had gone down the stream to its junction with the muddy creek; had found embers of an expiring fire, and my knapsack (which he brought with him), hung on a stake close to the water's edge; and nothing more. He had followed up the creek a mile or two, and found traces of some one's fording it, but whether these were mine or Harry's, did not appear; had shouted, with no reply but the faint echo of the woods; and in defect of reasonable expectation of finding the lost man in the night, and in the great expanse of primeval forest, had returned.

There was no use in further immediate efforts. Perhaps Harry might reach the tavern in the course of the night. Perhaps he had gone straight eastward—so the men of the place suggested—and would return to Errol next day, from the settlements in that direction. They did not think there was much danger. But sad phantoms haunted me of my friend, fallen, through inanition or unendurable weakness, in some black bog, or under some steep ledge; wearing out the long night in agony from a broken limb; or stupid and speechless, and unable to help himself, or even to signify his presence to helpers close at hand. If such should be the case, I reasoned, how hopeless the task of finding him, hidden away by his unhappy fate in the far, dreary recesses of the forest! A rock, a bramble, might be the veil which should cover

him from the saving hands almost within reach; which should be exchanged only for the impenetrable curtain of death. And how could I return home and carry such news to his father?

But these reveries did not mend the matter; and fatigue insured their dispersion before the deep sleep which held me until morning. Then, however, but with renewed strength and better hope, I arose, found the boatman of last evening, and with him paddled down the river, carrying food and drink. About half a mile above the point where I had left Harry, we were hailed by a spectral-looking being who was brushing along through the wet bushes on the river bank, and who turned out to be our man. But where were his trowsers? Had the mosquitoes bitten them off? No; they were in his knapsack; he had bestowed them there to save rents, and was promenading the forest in his—coat. This was our first question, and that the answer. Then we speedily helped him aboard the boat, located him snugly in the bow, and introduced him to sundry new acquaintances, viz., one large mass of bread and butter and cheese; *item*, one flat bottle of gin-and-water. Unto these he "did most seriously incline;" and afforded us, on our homeward way, a delightful spectacle, both as a specimen of the curious condition to which "roughing it in the bush" for twenty hours may reduce a well-seeming youth of nineteen, and as a hungry man enjoying food. His "continuations," which he put on after coming aboard, were merely watery "solutions of continuity"—sopping wet, and aggregations of large and varied orifices, bordered, as it were, and separated, as clustered lakes by narrow lands, by slender strips of broadcloth. One section of the bifurcated garment was split clear from waist to ankle, and the other nearly as far. No portion of superficies two inches square lacked its hole. His coat was scar-

red by a ghastly wound which reached almost around his waist, as if a sickle had been set close to him and violently jerked. His knapsack was wet through, and hung, flabby and squashing, at his back. His face was burnt as red as fire, and further inflamed, and fairly roughened, by the bites of insects.

When "the sacred rage of hunger" was appeased, he told his doleful tale. He had waited after my departure, until he became tired of waiting, and then, applying to the circumstances of the case some fallacious criterion which he insisted upon calling "the doctrine of chances"—of *mis*chances, I suggested—he came to the comfortable conclusion that I had broken my left leg, and was, in all human probability, bawling or groaning, in some locality not well defined, but at any rate safely out of earshot of everybody. Therefore, he ratiocinated, I would not reach Errol. Therefore no boat would come for him; and if he got there at all, he concluded, he must do it by the help of the articles in his boots, although they might, as the poet sings,

> ——"Sprung,
> And weak and feeble be."

So he undertook to advance; and found that he had better stayed (see proverb) safe in his frying-pan. For a damp was thrown over his expectations by means of an unlucky stumble in fording that vile creek, in whose muddy and ill-omened stream he wet himself from head to foot, and converted his knapsack into a leathern bag-pudding. He wet his matches, too. So, when after a little he found that he must positively camp out that night, it also appeared that he could kindle no fire, and that it would be necessary to become the unresisting victim of the three hideous tribes who roam throughout the Northern woods —that abominable trinity of plagues, musquitoes, gnats,

and sand-flies. He therefore compiled a great heap of brushwood, crawled into the midst of it, covered his face with his handkerchief, and lay down, in the fallacious hope that he might elude the blood-sucking gentry. Why should they expect to find anything to eat in the middle of a great pile of bushes? But they illogically came singing in, and by morning had transformed his "phizmahogany" into the likeness of the full moon in a fog. He rose early, and was manfully pushing on for Errol when we met him.

We enjoyed a pleasant rest of two or three days, preparatory to a grand trouting expedition up the Magalloway River.

III.—THE LAKE.

I SHALL not delay to relate circumstantially our days of fly-fishing among the speckled salmon trout; how we made flies as large as humming-birds, of worsted and all sorts of funny ingredients; how the savage fish would leap their full length out of the water after the barefaced humbug "with a hook to it;" how we "camped out," living on "frizzled pork" (which is not pork curled with curling-tongs, but impaled on a sharp stick and toasted over the fire) and bread, eaten off extemporaneous birch-bark plates, with one-pronged stick forks; how we always kindled our fire with the crockery of our last meal; how I indoctrinated our worthy guide in the art and mystery of preparing fried bread, the recipe for which, by the way, I will send to any part of the Union, upon the receipt of one dollar, *post-paid*, and which is a delicacy "as is ekalled by few and excelled by none;" and many other such acts then and there did. Let it suffice that we bagged, one after-

noon, eighty pounds of trout in about two hours—the larger ones being about the size of shad; and that from our two days' sport, we salted down, to bring home, about one hundred and fifty pounds of the same. They never came home, however. I could put my finger on the very reach of the Connecticut River, in the Fifteen Mile Falls, above Barnet, Vt., where those fish—*horresco* (and *grumblesco*) *referens*—went out through the bottom of a staved firkin, and paved the stony bed of the river. A capsize did the business, as I was running the Falls, on the Fourth of July; the fish taking that opportunity to secure their independence. I suppose that I ought to be thankful that I did not stay along with my trout; for I was shot suddenly into eight feet of foam and water at the foot of a short pitch in the river, in intimate combination with an axe, a frying-pan, a junk of salt pork, a bread-bag, and a knapsack; and was further incommoded by the boat, which took so sharp a slew in the swift pitch of the fall, getting a friendly hoist, also, from a rock which poked up its ugly hard black nose just in the wrong place, that she was instantaneously overset and driven under, coming down atop of me, like a shell on a tortoise. But I crawled out—indeed, if I hadn't done so I could not say so. But all this is partly what I said I would not say, and partly what I did not say I would say. I resume—in the political sense, I mean, as territory is re-annexed to the United States, which they never owned; strictly I should have to say I *sume*—my narrative.

We had returned from our fishing trip, and were resting at the tavern, reading bathetic flash novels and dozing about the neighborhood, when suddenly the little skiff, in which I had helped bring Harry up the river, suggested to me a delightful idea. She was a ten-foot, flat-bottomed, narrow little duck of a craft, sided about eight inches high

and five-eighths of an inch thick, and nearly as light as a canoe, built for paddling, and just large enough for "one inside." Indeed, I hauled her ashore with one hand, turned her over, lifted her upon my back and carried her easily, as the Britons did their coracles. It was evidently so expedient as to be substantially a necessity that I should stow her with provisions and tackle, and go off alone to wander about Umbagog for a few days. So—it was the middle of the afternoon—I made ready, and with a cautionary spare paddle, I departed. Mr. Bragg warned me, however, by no means to cross Umbagog that evening, as there had been a high wind all day, and my presumed inexperience in the use of the paddle certified him that I should be swamped in the open lake. He therefore advised me to camp that night in the meadows this side the lake, and to defer my lacustrine navigation until morning. In this injurious under-estimate of my boatmanship I acquiesced for the time, lest the use of the boat should be flatly refused me; and made diligent inquiry after that precise spot in the aforesaid meadows most suitable for a bedroom. But in the deep recesses of my own soul, "*sub pectore uno*," I resolved not to sleep that night except beneath the gloomy curtains of the ancient forest on the further side of the lake in the great State of Maine. I had not dared so many dangers upon the salt water (videlicet Long Island Sound and New York harbor) and upon the fresh (videlicet Winnipiseogee, Connecticut River, and Lake Erie) to be dismayed by a miserable landlubber of a stray "one-horse" tempest up in the backwoods.

I launched my little boat in the middle of the golden afternoon, and paddled quietly up the river. The strong wind roared over the forests both sides of me, and leaped across the stream high over my head; but the lofty walls

of trees shut it off from my watery path, and the surface slept smoothly, in utter stillness.

Paddling is a beautiful mode of propulsion. A shadow of indirection and duplicity has hung about the oarsman's art ever since the days of By-ends' great-grandfather, that waterman of doubtful fame, who looked one way and rowed another. But paddling—would that it had a name of nobler sound—is an honest, straightforward business. You (provided you paddle) see where you are going, and what is before you. You do not ignobly look back and pore upon the insignificant ripples and bubbles that spread faintly on your track. The unbroken wave stretches before you, and you are carried forward in mind to the work that remains to be done; not backwards, to glorify over that already performed. It is a delicate accomplishment, moreover, and a graceful. Any two-handed loon can pull at the balanced oars. A baboon has all that is necessary—brute strength, to wit. But the delicate dip of the paddle-blade, the light touch as it leaves the water, to counteract the continual aberration from the repeated strokes on the same side; these demand a practised hand, a quick eye, and an aptitude for detailed artistically finished execution. With a shade, therefore, of modest diffidence, I confess that I can paddle. In confirmation hereof I will state a single fact, namely: that after my return from this present expedition, it appeared that none of the large sharp-built boats of that vicinity, pulling from four to six oars, and manned by two or three men, had dared to venture out during the prevalence of the gale in whose height I crossed the lake in a skiff not weighing a hundred pounds.

Gently and alone I glided northward and eastward, until towards sunset, when I emerged from the woods, into the wide level grass meadows which wait upon the

union of the lake and the river. The last long straight reach enabled me to see the dark tossing waves upon the open water beyond. The sun was low behind me, and the air already chilly with approaching night. The rank green meadow edge was obsequiously bowing in long ranks before the irregular gusts of the strong northwester. I could not resist a fancy that the idle obeisances of the grass were to escort me onwards; politely waving me out to the dark rough water, as if to say "Walk in, if you please; you are entirely at liberty. But see what you'll get." On the extreme verge of the river bank I hauled up my skiff, and stepping ashore, stood up a moment to see —which way to go. Umbagog lay before me, stretching out of sight to north and south, framed in deep forests except where close to me the wide level of alluvial meadow opened back from the water. There were only wind-swept sedge, tossing waves, and dreary woods. No sign of life, neither smoke nor clearing was visible. A dark shadow, as if even sunlight grudged to haunt so lonely a place, seemed to have settled down over the lake, and indeed was really stealing down upon it from over the tree-tops on the western side; I could indistinctly discern, opposite me, the deep bay at the head of which I had been told that there was good fishing. Thither I at once determined to go, and there or thereabouts to sleep. In despite, therefore, of the high wind and the admonitions of my landlord, I embarked once more, stowing my little cargo well forward, so as to trim the boat as evenly as possible. At first I sneered a little at Mr. Bragg's apprehensions. But—when I came fairly out upon the lake, I saw that he was not so far wrong; and that I should have a good pull of it, if I got across at all. Waves are more precipitous—shorter, as the phrase is—in shallow, than in deep water. Umbagog is quite shallow; and the short

jerking seas were faced as perpendicularly as a wall, besides being crested with curly "white-caps," signifying that they were quite ready to jump aboard of anything accessible. The lively skiff surged up and down like a rearing horse; her quarter gunwale at every plunge coming down within an inch of the water, and many times fairly under it, shipping gallons at a time. Even if I had desired retreat, it would have been hopeless for me, wearied with my long pull up the river, to attempt working back to its outlet. If I pulled straight across the lake, I was sure to be swamped by some billow from behind; for I could not outrun the waves. And now, when I was midway in my passage, the dancing white-caps jumped higher and wilder than ever, in joy at having secured a prey. I looked behind me to the setting sun, and was so startled at the wild scene that I missed a stroke, and nearly fell overboard. I had not realized the height of the waves while looking at them from behind. But they quite hid the low shore I had left except as I rode upon their summits. The level rays of the sun shone through the red water and gave a lurid glare to every billow. All the lake was a rolling tumbling mass of dark waves, flecked and crested foam, and tinged with the dark red gleam from the west. Over and over, wallowing headlong in their haste, they came, innumerable racing monsters, roaring, foaming, gnashing white teeth, the vengeful messengers of the offended lake-god, commissioned to whelm me in their muddy depths, to vindicate the sacred solitude I had dared infringe.

I trusted my passage to the winds, therefore; and with wary eye and ready hand, addressed myself to avoid the incessant assaults of the dancing foes upon whose backs I rode. As each sea sprung forward at me, a quick stroke lifted or turned the light boat, and passed the hostile wave

beneath me, to roll off to leeward and knock his disappointed head to pieces, if he chose, against the iron-bound eastern shore. I drifted thus, through an hour's exhausting labor, until I was blown within forty rods of the eastern shore, and partly under the lee of one of the rocky headlands which define the bay I was seeking. The wind went down with the sun; the waves rapidly fell; and in the dim interspace between sunlight and night I reached the extreme end of the bay. Here I drew up the skiff, caught a trout or two from under the lily-pads, and prepared for supper and rest. After a few moments' search I discovered a delightful little tabernacle just within the margin of the woods, hidden and curtained in by the drooping branches of three great trees. Here I speedily built a fire; cooked my trout (with pork accompaniment, upon the stew-pan), ate them; and I greased my face and hands, *secundum artem*, with nice warm pork-fat.

"Urh! you filthy fellow!" remarks some very cleanly body.

I will not submit to such an imputation. As the naughty boy said when his father was going to whip him, "let's stop a minute and argy."

Filth, then, and cleanliness, are relative terms; dependent for their signification entirely upon collateral or accidental circumstances; having nothing absolute in themselves. Whale-oil soap is as abstersive, for what I know, as the most immaculate old brown Windsor. But a plentiful application of the former would hardly fit the person so cleansed for waltzing in the "first circles." The difference is in the smell. But suppose you liked the odor of the fishy compound, and disliked that of the vegetable. Then the brown Windsor would be filthy. A judicious application of M. Slique de Grici's celebrated Haarrub, or

Tonique Arabienne, leaves your *chevelure* in a delightful condition, so smooth and soft, exhaling inappreciable delicate tropical odors, as if the Queen of Sheba had dined upon spices and then breathed upon you. But a smart scrub with a tallow candle would do it (and be it too) all but the preference, and the wick. The difference, I say, is in the smell. Prefer the tallow unadorned, and the perfumed Tonique is only fit to lubricate cart-wheels. It is a mere difference of opinion, then, between you and me. As Virgil would say, filthy quia filthy videtur. Filthy or not filthy, just as you think. Again, this is a question of ultimate results. I will use pork-fat. You may try, if you like, Lily White or Cytherean Cream; and we will compare complexions ten years from this date, viz., 2 at noon of June 27th, A.D., 1864, if you dare. *Respice finem*, my good mademoiselle. Regard results.

Besides, "filthy or not filthy" is a question also of purpose. Were you filthy when you webfooted your slender fingers with that slimy, sticky, brown material the other day? No; because it baked into some remarkable cake. Was I filthy because I wore ragged garments and rusty boots in the woods? because I did not enter the gnarled forests all in pimlico trig, with broadcloth and blacking, opera-tie and shirt-ruffles, and a *lorgnette* to look at the bears with? No; neither was I filthy because greasy; though my face shone like a Hottentot's after dinner. If you would have waited a moment before groaning at me in that horrid way, I would have made it all clear. Why, therefore, did I grease my face? That question answered, the "urh!" will be answered.

There are in the northern woods three distinct and insufferable plagues — musquitoes, gnats, and sand-flies. These haunt the summer traveller by wood and stream, drawing on him at sight for inconvenient amounts of

blood. The musquitoes he can kill if he can catch them. The gnats are so small that they can scarcely be seen, and therefore not easily caught or killed. The sand-flies swarm so thickly that catching or killing them is a hopeless undertaking. But a good coat of grease is panoply secure against the tiny warriors. The gnats dare not alight upon it, lest they stick fast; the sand-flies do not, because of an innate antipathy, nor the musquitoes, except very exceptionally. I have sat upon the lake shore by the hour, without receiving a single bite, when the sand-flies swarmed around me so thick that I could not open my mouth without catching two or three, and they flew, in their haste, into my nostrils and eyes. And the intensity of my satisfaction can only be appreciated by those who have done the like, or have heard from within the snug musquito-bar the angry war-song of the fell gallinipper, as he coursed about the woven fastness, in vain endeavoring to storm the wall. The buzzing of impotent malignity is the most delicious of serenades.

The greasing having been performed and justified, the next thing was to make my bed. This I did by cutting down a young spruce tree, picking the twigs, and strewing *quantum sufficit* of them upon a space six feet by two. My arrangement was, rather injudiciously as the sequel showed, such as to bring the fire by my side instead of at my feet, where it should have been. But having made it, and gathered a few logs for firewood, I lay down to sleep. The luxurious elasticity and aromatic perfume of the soft spruce twigs, not to mention the weariness of a hard afternoon's work, quickly put me asleep. But in the course of the night I was awakened by a sensation of uncomfortable heat. No wonder; for my fire, kindled on a deep stratum of purely vegetable matter, baked by two or three weeks of drought, ate away its own support, sank bodily down

into the ground, and travelled about several ways at once, like Kehama attacking Padalon; and at my waking had undermined and eaten a third of the way across my bed, so that any dreamy agitation, or the purposeless movements of an uneasy sleeper, would have rolled me upon a mass of weltering fire. The heavy dreamlessness of my slumber saved me. I arose in sleepy alarm, removed my couch a foot or two from the edge of the pit of living coals, and lay down again. This time, however, my sleep was not dreamless. The first nap had taken off the edge of my appetite for rest, and as happens in cases of suddenly interrupted sleep, the remainder of it was unsteady and checkered with vaguely combined and flickering pictures, gathered from memories remote from the events of the few days just passed and passing, and from all the storehouses of facts and thought which exist in the mind, often unknown and always inaccessible to their possessor, in ordinary healthy states. Involuntary mental action, under the irregular stimulus of ill health or abnormal physical condition, sometimes flashes a transient gleam upon the hid treasures in these dark recesses; gives a quick glimpse of them by indirection, by surprise, at unexpected seasons; so that we do not consciously know that we *have* intuition of such knowledge in us, but only that we have had it.

I dreamed. But before I tell what I dreamed, let me state one more peculiarity of the dream-action. This is, that in recombining the fantastic colors of its portraitures, it works, at its option, outside of the category of time. That is (for instance), any action which terminates the dream, by becoming one of a series of conditions so exciting as to dispel sleep, and which, upon waking and retrospection, appears to have been instantaneous, and actually the very last of the conditions above mentioned, as a loud

cry or a rude grasp, probably occupied in its dream relations a very different place. Perhaps the dream-power located it afar off in the concatenation of visions; perhaps transformed it, from a single flash of action or sound, into an extended substratum or basis of operations—a ground upon which the other shifting figures of the uncertain show interwove their dim and transitory evolutions; perhaps it even dashed off the outlines of an entire great picture, from the single hint afforded by the awakening circumstance; retruding upon the memory a long train of supposititious circumstances as counterfeit as wizards' money.

In my dream in the woods, the second or third of these modes of operation occurred at least in that portion which, as having made the strongest impression upon me, I remember. I will sketch so much of it; not as very wonderful in itself but as an illustration of the principles I have stated.

In some distant interstellar space, or at least in some immeasurable region of extra-telluric darkness, I was set. From another great distance, from invisible depths below my feet, came up, as if for some reason addressed to me, an awful mingled murmur of unnumbered human voices. A low, continuous, mournful cry it was; so low and continuous that it was almost like the far roaring of the unseen sea. But there was an indescribable articulateness—a humanity of expression—which revealed to me that they were human voices, and in deep distress. It was this mournful wail which was the substruction of the remainder of my dream, which awoke me at last, and which cannot, judging from the sounds which I heard just afterwards, while awake, and which must have been similar, have lasted ten seconds. Upon this dark background of lamentations ranged themselves many successive or

simultaneous groups of wild and flitting images, all melancholy, in sad harmony with the deep organ-bass of sorrow beneath. They have faded out of my memory except one, either more striking in itself, or more clearly brought out by some chance basis in actuality. I was, as I said, in intense darkness, suspended in space. About me, within reach, having me at their mercy, I knew that there hovered powerful and malignant existences. I could perceive nothing. The fact was somehow gradually developed by a slow astonishing revelation within myself. And ever and anon I became conscious of some mocking whisper, just so faintly heard that I could not be sure whether I heard it: and I felt that any slight impulse would send me headlong from my infinite altitude to plunge into the abyss of woe beneath. Why my invisible enemies did not wreak their wrath upon me I knew not; but their forbearance was a sufficient infliction, for I shuddered at the floating shadow of terror that brooded over me, at the apprehension of indefinite vengeance to come.

For some long period I endured the double misery of hearing the mourning, whose cause I could not remove, nor assuage its tide, and of awaiting vague and fearful inflictions delayed for how short a time, and determined for what reasons, I knew not.

But I distinguished, at last, increased vehemence in the cry from underneath. Either the wailing host were rising towards me, or I falling towards them. The gloomy monotony of their voices became louder; more individualized; broke up into single voices, though the change was very slow, by reason of the infinity of space traversed. Nearer and nearer they approached. Wild laughs and screams darted upwards from the great dead level of resounding mourning. And now that they were almost so near that I might shout to them, though yet veiled in

thick darkness, the sound came to me from an extent far vaster than that covered by any earthly host; and the dread tide of measureless agony swept past me upwards for ever, with almost tangible power.

I was in their midst. Wails, groans, fearful screams of sharpest sorrow, deep sobs and breathings of hopeless and tearless grief, diabolic laughter, infinite whisperings of hateful suggestion, or of voices outworn from long mourning, went up in bewildering intensity as it were from out of the very body and substance of all the thick black air around me. The immeasurable utterances culminated in a long, sweeping, piercing cry, in resistless sympathy with which I opened my lips to cry also, feeling that the sound of my own voice was fated to enrol me in the awful company, and that with them I should have to rise through the hopeless darkness for ever. But I could not utter a sound; and in deadly fear, for I now felt iron hands pressing fiercely upon my throat, and driving back my breath, I sprang to my feet, awake—as much awake, at least, as men are who wake in such wise.

It was high time. I was choking with smoke. My fire had spread further than simply under my bed, although it had eaten another segment of that; had invaded a space several rods in extent, and was crackling, snapping, and murmuring among the leaves and dry stuff below, and jumping up any dry trees and bushes in its path. The last dreadful cry of my dream was the roar and rattle of the flames as they licked up the thickset twigs of a dead spruce thirty feet high. With one bound the fire had sprung to the top of the tree, flaming out, a great sudden torch, upon the darkness, and then falling again as soon, leaving the blackened stem and limbs dotted here and there with dull red stars.

In this emergency my business evidently was to fight

the fire out, if possible. Unless vigorous measures were taken, all the forests east of Umbagog were in danger, for the drought had been extreme for weeks. So, axe in hand, I hurried along the outermost limit of the fire, knocking burning sticks into the ring, and stamping and pounding the life out from the verge of the spreading enemy, to prevent him from making further conquests. In this I was materially aided by my position, being upon a small knoll between the lake, a brook, a pond a few feet inland, and a ledge of rocks. The most pressing part of the business in hand, namely, to vanquish the fire on the line between the ledge and the pond, I soon finished; trod out the remainder rather more at my leisure; bestowed sundry capfuls of water upon one or two hot nuclei of rebellion; made my bed once more, and again lay down. But I slumbered only for a moment. The fire awoke again, and awoke me. I rose, and stood looking at the ring of light around me. Thick clouds shut out moonlight and starlight; and around the limits of a narrow circle of fire, the night closed in like a perpendicular wall. A huge mass of roots, the former base of some old tree long ago blown over and dead, had caught fire. It stood before me, a great gnarled fiery altar, twisting and weltering in the heat of its own combustion. It occurred to me all at once that an enemy outside of the firelight would hold me entirely at his mercy. I was yet under the disheartening effects of the vivid impressions made by my dream, and not broad awake. And as I looked upon the flaming pile before me, I made sure that I heard whisperings, wild laughter, and conversation in uncouth and broken words. It was, I suppose, the fantastic murmurs and voices of the fire; but I felt certain that there were men behind it. I stood, a black and definite form, in strong relief within the lighted ring. Suppose some Indian

—I knew that they were often roaming up and down those woods—should fancy killing me, to rob me? Temptation enough, I reflected, for miserable vagabonds here to-day and gone to-morrow, finding a lonely man, defenceless, in deep woods, twenty miles or more from any settlement. One bullet would do it, and neither I nor my friends would know who shot me. So I reasoned, afflicting myself with such uncomfortable notions, until I suddenly sprang into the darkness, and ran hastily round behind the fire-altar to see what was there. There was a stump and some brambles; as I discovered by stumbling over the one and scratching myself with the other. But the conversation and the mirth had gone round the fire, and were on the other side. Satisfied, however, as to my company, I wet down the pyre, took a survey of my neighborhood, to provide against any further outbreaks of the fire-king, and once more lay down.

But it was almost morning, and I was now too thoroughly awake to sleep any more; especially as my bed was burnt up, and my hands all smarting with scratches and scorches. So I gave it up, and began to get breakfast, with that peculiar "boiled" feeling—I don't know what other word will express it—which belongs to those who sleep uneasily, cold, and without undressing.

All that day I fished and paddled up and down the lake, and the river which comes in at its head; slept the next night in a luxurious logging-camp; and the day after returned to Errol, having secured a reasonable amount of solitude and a keg of salted trout.

Thence we very soon started for home, undertaking to descend the Connecticut River from near its source in a small boat.

We passed through that wonderful but almost unknown scene of fantastic grandeur, the Dixville Notch; embarked

at Colebrook Corner; found the river unprecedentedly low; paddled, tracked and portaged; I "shot" the Fifteen Mile Falls alone, working in the water all the Fourth of July; capsized three times; lost all our trout, and barely escaped with my life. Then we exhausted our money and fell sick. Two noble men, whose names I would give here if I did not suppose their modesty equal to their benevolence, helped us in our distress; furnishing us with comfortable accommodations when we could not pay for them, and when these speedily recruited us, they loaned us, upon our individual security, ample funds to take us safe home.

We arrived there about the tenth of July, having expended five weeks and forty dollars; having undergone perils by air, by water, by earth, and by fire; having learned store of woodcraft, and acquired no small share of that useful self-confidence which comes from carrying one's life in one's hand, and sometimes having to gripe hard to keep it there. Those five weeks were the happiest of my life.

XV.

FORTY DAYS IN A WESTERN HOTEL.

You have walked backwards and forwards in Broadway, said I to myself, one fine May day, until your head is full of bricks, and your heart no better than one of its paving stones. Away! You have in your pocket a complimentary ticket, which will make every railway conductor between New York and the Mississippi take off his hat to you; and from Rock Island you shall be steamed up the graceful windings of the upper Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony, scot free, and found in claret. There you shall stand exulting by the side of the Laughing Waters, and look out upon the sea of prairies which rolls its waves even to the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

This homily produced its desired effect. The very next morning I took my seat in the train for Dunkirk, consoling myself, at leaving the dear city, with a large supply of the morning papers. But at the sight of the very first green field, I opened the window and threw out my newspapers. How could he have had the heart to say it?—"All green fields are alike, sir; let us take a walk down Fleet street." It was because he was a great writer of prose, and no poet—the London-loving Dr. Samuel Johnson. But let lexicographers and cockneys go melancholy at the sight of green fields—not I. The ploughshare in the greensward, the hand of the sower scattering seed, the springing corn, the budding clover, the promises of the spring

ready on every hand to burst into the flowers of summer—these rural sights broke up the fountains of my heart, as if its rock had been smitten by the rod of an angel from heaven. The very first full-blown orchard brought the whole troop of my youthful feelings rushing back. As the butterfly feels when the bands of the chrysalis are broken, and its bespangled wings are, for the first time, spread to the sun, so did I seem to rise into a higher life as the flying train left the city and its cares behind, and conveyed me into the heart of the country and of nature.

It is an exhilarating sensation when the burden of accustomed cares is unloosed from the back, and one sets out, at least one friend in company, on a journey to places far off, and never before visited. The commencement of the voyage to sea is no doubt the most stirring. The weighing of the anchor, the spreading of canvas, the graceful dropping down the tide, the standing out to sea, until native land is lost to the sight. Who can ever forget his first launch upon this illimitable ocean? The start by stage-coach, too, in the days of those social vehicles, was an event which sent a pleasing thrill to the heart. The sounding call of the coachman's horn, as he approached your dwelling, followed by the rattling of the coming wheels, the salutations of fellow-travellers as you took your seat, the smart dashing down the court-yard, with cracking whip and leaders prancing, while you waved farewells out of the window to the little group left behind—these are among the poetical recollections of the past. Then, there was the go-off in the old family coach, its pockets well stuffed with the little necessaries and comforts of travel, its seats delightfully piled up with coats, and shawls, and books, and presents, for your cousins, and the iron-bound ancestral trunk, well fastened on behind; the pride of Cuffy as he took in hand the ribbons; the

pleased curiosity of domestics gathered around to witness the departure; the last words with friends, repeated o'er and o'er again—this was one of the gently heart-touching occasions of the olden time. But the new-fashioned way of setting off by rail—is there no poetry in that? Yes. The thought that in a few brief hours you, who are leaving the ocean side, will stand on the shores of our great inland seas, and will look out upon the level horizon of the prairies, and will drink the waters of the Mississippi—this, too, has in it the element of sentiment. The feeling of mastering the powers of nature, and yoking them to your chariot-wheels, of annihilating distance and filling a very brief span of time with the sight of scenes and prospects innumerable, gives a sense of wings to the mind, and realizes the old fable of the flying feet of the messenger of the gods.

How pleasantly did I feel this, as the train swept through the picturesque valleys of the Delaware and the Susquehanna! My eyes, which had become dulled by the city brick and brown stone, were enamored of the landscape. The winding rivers and sloping hills, the cultivated vales and the far-reaching forests were beautiful as enchantment. Half a century hence, there will be no sweeter spots in the Tyrol than in these mountains. When the fields, now rough with the remains of the original forests, shall be smoothed to lawns; when the woods shall only tuft here and there the hill-tops, or be confined in parks, or left to stretch in vistas to the distant horizon; when vine-draped villas shall overlook the river reaches, and farm cottages shall nestle in every nook of these low mountain ranges, the landscape will vie in beauty with those most praised by the lyres of Wordsworth or of Scott. Wise is that young *paterfamilias* and founder of a long line of posterity, who betimes selects

the site for his villa in one of these vales. It is but a few hours from New York; and before the end of the day and generation that now is, the lovers of rural beauty will be attracted to these graceful slopes and commanding hill-tops. The social life which now graces the banks of the Hudson, will also soon enliven and beautify those of the scarcely less picturesque Delaware and Susquehanna. For myself, I have already a chateau in that Spain.

On arriving at Hornellsville, I observed that Apollo was just in the act of pulling up his studs on the horizon; and I resolved, imitating his example, to let my own axles cool until morning. I had done about as good a day's work as the god himself—having placed some three or four hundred miles between me and the smell of salt water. Pleased at so great a result, at the cost of so little personal exertion, I good-naturedly allowed myself to be carried off by a big Sambo, with the name of some now forgotten hotel on his hat-band, and who was the only representative at Hornellsville of that interesting class of fellow-citizens who usually stand at the railway stations to welcome the traveller to the hospitalities of their respective lodging-houses. Sambo was a good-natured fellow himself, and a fat one; but he promised more than he could perform. His beds were clean, and his supper hot, as he asseverated. But when promise came to performance, there was a sad falling off. It took as much financiering on my part, to extract a pair of clean sheets from Sambo's mistress, as would have sufficed to "lift a fancy" in Wall street. As the traveller leaves the seaboard, his bed-linen becomes more and more suspicious, until in the very far West it is found in such a condition that any allusion to it is taken by the host as a personal insult. "Captain, can't you give me a clean towel?" inquired a passenger recently on board a Mississippi steamer. "Go

to h—, stranger. Fifty people have used that towel, and you are the first man I have heard complain of it." So any fault-finding with respect to sheets, would be followed instantly by the request for you to seek lodgings elsewhere. However, this happens on the other side of the Mississippi, not at Hornellsville. As for supper, at this place, happy is the traveller who can make a meal on roasted potatoes. They are good at Hornellsville, as both my morning and evening experience enables me to testify. They are so good that I would advise the traveller to eat nothing else there. And surely a large mealy potato should suffice to stop the mouth of complaint anywhere. It has kept many a poor Pat from starvation, and may do the wayfarer at Hornellsville the same substantial service.

At Cleveland my hotel was better: and having, unfortunately, been confined to hotels nearly all the time I spent at the West, it is proper that my remarks should not go far beyond them. But I must confess that my mind was less impressed by the guests of the house than by its waiterdom. For while the true western man scarcely begins to appear so far east as Cleveland, the western negro is here seen in his perfection. He is *sui generis;* and a very different fellow from his type in the Old Dominion. The Virginia "boy" belongs to a master whom it is his pride to resemble as far as a black man can a white one. He affects the same air and carriage. He has the same hitch in his gait, and the same twist in his neck. His hat has the same cock to it. To make the resemblance still more perfect, he sports himself in his master's cast-off clothes. On occasions, he even contrives to put on his master's very best coat, and goes to meeting or a breakdown in it. His cravat may have been dyed redder. His shirt collar may cut a trifle sharper under

the ears, and his kerchief hang a little lower out of his coat pocket. To wear his master's gloves, too, would be to split them; nor would there be heel-room enough in his pumps to make them of any service. But take him all in all, he is massa done in charcoal, and not a bad likeness.

But the Cleveland darkey, poor fellow, has no master to copy from. He lacks a beau-ideal. In himself merely he takes no pride; sees nothing to excite his admiration. He is a free nigger, and that's all. The western man, having none of the air of a grand seignior in Virginia about him, furnishes little that suits the negro's taste to imitate. The result is a general letting down of his aspirations and manners. The black man one meets in the streets of Cleveland is as humdrum as the white one. He has no style. He has not the *haut ton* of a negro belonging to a gentleman—the fine dash of Virginia Upper Cuffydom; it is gone—gone for ever. Sambo has settled down into a simple *bourgeois*, and doffed the colonel. His nose may be coal-black still, but with less of the natural scent about it. The blaze of his cravat has nearly gone out. If still a red or yellow, 'tis dull and ineffectual. He does not any longer wear cast-off broadcloth, originally cut by a tailor of fashion, but dresses himself in the linsey-woolseys of the slop-shops. No buff flaunts from his vest; no gilt shines on his buttons; his hat is worn as square on his head as a Quaker's. Instead of naturally falling lips, he wears his mouth pursed up. His foot loses something of its spread, and the principal protuberance of his person is less amply rounded out. The change is lamentable, and shows the effect of freedom on the African to be just about the same as civilization and whiskey on the Indian. The picturesqueness of his character gone, and his spirit sunk within him, his skin might

just as well be white; and were the mulatto tint entirely exhausted, the face of society would lose a variety of aspect scarcely worth preserving.

Still, at the table, *la grande manière* is so natural to the negro waiter, that even in the West he cannot divest himself of all his good-natured pomposity. The honor of serving a gentleman from "York City" carries him back for the moment to Old Virginny, and distends his breast with a degree of that *hauteur* he felt when a member of one of its "first families." He puts on his lost graces. His lips swell with smiles. He protrudes his posterior. With head thrown back, chest forward, and feet turned out as square as he can get them, he does the honors of the table with characteristic grace and bombast.

"Have a French roll, sir?"

"A what—did you say?"

"Very nice French roll, sir!"

The words made on my mind an impression similar to that produced by a sudden rumbling in the ears. On recovering my slightly disturbed equilibrium, I asked myself, "Am I not then in Cleveland? and is not this Ohio-baked bread, with treacle in it?"

Oh, that black barbarian! couldst thou not have spared me that recollection of the Palais Royal? Thou woolly-head, thou'rt no *garçon chez Véry. Mon Dieu!* no! The roll of the banjo is the only roll you have any true knowledge of. Where is thy clean apron? Where is thy napkin? Where are thy ready wits and foresight, anticipating the wants of the diner from the very shape of his mouth and the pucker of his lips? Thou hast a greasy jacket; thy cravat is a faded blaze; thy lips have no wit in them; and thy rolls are *not* French.

It is bad enough to be obliged to digest such bread, without being told that it is French. The cook has put

treacle into it to coax it down your throat by this sweet persuasive. And, indeed, this gilding of the pill succeeds in most cases well enough. The biscuits are tossed off so rapidly by the guests, that the cook, in his hurry to supply the demand, does not take more than half the needful time to bake them. Slack-baked, but sweet, and all the doctors say, God speed them!

But to go on to Chicago. Our large railway "cars," in which fifty or sixty persons sit together, are constructed on the democratic principle, and are therefore not to be spoken against. Still, if it could be done without causing the immaculateness of my republicanism to be called in question, I would say, that for myself I prefer the smaller carriages of the European aristocrats. On their roads a party of four may be accommodated with a *coupé* to themselves; a party of six or eight may take a private *berline;* and there are larger carriages for those who prefer to sit in a crowd. Ever since I got into the train at Hornellsville to continue my journey westward, I have ventured to claim the right of modestly expressing this preference. On taking my place, I found myself surrounded by a very worthy set of fellow-citizens, but whose notions of the decencies of travel rendered them very undesirable fellow-passengers. A majority of them were returned Californians, just from ship, and bound for their homes in the West. Not that that was anything to their discredit. On the contrary, I liked to have a talk with them respecting their El Dorado. But 'tis scarcely too much to say, that I had to walk to my seat through lakes of tobacco juice. A few squirts more would have floated the benches. There were strips of orange-peel lying about sufficient to have paved the floor; and it lacked but little that they went sailing round like chips on a mill-pond. Here and there, in this odoriferous sea, were small islands of pea-

nut shells; while the scattered newspapers, quack medicine, hotel, steamboat, and railway advertisements, were not unlike field-ice floating on the ocean. Now, that this class of fellow-cits should travel through the country in the same costume in which they swing the pick at the "diggings" is to be expected. It makes the aspect of our life more picturesque. Skullcaps of nor'west coast seal-skin, boots blacked with the mud of the Sacramento river, clubs captured from California Indians, knapsacks and camp blankets which had served to transport gold-dust, pork and molasses, relieve the monotony of gents and ladies all in the last New York fashions. But when it comes to the tobacco-spitting, the apple-parings, the feet over the sofa-backs, then I beg for a European *coupé*, and all the American fair, I am sure, will be of my opinion.

A change of "cars" brought me to Chicago. But I could not leave them without making another reflection of an aspect somewhat unpatriotic. My excuse is, that it was forced upon my mind by the circumstances in which I happened to be placed. Before me sat a French family, apparently going to seek a new home in the West; and nearly opposite an American one, having the same destination. The French consisted of a grandmother, her married daughter, son-in-law, with two small children, and a female servant. They were as full of chat as jackdaws. Their conversation ran a steady stream, sparkling with pleasantries, with trivialities concerning only themselves, or with observations upon whatever passed before their eyes. They were under no particular excitement; but their conversation seemed the natural flow of minds alert and happy. Whenever the baby threatened to cry, it was laughed into good-humor. The servant was *une bonne fille*, good-natured, ready, and as one of the family. Whenever the helping hand of the father was needed for any

purpose, it was forthcoming with alacrity, and a jest or a smile accompanied the action. It was easy to see that this family had a fund of resources in their good-nature and their vivacious minds, which was making not only their journey to their new home, but that through life, also, a pleasant one. Let them, then, live where they may, I am sure they will still keep on chatting, jesting, playing with the children, and taking the little incidents of every passing hour gracefully and gaily. There was nothing very peculiar or extraordinary in their appearance; but they were a fair specimen of French nature of the class *bourgeois*.

My New England cousins, who sat opposite, were a young couple, with a child some two years old. They, too, were visiting the Western country for the first time, and were going to found a home on the prairies. But, during half-a-dozen hours, scarcely so many words, so far as I observed, passed between them. The father was kind and attentive to his child, bringing it water, and giving it milk to drink, from a bottle. The mother held it with affection. They evidently were happily matched, and were hoeing the row of life bravely together. But they were sober-faced; they had no words; they scarcely looked out of the window. There was no flitting of smiles from time to time across their faces; nor any chance fancies laughing out of their eyes. They were "going a-head" steadily and earnestly; but with something of the dullness of machines, as well as their certainty. Their joys appeared to be all hopes. With eyes looking forward into the future, they heeded not the present. They did not seem to be unhappy; nor do I presume they ever will be. But they were making life a drudgery; and, at the end of it, the sum total of their enjoyments must be scarcely worth the reckoning up. To prove to themselves

that they have lived, they will have for evidence only their toils, their deeds done; for on their foreheads the curse, so nearly illegible on those of their French fellow-passengers, is plain enough for him that runs to read it. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life. To what purpose have they ever been educated? In reading, writing, and keeping accounts they may have been well drilled, but they have never learned, either from nature or the schools, the first elements of the *savoir vivre*. Worthy, useful, reliable persons they are; but thoroughly humdrum. Surely, there is but one thing a Yankee cannot learn how to do—and that is, how to be happy.

Let not the reader think that I shall be forty days, also, in getting to my western hotel. One more observation, and I shall be there. It relates to my French fellow-passengers, and so well illustrates their national politeness, as to warrant a passing mention. The grandmamma, happening to adjust her dress, so as to protect her shoulders against one of those small drafts of air which the French take such pains to avoid, a gentleman sitting by the side of the window whence proceeded the annoyance, shut it. Thereupon, the good lady, turning completely around, said to him, with a smile, "I thank you, sir." This trifling piece of good manners pleased me the more, inasmuch as, a few minutes before, I had surrendered a very good seat to accommodate one of my own fair countrywomen, and got no thanks for it.

It was late on a rainy evening that I arrived at Chicago. On entering the hotel which had been recommended to me, I found the hall filled like a merchants' exchange, and made my way to the office, not without some difficulty. The clerks were all too busy to notice my arrival. I was not asked to register my name on the

hotel-book, but did it without invitation. After waiting some little time, I succeeded in catching the eye of a clerk, when we held the following conversation together:

"Have you a room for me?"

"Not a room in the house, sir."

"Well, give me a cot, then?"

"Not a cot in the house, sir."

"But I am ill, and can go no further. You may give me a sofa—anything."

"Not a sofa in the house, sir; nothing in the house, sir."

And the clerk passed on, to say the same thing to another applicant for hospitality—and to another—until he was so tired of refusing that he did it without pity, or even politeness. I turned on my heel; and, at the same instant, turned on his heel towards me one of the bystanders. It was a small providence, for he was a good Samaritan from New York, who picked me up in my hour of need, and gave me a cot in his empty parlor.

I then learned that I had arrived at a wrong hour in the day. In the Chicago hotels, the tide of travel ebbs and flows twice in the twenty-four hours, as regularly as the ocean follows the moon. After nine o'clock in the morning, rooms are as easy to be had as any drug in the market: after nine in the evening they can rarely be obtained for money, and never for love. The hospitality of the house ceases at 9 o'clock P. M. The civility of the clerks is completely exhausted by that time. Travellers arriving later than that, are a nuisance to all the officials, from landlord to chambermaid. The cold, inhospitable looks the belated comer gets all round, seem to say to him, why did not you arrive earlier in the day? If it would do any good, you might easily account for the lateness of your getting to town, and show that the blame

rested on other shoulders than your own; but it will be of no avail. You can have as many apartments as you please to-morrow morning, but to-night you must get your sleep on three chairs, or walking the hall, if you happen to be a somnambulist.

So it is, year in and year out. A porter, gifted with a strong pair of lungs, is kept pretty constantly perambulating the halls of the house, and bawling out, loud enough to waken every sleeper, and stun every waker, "All aboard! All aboard! Omnibus ready for the Michigan Southern cars. Omnibus ready for the Michigan Central cars!" or whatever road it may be. A person accustomed to the quiet of his own mansion, may be annoyed by this; but, before he has lived forty days in the hotel, he pays no more attention to it than to the hand-organ which nightly grinds its grist of melodies under his windows. Not less embarrassing are the piles of luggage heaped up in the halls and passage-ways, against which one is constantly liable to run his nose, or bark his shins. And when the trunks are loaded on the backs of hurrying porters, the risk of a collision is still greater, for poor Paddy, with half a ton of trunks to his back, is blind as a bat, and sees nothing but the main chance of the open doorway. The traveller is more in danger of being run down in his hotel, than on the river or the rail. Porters, waiters, guests, all are in quick motion; and one or the other is pretty sure to knock you over. Indeed, the society of a Chicago hotel is in a constant flux. The universe, in the Hegelian philosophy, is not more fluid. Every man is either just in from Cincinnati, St. Louis, Milwaukie, Detroit, or Cleveland, or he is just starting for one of these places. Unless he makes his hundred miles between breakfast and dinner, he counts himself an idler, and talks of growing rusty. A great deal of his business he transacts "aboard

the cars," or the steamboats; some of it at the hotels; and all of it on his feet, and ready to "bolt." The dinner table, too, is an exchange for him. Business before soup —it is the first course of the dinner, and the last. Between fish and pudding, he will sell a prairie. With every mouthful of bread, he will engage to deliver ten thousand bushels of wheat. The "upset price" is knocked hard down on the table with the end of his knife-handle; and the bargain is clinched by help of the nut-cracker or the sugar-tongs. If he sees his next neighbor prefer mutton, he at once offers to sell him sheep by the thousand; if he dines on pork, he will invite him to go into a speculation in hogs. His railroad shares he will dispose of at the price of peanuts; and his State bonds he will give away to any one who will pay his champagne bill and the piper generally.

I was not so ill as to prevent my getting down to the table at meal-time. This was the chief amusement of my day, being as good a high-low comedy as may be seen on any stage, at least west of the Alleghanies. The table groans with good things. Here are the veritable solids, and none of what the Frenchman calls *les choses maigres*. The waiters drop fatness, literally. Your plate is brought to you heaped up with roast beef. Every third man has his pudding. The waiters hand about the iced cream in slices which suggest the resemblance of small prairies. And, finally, the dinner goes off, like the finale of a display of fireworks, with "Jenny Lind cake," "vanities," "cookeys," "lady-fingers," "jelly snips," and "pecans."

The only difficulty is in getting little enough of anything you may call for. Just a bit of a thing, *en morceau*, is an impossibility. A thin cut can't be had. A man, therefore, with a delicate stomach is entirely out of place here, where the arrangements are all designed for persons

who are ready to "go the whole animal." When I came down in the evening, to get a cup of tea and a bite at a biscuit, I never could escape the everlasting "Have a beef-steak, sir?" of the waiters. 'Tis a great country out west, and the men who live in it are feeders to correspond. They want their meat three times a day, as regularly as poor Pat does when he leaves his potatoe island, and arrives in this land of beeves and buffaloes. Even their horses have freer access to the corn-crib than negroes do in Virginia. The western man expects to see plenty around him. Nothing is too good for him. He never stops to count the cost. Corn and wine are his; honey, and the honey-comb. The cattle on a thousand acres are his also. The prairies are white with his flocks; the eye follows the waving grain to the horizon; the buffalo yields him its tongue, the bear its haunches, and the buck his saddle; the wild turkey is brought in from the forests, the canvasback duck from the bays, and the ruffed grouse from the prairies; the salmon trout is caught at Mackinaw, the white-fish fill the lakes, and oysters, "hermetically sealed," arrive by express, from the seaboard, every day in their season.

There is plenty and to spare of all things, save of art. The kitchen is indeed no *cuisine.* The cook is not "abroad" in these parts. He is coming, doubtless, in "the good time," but has not yet arrived. Still there is, here and there, a pioneer from Paris, come out to try his 'prentice hand, and "rough it." There was one such in my hotel; but both his dishes and his French were execrable. He daily served up such figures of speech as "Calf's head à la Financire," "Lamb cnop santees," "Haricot of Mutton," "Fillets of beef," "Veal tenderloin, à la Macedonia," and "Macaroni, à la Italienare." These mistakes one might be disposed to attribute to the printer,

a "devil" on whom is heaped a multitude of sins not his own; but the dishes themselves forbade it. Evidently these and their printed names were by the same master, and were worthy each of the other. However, it was all Greek to the majority of the "customers." The gods on Olympus did not know French, and the western traveller finds ambrosia in every platter, spite of the misspelling. He goes for the *patés*—finds them good, and doesn't trouble his head about the *patois*. Still there are those—Connecticut men, no doubt, by origin—who will not eat of any dish that has not a plain Old Testament name to it. They admit of but one exception. "I'll trouble you," said such a one at my side, "to pass me that platter of shoat and beans." He felt his native partialities melting in his mouth, and could neither wait his turn nor be withstood. "I'll just thank you, stranger, for that platter," he repeated in a beseeching tone of voice, which quickly moved my pity, at the same time pointing and beckoning with both his hands. After he had "gone the whole hog," he asked the waiter if he had any doughnuts. "Doonoots," replied Pat, completely at his wit's end, "I'm a thinkin' them noots don't grow in this counthry, sir." Upon my word, it was the only thing I ever heard asked for at that table which was not to be had. To console my neighbor, I told him that doughnuts were plentiful in Dunkirk, for I had seen them, a few days before, piled up there in tall pyramids, or after the fashion of children's cob-houses. Whereupon he informed me that he was going to Buffalo that evening, and would stop a day at Dunkirk on his return. I advised him by all means to do so.

But the best part of the dinner remains to be discussed —'tis the waiters. I took more pleasure in these than in anything they brought me. Of all places in this country, I had always supposed that New York was the one for

seeing Paddy in his truest and most emerald colors. But 'tis a mistake. He is imported in still more native purity into Chicago. It is said that the hotel-keepers here send out a practised hunter from the plains, who catches Patrick in his wildest state by means of the lasso, and forwards him "express," by way of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, so that he is landed at Chicago without change of cloth or color. Then he is put into cast-off clothes—not a particularly good fit — is instructued to subdue his rebellious locks with pomatum, and is set to serve tables. He pretty soon learns what a beefsteak is, for he eats three a day himself. At the same time he learns, experimentally, the difference between wheat rolls and potatoes. In the course of a week or two he gets pretty familiar with the necessaries of life; and then begins to beat his brains to learn the names of the luxuries of the table. He makes some progress until he gets to the French dishes. These confound him. He don't know French at all, at all. If at this stage of his novitiate you call upon him for a "*fricassée*," he brings you the "*fricandeau;*" if you demand a "*vol-au-vent*," he runs the whole length of the table for the pigeon-pie; if you wish for a *méringue glacée*, he thinks 'tis a plate of ice; and if you order *crême fouettée*," he asks if you will have it boiled. When you decide upon roast beef, his question is, "Done, sir, or not done?" Should you tell him, in selecting turkey, to bring the drumstick, he would inquire if you meant the stick he beats the gong with. His ideas are all as wild as prairie colts.

Still this is Patrick's palmy condition and best estate as a waiter. For by the time he has served out his apprenticeship he is ruined for his trade. It takes a certain number of months for him to get it well into his head that he is in a free country; and this idea, once fully comprehended, is enough to spoil the best waiter that ever came

from Ireland. Having got a few shillings rattling in his pocket, he realizes the fact that he is his own man. Then he begins to put on airs not in keeping with table-waiting and bottle-washing. While serving at meals he hangs carelessly by your chair-back, with greasy fingers, so that every day, after dinner, you have to send your coat to the cleaner's, to get the marks of the beast rubbed out of it. He now knows fat from lean, tough from tender, and where the meat is sweetest; but unless you fee him every second or third morning, you will be none the better for his increase of knowledge. He is disposed to be short and crisp, as if belonging himself to the upper crust of society. He laughs behind your back, with Jimmy, at every small practical joke that may be enacted at the tables. If a farmer asks for a bowl of bread and milk for his supper, and then peppers it, first black, then red, he laughs at that. Or if a gentleman, not being able to swallow water without brandy to it, puts a glass of it into his soup, he laughs at that. Every leisure moment he gathers Jimmy and Dick together to chatter with them. Then, if you call him, he is suddenly deaf as an adder. He can neither hear nor see. And when the guests gradually leave the table, and work slackens, I have seen him lounge out on to the balcony, settle himself in an arm-chair, cock his feet up over the railing, and quietly smoke his cigar. Patrick is now ready for a strike for higher wages. At the first word of reprimand he will throw up his place. He is too independent to be drilled into line, and always takes the covers off out of time. Look out for him when he comes in with his platters; his very importance will run you down. He is still ignorant, still awkward; but with ten dollars in his pocket, he is abashed by nothing in heaven, earth, or Chicago; and unless he can have four beefsteaks a day, he threatens to go back to Ireland. The

truth is, that the sense of freedom is so strong at the West, it spoils all men for service. Our naturalization laws are annually the ruin of a great many excellent scullions and shoe-blacks. Nature struggles hard on their side, but our republican institutions prevail.

The society one meets in a Chicago hotel consists principally of the gentlemen of the road. I mean the railroad-men, so called—road-builders and road-owners. There are also the men of real estate, who deal in prairie and river bottoms. There are grain and lumber merchants. There are speculators of every kind. But all have only one thought in their minds. To buy, sell, and get gain—this is the spirit that pervades this house and the country. The chances of making fortunes in business or speculation are so great, that everybody throws the dice. Five years hence, every man expects to be a nabob. I saw in the West no signs of quiet enjoyment of life as it passes, but only of a haste to get rich. Here are no idlers. The poor—if any such there be—and the wealthy are all equally hard at work. Beyond the Alleghanies the day has no siesta in it. Life is a race, with no chance of repose except beyond the goal. The higher arts which adorn human existence—elegant letters, divine philosophy—these have not yet reached the Mississippi. They are far off. There are neither gods nor graces on the prairies yet. One sees only the sower sowing his seed. No poets inhabit the savannas of Iowa, or the banks of the Yellow Stone. These are the emigrants' homes. Life in the valley of the Mississippi is, in fact, but pioneering, and has a heavy pack to its back. At present, the inhabitants are hewing wood and drawing water—laying the foundations of a civilization which is yet to be, and such as never hath been before. This they are doing with an energy superior to that which built Carthage or Ilium. Though

men do not write books there, or paint pictures, there is no lack, in our western world, of mind. The genius of this new country is necessarily mechanical. Our greatest thinkers are not in the library, nor the capitol, but in the machine-shop. The American people are intent on studying not the beautiful records of a past civilization, not the hieroglyphic monuments of ancient genius, but how best to subdue and till the soil of its boundless territories; how to build roads and ships; how to apply the powers of nature to the work of manufacturing its rich materials into forms of utility and enjoyment. The youth of this country are learning the sciences, not as theories, but with reference to their applications to the arts. Our education is no genial culture of letters, but simply learning the use of tools. Even literature is cultivated for its jobs; and the fine arts are followed as a trade. The prayer of this young country is, Give us this day our daily bread; and for the other petitions of the Pater Noster it has no time. So must it be for the present. We must be content with little literature, less art, and only Nature in perfection. We are to be busy, not happy. For we live for futurity, and are doing the work of two generations yet unborn.

Everything is beautiful in its season. What is now wanted in this country is, that all learned blacksmiths stick to their anvils. No fields of usefulness can be cultivated by them to so great advantage as the floor of their own smithy. In good time, the western bottom lands will spontaneously grow poets. The American mind will be brought to maturity along the chain of the great Lakes, the banks of the Mississippi, the Missouri, and their tributaries in the far North-west. There, on the rolling plains, will be formed a republic of letters which, not governed like that on our seaboard, by the great literary powers of

Europe, shall be free indeed. For there character is growing up with a breadth equal to the sweep of the great valleys; dwarfed by no factitious ceremonies or usages, no precedents or written statutes, no old superstition or tyranny. The winds sweep unhindered, from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains; and so do the thoughts of the lord of the prairies. He is beholden to no man, being bound neither head nor foot. He is an independent world himself, and speaks his own mind. Some day he will make his own books as well as his own laws. He will not send to Europe for either pictures or opinions. He will remain on his prairie, and all the arts of the world will come and make obeisance to him like the sheaves in his fields. He will be the American man, and beside him there will be none else.

Of course, one does not go to the West to study fashions or manners. The guests of a Western hotel would not bear being transported to Almack's without some previous instruction in bowing and scraping, or some important changes of apparel. Foreign critics travelling in pursuit of the comical, do not fail of finding it here in dress, in conversation, in conduct. For men here show all their idiosyncrasies. There are no disguises. Speech is plump, hearty, aimed at the bull's-eye; and without elegant phrase or compliment. On the road one may meet the good Samaritan, but not Beau Brummell. Anything a Western man can do for you, he will do with all his heart; only he cannot flatter you with unmeaning promises. You shall be welcome at his cabin; but he cannot dispense his hospitality in black coat and white cravat. His work is too serious to be done in patent leathers. He is in outward appearance as gnarled as his oaks, but brave, strong, humane, with the oak's great heart and pith. The prairie-man is a six-foot animal,

broad-shouldered, and broad-foreheaded; better suited to cutting up corn than cutting a figure in a dance; to throwing the bowie-knife than to thrumming the guitar. In Europe a man always betrays a consciousness of the quality of the person in whose presence he is standing. If he face a lord, it is with submission; if a tradesman, with haughtiness; if a servant, with authority; if a beggar, with indifference. At Chicago, two persons meeting, stand over against each other like two door-posts. Neither gives signs of superiority or inferiority. They have no intention of either flattering or imposing upon each other. Words are not wasted. So is the cut of each other's coat a matter of perfect indifference. Probably the man who is "up for Congress" wears the shabbier one of the two. If disposed to make a show at all, the Western gent is more apt to be proud of his horses than his broadcloth. His tread may occasionally have something in it indicative of the lord of the prairie; but he has little or no small nonsense about him. The only exception is, perhaps, a rather large-sized diamond pin in his shirt-bosom.

The Chicago cockney differs considerably from him of New York. He has more of the "ready-made clothing" appearance about him, and wears his hat drawn closer down over his left eye. Sometimes his cigar is in his button-hole, and sometimes in his cheek. He chews tobacco. He vibrates between sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps. His stick is no slight ratan, but a thick hickory or buckeye, and has a handle large enough to allow of its being carried suspended from his shoulder. His watch-chain is very heavy—lead inside and gold out. He is learned in politics, and boasts that a United States senator from his State once put his arm around his neck, and slapped him familiarly between the shoulders. When

he was in Washington, he messed with the Illinois members of the House; and, as Botts did with President Tyler, he slept with them. He knows, personally, all the Western judges and generals in Congress; bets at all the elections, and makes money out of them, let whichever party conquer. He also goes in the steamboats whenever there is to be a race; plays "poker" on board; and lives on the profits. He has a small capital in wild lands likewise; and owns a few corner lots in Cairo, and other cities laid down in his maps. These he will sell cheap for cash. He affects the man of business, and ignores ladies' society. His evenings are spent at a club-house, having the name of "Young America" blazoned on its front in large gilt letters. He dines at the crack hotel of the town, and having free passes over all the railroads, he keeps up his importance in the world by going to and fro, and putting on the airs of a man owning half the Western country.

As to the ladies—God bless them all the world over—I did not see them at the West, and have not a word to say respecting the beauty of their persons or the tenderness of their hearts. The only remark which could be hazarded touching the few who passed under my observation would be, that they were either fat or lean. I did not have the opportunity of noting any other difference. A flounce or two more; a deeper shade of red or yellow in the silk; longer ringlets; short-sleeve dresses, cut higher in the neck; a little fresher look of the country and the bandbox; an air more independent and self-relying, or more awkward and abashed at the sight of men—these minor differences might be detected, but the only distinct impression remaining on my mind is, that the few ladies whom I chanced to see, were either fat or lean. I will not venture any remark beyond that.

But the most interesting sight I saw in my hotel was from its windows. Even had I "gone West"—for the question was frequently asked me at Chicago, "Going West, sir?" I could have seen nothing more striking and significant. Niagara, the Mississippi, the Lakes, are not after all the great spectacle to be witnessed in this country. Nor is the sight the most characteristic and American, that of the Yankee whittling on a rail, or the Virginian talking politics over his saddle-bags; not the Arkansas citizen playing at bowie-knives, or the Kentuckian offering to bet upon his rifle; not the New Yorker living in carved brown-stone in the Fifth Avenue, or the negro sweltering in the rice-fields of South Carolina. It is a sight simple, still. *It is the passing by of the emigrant, bound for the prairies.* A family of Germans going by the hotel one morning, as I sat by the window, struck me as the most remarkable show I had seen in the West. It was, indeed, nothing new or uncommon; it was no pageant. No trumpets were blown to announce the coming of this small detachment of the army general. Probably not a soul in the city noticed the passage of this poor family, save myself. Yet in it was wrapped up the great American fact of the present day—the coming in of European immigrants to take possession of our western plains. If these States did not have lands for sale at low prices to attract the desires of the poor and the oppressed in all the earth, they would be of little importance among the nations. For centuries, the Swiss have had liberty, but no land, and have been a nullity. But we hold a homestead for every poor man in Europe; and therefore, gathering his pennies together, he is setting out for America as the world's land of promise, and the only Eden now extant.

The father strode down the middle of the street. Un-

accustomed to the convenience of sidewalks in his own country, he shared the way with the beasts of burden, no less heavily laden than they. His back bent beneath its pack. In it was probably the better part of his goods and chattels, at least the materials for a night bivouac by the road-side. By one hand he held his pack, and in the other he carried a large tea-kettle. His gude-wife followed in his tracks, at barely speaking distance behind. A babe at the breast was her only burden. Both looked straight forward, intent only upon putting one foot before the other. In a direct line, but still further behind, trudged on, with unequal footsteps, and eyes staring on either side, their first-born son, or one who seemed such. There were well towards a dozen summers glowing in his face. A big tin pail, containing probably the day's provisions, and slung to his young shoulders, did not seem to weigh too heavily upon his spirit. He travelled on bravely, and was evidently trained to bear his load. A younger brother brought up, at a few paces distance, the rear, carrying astride his neck one more of the parental hopes. It was the most precious pack in the party, and, judging from the size of the little one's legs, not so very much the lightest. It was a sister, I fancy, that the little fellow was bearing off so gallantly; and very comfortably did she appear to be making the journey.

I watched this single file of marchers westward, until they disappeared at the end of the avenue. They would not stop or turn aside, save for needful food and shelter, until they crossed the Mississippi. On the rolling prairies beyond, the foot-worn travellers would reach their journey's end, and, throwing their weary limbs upon the flowery grass, would rest in their new home, roofed by the sky of Iowa. Before the frosts of autumn should set in, the log-hut would be reared, and their small household

gods set up in it. In due season the sod will be turned, the seed cast in, and later, the harvest would make glad all hearts. Years rolling by, the boys will grow up freemen, and will make the surrounding acres tributary in wheat and corn as far as the eye can reach. Forgetting their uncouth patois, the children will learn the softer Anglo-Saxon accents of liberty, and take their place among their equal fellows, in a society where none are bondsmen. The daughters, relieved of the hard necessity of toiling in the fields, will gradually grow up in the delicacy of native American beauty, retaining only the blue eyes and golden hair of their German nativity. In the evening of their days, the brave grand-parents will sit in the shadow of vines, sprung from the seeds piously brought by them from the Neckar or the Rhine ; and their sons, and their sons' sons, in the enjoyment of plenty, happiness, and human rights, will remember with blessings the original immigrants, and founders of their name.

"All aboard! All aboard! Omnibus ready for the Michigan Central cars." I crawled out of the hotel, and took my seat in the carriage, resolved not to stop until I had regained New York. I felt almost as well acquainted with the country as if I had spent my forty days in going to and fro in it. The men of the West had come to me in my hotel, though I had not gone out to them. In one prairie I had seen all. "All Western men and prairies are alike," said I to myself, in stepping into the train ; "how I wish I were walking down Broadway!"

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